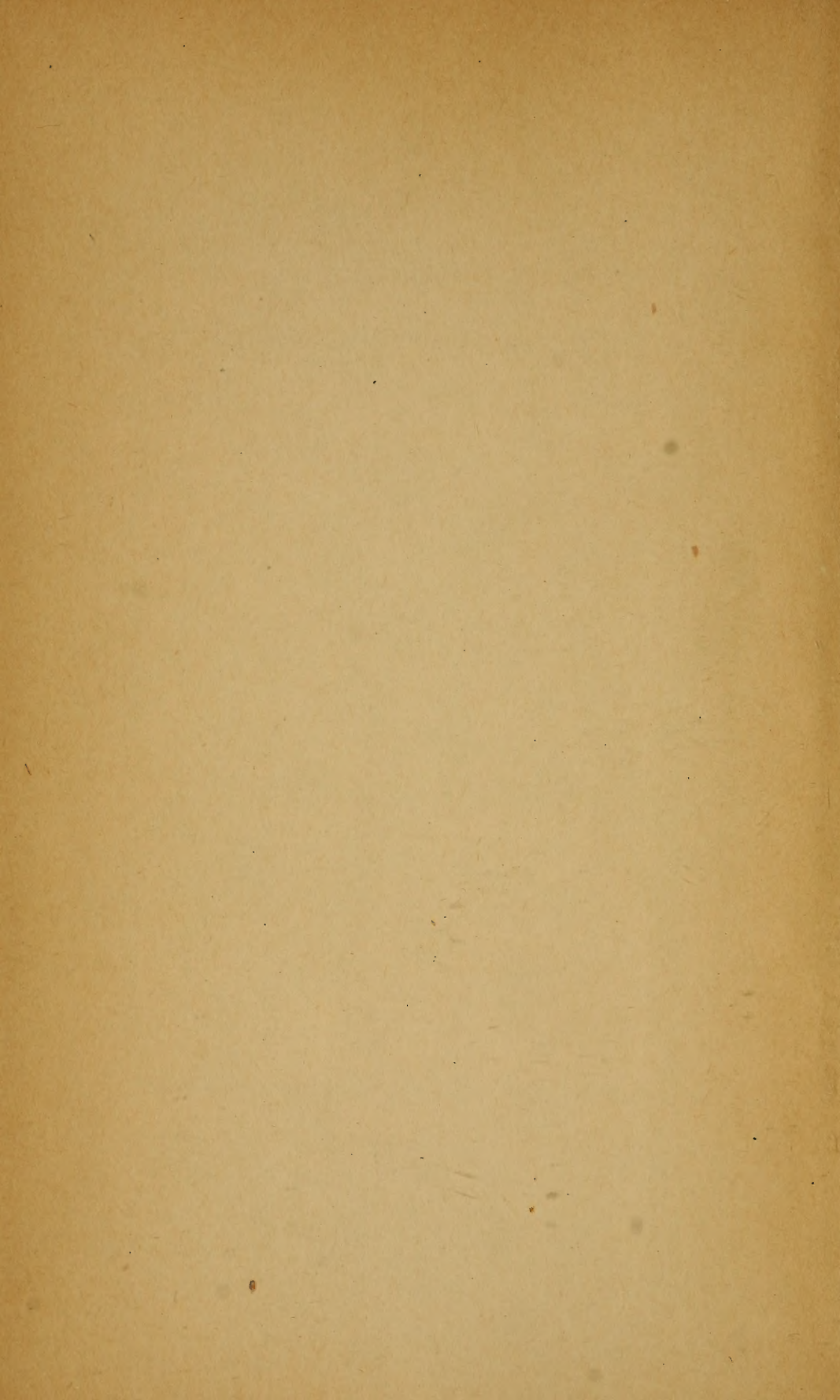
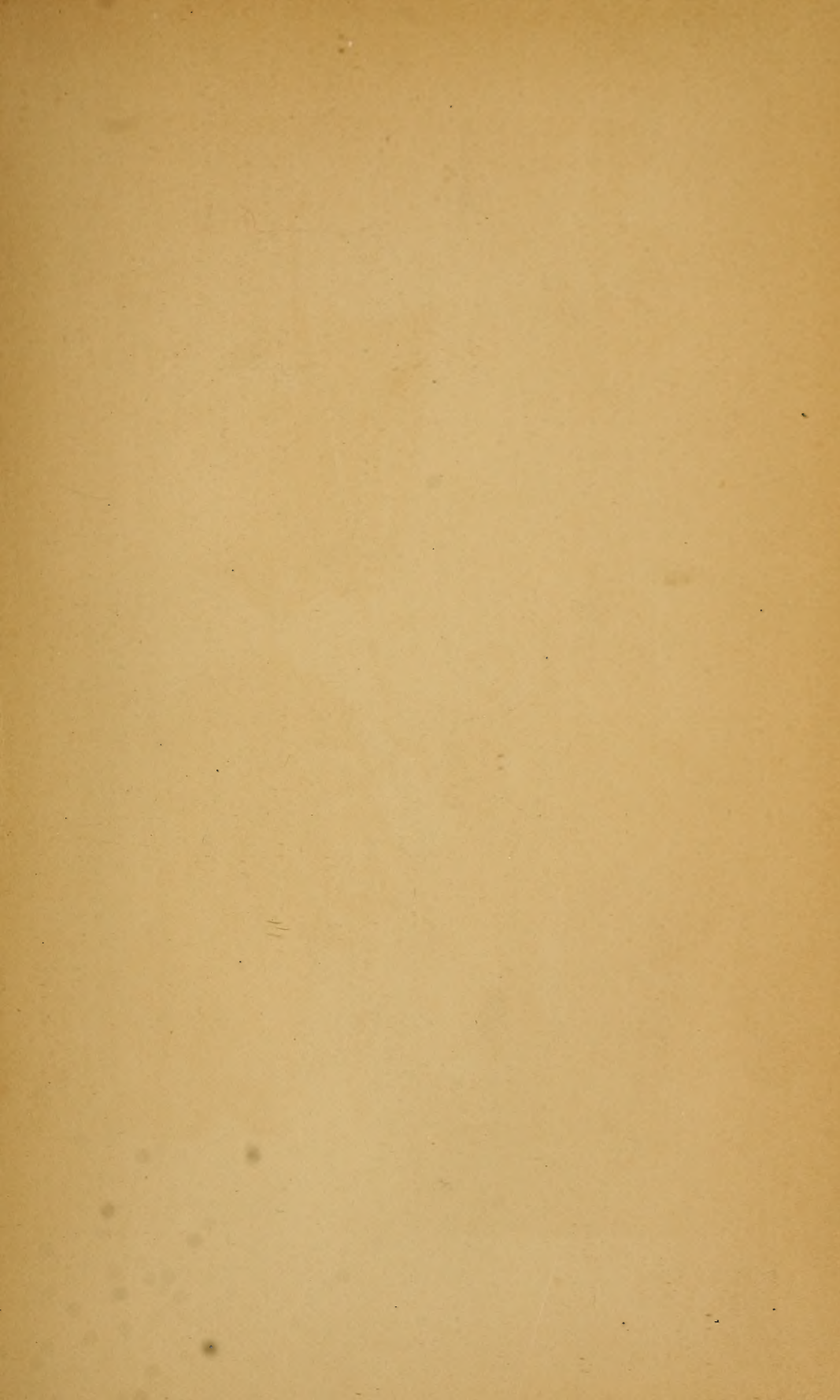


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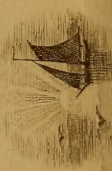


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The Day is Dying...



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EDITOR OF THE ARENA, AUTHOR OF "RIDPATH'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED
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VOLUME XX

NEW YORK

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
á as in ask, fast, ant.
ã as in fare.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
é as in her, fern.
î as in pin, it.
ï as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
û as in pull.
ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.

A single dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates its abbreviation and lightening, without absolute loss of its distinctive quality. Thus:

ā as in prelate, courage.
ē as in ablegate, episcopal.
ō as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.
ū as in singular, education.

A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its

sound is variable to, and in ordinary utterance actually becomes, the short *u*-sound (of but, pun, etc.). Thus:

ā as in errant, republican.
ē as in prudent, difference.
î as in charity, density.
o as in valor, actor, idiot.
ā as in Persia, peninsula.
ē as in *the* book.
ū as in nature, feature.

A mark (—) under the consonants *t*, *d*, *s*, *z* indicates that they in like manner are variable to *ch*, *j*, *sh*, *zh*. Thus:

t as in nature, adventure.
d as in arduous, education.
s as in pressure.
z as in seizure.
y as in yet.
B Spanish *b* (medial).
ch as in German *ach*, Scotch *loch*.
G as in German *Abensberg*, *Hamburg*.
H Spanish *g* before *e* and *i*; Spanish *j*; etc. (a guttural *h*).
n French nasalizing *n*, as in *ton*, *en*.
s final *s* in Portuguese (soft).
th as in *thin*.
TH as in *then*.
D = TH.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

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Shankara (shang'ka raṅ).

Shaw (shâ), Henry Wheeler.

Shea (shā), John Gilmory.

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Thayer.

Shelley (shel'i), Mary Wollstonecraft
(Godwin).

Shelley, Percy Bysshe.



RYDBERG, ABRAHAM VIKTOR, a Swedish novelist and poet, born in Jönköping, Sweden, December 18, 1829; died at Stockholm in 1896. After receiving his education at the University of Lund, he devoted himself to literature and journalism. For many years he edited *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarbs Tidning*, one of the largest papers in Scandinavia. He was the author of a number of historical and æsthetical studies, including *Venus from Milo* (1874); *Romerska Dagar* (1875-77); and works on the philosophy of religion: *Biblens lära om Kristus* (1862); *Medelstidens Magi* (1864); *Romerska Sagnar om Apostlarin Paulus och Petrus* (1871); *Urpatriarkernes tafla i Genesis* (1873); which gave him a prominent place as a leader of the new Rationalist party of Sweden. In 1877 he was elected to the Swedish Academy, and received the degree of Doctor from the University of Upsala. He published a translation of Goethe's *Faust*, and wrote several novels, the best of which is *Den Siste Atenaren* (The Last Athenian) (1859), a story describing the contest between Greek Paganism and Christianity. This has been compared to Charles Kingsley's *Hypatia*, and has been translated into English by William W. Thomas. Others of his works, *The Roman Emperors in Marble*, *Antique Statues*, and *Roman Traditions of*

ABRAHAM VIKTOR RYDBERG

Peter and Paul, have been translated by Alfred Corning Clark, and included under the general title of *Roman Days*. In 1889 he published *Teutonic Mythology*.

Rydberg is notable among Swedish poets and novelists for his devotion to the classical ideal, both in matter and method. He was a constant student of the customs, philosophies, and religions of the ancients, and in a utilitarian age he avoided that close analytical study of the conditions of life about him which gives us our realists of this era. He was a rationalist in religion, but rather of the old philosophical type than of the modern scientific pattern, rather a follower of Marcus Aurelius than of Voltaire. From his classic researches he was able to shed much light upon the views of the ancient philosophers upon the Christian religion when it assumed importance enough to attract their notice. Naturally the same age and countries also became the field of his novels. Of these, *Den Siste Atenaren* (The Last Athenian) was a great success at once, being translated into nearly every European language within a short time after its appearance.

In verse Rydberg wrote only lyrics, and not so many of them, but they made up in quality what they wanted in quantity. His classic simplicity of style and of view made his verse something really unique. And in his lyrics he most frequently deals with Swedish subjects, which renders the work more thoroughly national.

ABRAHAM VIKTOR RYDBERG

A GRACEFUL COSTUME.

The clear sky, the graceful, pillared building, the statues and vases, the playing jet, and within these surroundings a pretty group of young women, clad in the simplest, chastest and noblest dress that ever fluttered about womanly grace, comprised a picture of clear lines, calm beauty and ideal poetry, peculiar to the antique. The old Hellenic costume had been again assumed by many Athenians, to whom the memory of the past was dearer than ever, as is usual in times when an uncontrolled, irreconcilable contest exists between different world-opinions, and calls forth the most extreme opposites side by side. Hermione was clad in a snow-white tunic of Egyptian *Sindor*, fastened with a brooch over the left shoulder, and having a long cape, so cut open over the arms that it fell from the neck like two separate draperies, the one over the back, the other over the bosom, and almost concealed the blue, gold-stitched belt which drew the tunic about the waist, whence it fell in rich, natural folds to the sandal-decked feet. The sleeves of this dress were very wide, slit open from shoulder to wrist, and held together at intervals by little gold buckles, so that now one saw only a strip, now the whole rounding of the lovely arms where played the rose and lily. To increase the comfort of this habit, the tunic was also cut open from under the left arm to the waist, but here fastened with a close row of brooches. A narrow purple border ran around the bottom of the dress, and increased the effect of the plastic fall of the folds.

Hermione's rich, dark hair was not parted, but naturally arranged as on a boy's curly head, and held together by a simple band like a diadem. Under this, in the middle of her forehead, the hair divided itself into two long, wavy lines, which approached the fine pencilled eyebrows and ended behind them in little curly tresses, while the back hair fell in a swell of long, lustrous waves over neck and shoulders.

Two other ladies were clad in nearly the same manner as Hermione, but wore over the white tunic another,

ABRAHAM VIKTOR RYDBERG

shorter ; in the one case saffron color, in the other amethyst.—*The Last Athenian ; translation of WILLIAM W. THOMAS, JR.*

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

In eastern heavens the spring sun glowed
When through the village the knight's son rode.

By the linden-tree at a cottage gate
A little, rosy-cheeked maiden sate.

"Good-morning," said he, "Good-morning, miss!"
And as he spoke to her stole a kiss.

They on this earth had but newly dawned
And fresh as morn were his kisses fond.

"I far shall wander, my little friend ;
But forget me not ! We shall meet again."

So spake the lad—with a smile was gone.
His kiss in her memory lingered on.

She never forgot how grand he seemed,
How confidently his two eyes gleamed,

How bravely upon his brown curls sat
With waving feather his neat squire's hat.

She grew to girlhood, but his words then
Did not forget : "We shall meet again."

She grew to womanhood, gentle and fair,
And listened to many a lover's prayer ;

Yea, many sued for her hand, but she
Said ever : "Somebody waits for me."

Like rushing waters the years sped past
But still her trust in his words stood fast.

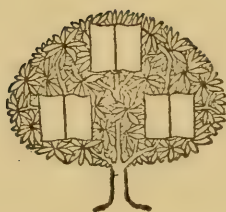
Her spring, her summer fled on swift feet :
She but cried gayly : "We soon shall meet !"

ABRAHAM VIKTOR RYDBERG

In hoary age, she consoled her still :
"We yet shall meet if it is God's will."

"How fortunate I !" she whispered when
In death's embrace, "We shall meet again."

—*Translated for* THE LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL
LITERATURE *by* MILES MENANDER DAWSON.





SACHS, HANS, a German master-shoemaker and master-singer, born at Nuremberg, November 5, 1494; died there, January 19, 1576. He was well educated at the Latin School in his native town, and when he reached the proper age he was apprenticed to a shoemaker. After having duly served out his apprenticeship he set out on the "travel-years" prescribed by the regulations of the guilds as a preliminary to becoming a "master-workman." He visited the principal towns of Southern Germany, pegging and singing as he went, and was for a time employed in the Imperial service. At about twenty-four he returned to Nuremberg, married, and established himself in the twofold capacity of authorized maker of shoes and maker of verses, both of which pursuits he carried on prosperously for nearly threescore years. His wife died after a union of forty years, and at sixty-seven he married a girl just half a century younger than himself. This marriage proved a happy one, and among the aged poet's verses is a pretty song in praise of his young wife. As he approached fourscore his faculties gradually declined, and during the last three or four years of his life he was almost deprived of hearing. He was then wont to sit at a table on which were laid handsome books, nodding cheerily in acknowledgment of the kindly greetings of his numerous visitors, but not speaking a word in

HANS SACHS

reply. His extant portrait represents a venerable man, with a high, overhanging forehead and a well-trimmed gray beard. He was an earnest but kindly Lutheran, and a personal friend of Martin Luther, upon whose death he composed a touching elegy. For what follows we are mainly indebted to the excellent *Outlines of German Literature*, of Gartwick and Harrison.

HANS SACHS AND HIS WRITINGS.

The literary productiveness of the Nuremberg master-singer was marvellous. He wrote more than six thousand pieces of verse—lyrical, narrative, and dramatic ; but he seldom, if ever, invented a plot or story ; that was mostly borrowed from the resources of his very extensive reading. His best pieces are narratives, partly jocose, partly didactic, in which he describes the popular manners of his own times. He has the satirical tone of the fifteenth century, but he has good-humor in his satire, while his coarseness belongs to his times, and has no bad purpose.

Several of his legends are pleasing, though for modern readers there is some irreverence in their tone. In the legend of "St. Peter and the Goat," for example, we are told that once upon a time St. Peter was perplexed by an apparent prevalence of injustice in the world, and ventured to think that he could arrange matters better if he held the reins of government, and frankly confesses these thoughts to his Master. Meanwhile a peasant-girl comes to him, and complains that she has to do a hard day's work and at the same time to keep in order a frolicsome young goat. "Now," says the Lord to Peter, "you must have pity on this girl, and must take charge of the goat ; that will serve as an introduction to your managing the affairs of the Universe." Peter takes charge of the goat, and finds quite enough to do ; for—

The young goat has a playful mind,
And never liked to be confined.

HANS SACHS

The Apostle, at a killing pace,
Followed the goat in desperate chase.
Over the hills and over the briers
The goat runs on and never tires ;
While Peter, behind, on the grassy plain,
Runs, panting and sighing—all in vain.

All day beneath a scorching sun
The good Apostle had to run,
Till evening came. The goat was caught,
And safely to the Master brought ;
Then, with a smile, to Peter said
The Lord : " Well, friend, how have you sped ?
If such a task your powers has tried,
How could you rule the world so wide ?"—
Then Peter, with his toil distressed,
His folly, with a sigh, confessed :
" No, Master ! 'tis for me no play
To rule one goat for one short day ;
It must be infinitely worse
To regulate the universe."

Apparent irreverence and broad humor are united in several other stories written by Hans Sachs, without the slightest ill intention. Wishing to expose the loose lives and profane conversation of the common soldiery of his times, he tells us, for example, that Satan, curious to know the truth respecting the morals of these people, sent a demon to bring into hell about half a dozen soldiers as average specimens of their class. The commissioner was, however, so much terrified by the talk of the soldiers, and gave to his master such an account of their morals, that they were refused entrance into Pandemonium. In another story St. Peter, as the gate-keeper of heaven, exercises an unbounded charity, and admits a number of common soldiers. But they do not relish any of the pleasures of their new residence ; they collect their pence, and begin playing at pitch-and-toss. The game ends in a quarrel, and, after some trouble with them, St. Peter sends his guests down to their proper quarters.

Hans Sachs is never weary of making homely appeals to the understanding of his hearers. He tells of the tailor who clipped and stole pieces of the cloth he had to make up. At last his conscience was awakened by a remarkable dream or vision. An escort of demons

HANS SACHS

bearing a flag made up of strips of stolen cloth, conducts the tailor's soul into Purgatory. He awakens, repents, and becomes a new man; but on one occasion steals a sample of cloth, because "there was nothing like it in the flag." At last he dies, and St. Peter, not without some dubitation, admits him into Heaven, but assigns him a seat so near the celestial walls that he can see clearly every sin committed by mortals on the earth below. It is not long before he espies a poor woman in the act of purloining a pocket-handkerchief. Wrought up to a pitch of pharisaical indignation at the sight, the tailor—though himself just saved so narrowly—seizes his heavy footstool and hurls it down upon the culprit, who is thereby lamed for life. Then follows a sharp rebuke by the poet of the pharisaic spirit.

The active literary career of Hans Sachs lasted from about 1514 to 1567—that is, from his twentieth to his seventy-first year. During this long period he produced, according to his own computation, 6,048 separate pieces, longer or shorter. Of these, as classified by himself, there were 4,275 Master-songs; 208 Dramas; 1,558 Stories, Fables, Histories, and "Figures," or Miscellanies, which include several controversial pamphlets in prose. Of his works in general, Scherer says:

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF HANS SACHS.

The Nuremberg shoemaker surpassed all his dramatic colleagues in fertility and artistic power. There was no province in which he did not try his hand, no interest of the time which did not find an echo in his writings. His power of easy creation resulted from the peacefulness of his nature. He looked on the world with an untroubled glance, and could enter into its life with a sympathy free from all egoism. What he observed, he was also able to reproduce in words. He made use of all forms of writing in his efforts to diffuse information on various subjects. He was a real teach-

HANS SACHS

er of the people, and his teaching was of a comforting and conciliatory character, springing from his own kind and gentle nature. He is a master of description, and makes use of it on every possible occasion ; he pictures graphically all the scenes which are within the power of his imagination, but his reflections are often trivial.

In his tales and dramas, Hans Sachs frequently endeavors to connect action with motive, and to develop character ; but he as frequently neglects this altogether.

In *Cain* the poet has given us an excellent picture of a naughty boy. The imprudence and impetuosity of St. Peter, the porter of Heaven, are drawn with inimitable humor in all Hans Sachs's farces and dramas. Frequently he paints not individuals but types, like the masques of Italian comedy. In this he was influenced by the German poetry of the day, whose strength lay in satirical caricature. One or more of these typical figures regularly appear in every farce: the Catholic priest and his house-keeper, the cheating landlord, the wicked and quarrelsome old dame, the sharp-witted, wandering scholar, the unfaithful wife, the jealous husband, and many others. The period of his greatest dramatic activity falls between 1550 and 1560 ; in these years he wrote masses of plays, seizing alike on Scriptural, classical, and romantic subjects. Through his influence the Nuremberg school of dramatic art became the example not only for the towns in the immediate neighborhood, but also for Magdeburg, Augsburg, Breslau, and Strasburg. And even in the present day relics of Hans Sachs's dramas may still be found in the plays acted by the German peasants of Upper Bavaria, as far as Hungary and Silesia. In those districts they have lived on, like popular songs.





SACKVILLE, THOMAS, LORD BUCKHURST, afterward Earl of Dorset and Lord Treasurer, an English statesman and poet, born in 1536; died in London, April 19, 1608. Before entering upon active public life he planned and partly executed a poem, the *Mirror for Magistrates*, which was to portray the fortunes and fate of men who had enacted great parts in English history. Becoming immersed in public affairs, he committed what he had done and the further execution of the poem to two of his friends, Richard Baldwynne and George Ferrers, who also called in the assistance of several others. The *Mirror for Magistrates* was first published in 1559. Subsequent editions, with numerous additions by various hands, appeared in 1563, 1571, 1574, 1587, and 1610. The personages are taken from English history, from the time of William the Conqueror to the end of the War of the Roses. After enjoying great popularity for more than half a century, the *Mirror for Magistrates* passed (as most of it deserved to pass) into neglect until 1815, when a new edition was issued, in two quarto volumes. Of this long work, by so many hands, we have to do only with the few hundred lines by Sackville, which constitute the most notable poem in the English language during the two centuries between the *Canterbury Tales* and the *Faery Queene*. Sackville's part of the *Mirror*

for *Magistrates* consists of a long allegorical "Induction," or Introduction, and the "Complaint" of the shade of that Duke of Buckingham of whom Shakespeare tells us in *Richard the Third*. The "Induction" begins with a vivid picture of a winter day, and as evening draws on the poet is confronted with the effigy of "Sorrow," who is to conduct him through the gloomy land of Departed Spirits.

"SORROW"—THE POET'S CONDUCTOR.

Her body small, forwithered and forspent,
As is the stalk with summer's drought opprest ;
Her wealked face with woeful tears besprent,
Her color pale, and, as it seemed her best,
In woe and plaint reposèd was her rest ;
And as the stone that drops of water wears,
So dented were her cheeks with fall of tears.

I stood aghast, beholding all her plight,
'Tween dread and dolor so distrained in heart,
That, while my knees upstarted with the sight,
The tears outstreamed for sorrow of her smart.
But when I saw no end that could apart
The deadly dole which she so sore did make,
With doleful voice then thus to her I spake :

"Unwrap thy woes, whatever wight thou be !
And stint betime to spill thyself with plaint :
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see
Thou canst not dure, with sorrow thus attain't."
And with that word of Sorrow, all forfait,
She lookèd up, and, prostrate as she lay,
With piteous sound, lo ! thus she 'gan to say :

"Alas, I, wretch, whom thou seest distrained,
With wasting woes that never shall aslake,
Sorrow I am ; in endless torments pained
Among the Furies in the infernal lake ;
Where Pluto, God of Hell, so grisly blake.

THOMAS SACKVILLE

Doth hold his throne, and Lethe's deadly taste
Doth reave remembrance of each thing forepast ;

"Whence come I am, the dreary destiny
And luckless lot for to bemoan of those
Whom fortune in this maze of misery
Of wretched chance most woeful mirrors chose ;
That when thou seest how lightly they did lose
Their pomp, their power, and that they thought most
sure,
Thou may'st soon deem no earthly joy may dure."

Conducted to the under-world, the poet meets the embodied shapes of all human passions, frailties, infirmities, and crimes—Remorse, Dread, Revenge, Avarice, Care, Sleep, Old Age, Disease, Famine, Death, War, and many another. After these allegorical apparitions the poet meets the ghost of the Duke of Buckingham—the only human spectre described by Sackville himself, all the others depicted in the *Mirror for Magistrates* being by inferior hands.

THE SPECTRE OF REMORSE.

And first, within the porch and jaws of Hell,
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
With tears ; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and, cursing, never stent
To sob and sigh, but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care ; as she that, all in vain,
Would wear and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes unsteadfast, rolling here and there,
Whirled on each place as place that vengeance
brought ;
So was her mind continually in fear,
Tost and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought ;
With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

THOMAS SACKVILLE

THE SPECTRE OF SLEEP.

Near by lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath ;
Small keep took he whom Fortune frowned on
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown ; but, as a living death,
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath.
The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travel's ease, the still night's fear was he,
And of our life on earth the better part ;
Reaver of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tyde, and oft that never be ;
Without respect, esteeming equally
King Crœsus's pomp and Irus's poverty.

THE SPECTRE OF WAR.

Lastly stood War, in glittering arms yclad,
With visage grim, stern look, and blackly hued ;
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued ;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razed towns, and threw down towers and all.

Cities he sacked, and realms (that whilom flowered
In honor, glory, and rule above the rest)
He overwhelmed, and all their fame devoured,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted, and never ceased,
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppressed.
His face forehewed with wounds ; and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

THE SPECTRE OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Then first came Henry, Duke of Buckingham,
His cloak of black all piled, and quite forworn,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a duke had made him now her scorn ;
With ghastly looks, as one in manner lorn,

THOMAS SACKVILLE

Oft spread his arms, stretched hands he joins as fast,
With rueful cheer, and vapored eyes upcast.

His cloak he rent, his manly breast he beat,
His hair all torn, about the place it lay.
My heart so molt to see his grief so great,
As feelingly, methought, it dropped away.
His eyes they whirled about withouten stay ;
With stormy sighs the place did so complain,
As if his heart at each had burst in twain.

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice ;
At each of which he shriekèd so withal,
As though the heavens rived with the noise ;
Till the last, recovering his voice,
Suppressing the tears that all his breast berained,
On cruel Fortune weeping thus he plained.





SADI (SHEIKH MUSLIHU'D-DIN), a Persian poet, born at Shiraz about 1184; died there at a great age. According to some accounts, he reached the age of nearly one hundred and twenty years; others place his death at about eighty years. He was trained at Bagdad; became a dervish, made fifteen pilgrimages to Mecca, travelled as far as India, and mastered not only several Oriental languages, but also Latin. He fought against the Crusaders in Syria, by whom he was made prisoner. He was ransomed by a merchant of Aleppo, who gave him his daughter in marriage. The marriage proved an uncongenial one, and Sadi returned to Shiraz, where he retired to a hermitage, and composed his poems.

The works of Sadi comprise the *Gulistan* or "Rose-Garden," the *Bostan* or "Fruit-Garden," the *Pend Nameh* or "Book of Counsels," and numerous detached odes and elegies. The *Gulistan* consists mainly of some scores of short stories, in which the prose narrative is interspersed with poetry, sometimes a few lines, sometimes several stanzas. It is to this day the popular book of the Persians—their *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Robinson Crusoe*. Within the present generation there have been several translations of the *Gulistan* into English, the best of which is that of Mr. Edward B.

SADI

Eastwick (revised edition, 1880), in which the form of the original—partly prose and partly verse—has been retained. To the *Gulistan* is prefixed a Proem which, besides giving an account of the origin of the poem, will serve as a fair indication of its form and manner.

POEM TO THE GULISTAN.

One night I was reflecting on times gone by, and regarding my wasted life, and I pierced the stony mansion of my heart with the diamond of my tears, and read these verses, appropriate to my state :

“ One breath of life each moment flies,
A small remainder meets my eyes.
Sleeper, whose fifty years are gone,
Be these five days at least thy own.
Shame on the dull, departed dead,
Whose task is left unfinished.
In vain for them the drum was beat,
Which warns us of man’s last retreat.
Sweet sleep upon the parting day
Holds back the traveller from the way,
Each comer a new house erects,
Departs—the house its lord rejects ;
The next one forms the same conceit,
This mansion none shall e’er complete.
Hold not as friend this comrade light,
With one so false no friendship plight.
Since good and bad alike must fall,
He’s best who bears away the ball.
Send to this tomb an ample store ;
None with it bring—then send before.
 Like snow in life is July’s sun,
 Little remains ; and there is one
 To boast himself and vaunt thereon.
With empty hand thou hast sought the mart ;
I fear thou wilt with thy turban part.
Who eat their corn while yet ’tis green,
At the true harvest can but glean.
To Sadi’s counsel let thy soul give heed,
There is the way—be manful and proceed.”

After deliberating on this subject, I thought it advisable that I should take my seat in retirement, and wash

SADI

the tablet of my memory from vain words, nor speak idly in future.

“Better who sits in nooks, deaf, speechless, idle,
Than he who knows not his own tongue to bridle.”

At length one of my friends, who was my comrade in the camel-litter, and my closet-companion, entered my door, according to old custom. Notwithstanding all the cheerfulness and hilarity which he displayed, and his spreading out the carpet of affection, I returned him no answer, nor lifted up my head from the knee of devotion. He was pained, and looking toward me said :

“Now that the power of utterance is thine,
Speak, O my brother ! kindly, happily,
To-morrow’s message bids thee life resign ;
Then art thou silent of necessity.”

One of those who were about me informed him regarding this circumstance, saying : “Sadi has made a resolution and fixed determination to pass the rest of his life in the world as a devotee, and embrace silence. If thou cannot, take thy way and choose the path of retreat.” He replied : “By the glory of the Highest and by our ancient friendship ! I will not breathe or stir a step until he hath spoken according to his wonted custom and his usual manner ; for to distress friends is folly ; but the dispensing with an oath is easy. It is contrary to rational procedure, and opposed to the opinion of sages, that the two-edged sword of Ali should remain in its scabbard, or the tongue of Sadi be silent in his mouth.”

“What is the tongue in the mouth of mortals ? say
’Tis but the key that opens wisdom’s door ;
While that is closed, who may conjecture, pray,
If thou sellest jewels or the pedler’s store ?
Silence is mannerly—so deem the wise,
But in the fitting time use language free ;
Blindness of judgment just in two things lies
To speak unwished, or speak unseasonably.”

In brief, I had not the power to refrain from conversing with him ; and I thought it uncourteous to avert

SADI

my face from conference with him; for he was an agreeable companion and sincere friend.

“ When thou contendest choose an enemy
Whom thou may'st vanquish or whom thou canst fly.”

By the mandate of necessity, I spoke as we went out for recreation, it being the season of spring, when the asperity of winter was mitigated, and the time of the rose's rich display had arrived.

“ Vestments green upon the trees,
Like the costly garments seeming,
Which at Id's festivities
Rich men wear, all gayly gleaming.

'Twas the first day of April, the second month of the spring;
From the pulpits of the branches slight-wreathed the bulbuls sing.
The red, red branches were begemmed with pearls of glistening dew
Like moisture on an angry beauty's cheek—a cheek of rosy hue.”

So time passed, till one night it happened that I was walking at a late hour in a flower-garden with one of my friends. The spot was blithe and pleasing, and the trees intertwined there charmingly. You would have said that fragments of enamel were sprinkled on the ground, and that the necklace of the Pleiades was suspended from the vines that grew there.

“ A garden where the murmurous rill was heard,
While from the hills sang each melodious bird;
That, with the many-colored tulip bright,
These with their various fruits the eye delight.
The whispering breeze beneath the branches' shade,
Of blending flowers a motley carpet made.”

In the morning, when the inclination to return prevailed over our wish to stay, I saw that he had gathered his lap full of roses and fragrant herbs, and sweet-basil, with which he was setting out for the city. I said: “To the rose of the flower-garden, as you know, is no continuance; nor is there faith in the promise of the rose-garden; and the sages have said that we should not fix our affections on that which has no endurance.” He said: “What, then, is my course?” I replied: “For the recreation of the beholders and the gratification of those

who are present, I am able to compose a book, the *Garden of Roses*, whose leaves the rude hands of autumn cannot affect, and the blitheness of whose spring the revolutions of time cannot change into the disorder of the waning year.

“ What use to thee that flower-vase of thine ?
 Thou wouldst have rose-leaves ; take, then, rather mine.
 Those roses but five days or six will bloom ;
 This garden ne’er will yield to winter’s gloom.”

As soon as I had pronounced these words he cast the flowers from his lap, and took hold of the skirt of my garment, saying: “ When the generous promise, they perform.”—It befell that in a few days a chapter or two were entered in my note-book on the Advantages of Study and the Rules of Conversation, in a style that may be useful to augment the eloquence of tale-writers. In short, the rose of the flower-garden still continued to bloom when the book of the Rose-Garden was finished. It will, however, be really perfected when it is approved and condescendingly perused at the Court of the Asylum of the World, the Shadow of the Creator, and the Light of the Bounty of the All-powerful, the Treasury of the Ages, the Retreat of the True Religion, the Aided by Heaven, the Victorious Arm of the Empire, the Lamp of Excelling Faith, the Beauty of Mankind, the Glory of Islam, Sâd, the Son of the Most Puissant King of Kings, Master of Attending Nations, Lord of the Kings of Arabia and Persia, Sovereign of the Land and the Sea, Heir to the Throne of Suleiman, Atabak the Great, Muzaffu’d-din, Abu-bakr-bin-Sâd-bin-Zangi : May God Most High perpetuate the good fortune of both, and prosper all their righteous undertakings.—*Translation of EASTWICK.*





SÆMUND-SIGFUSSON, an Icelandic scholar, born about 1055; died in 1133. He is the reputed author of the *Sæmundar Edda hins Frodha*; that is, the "Edda of Sæmund the Scholar," now known, however, as the *Elder* or *Poetic Edda*, and believed to have been written before the time of Sæmund. He was a scion of the royal house of Norway, and was famous as a scholar and churchman. His learning so impressed the age in which he lived, that he got the reputation of a magician. He was the friend of Bishop John, founder of the great Odd-Verjar family of Iceland, and the author of a *Book of Kings* from Harold Fairhair to Magnus the Good; but it is now generally believed that all he had to do with the *Poetic Edda* in general, or the *Sun's Song* in particular, was at most confined to the work of compilation. The *Sæmundar Edda* was entirely unknown until about 1643, when it came into the hands of Brynjulf Sveinson, who, puzzled to classify it, gave it the title of *Edda Sæmundi Multiscii*. The poems themselves date in all probability from the eighth or ninth century, and are many of them only fragments of longer heroic chants now otherwise entirely lost. They treat of mythical and religious legends of an early Scandinavian civilization, and are composed in the simplest and most archaic forms of Icelandic verse. The author of no one of them is mentioned. They were collected from

oral tradition ; and the fact that the same story is occasionally repeated, in varied form, and that some of the poems themselves bear internal evidence of being more ancient than others, proves that the present collection is only a gathering made early in the Middle Ages, long after the composition of the pieces, and in no critical spirit. Sophus Bugge, indeed, one of the greatest living authorities, absolutely rejects the name of Sæmund, and is of opinion that the *Poetic Edda*, as we at present hold it, dates from about 1240. There is no doubt that it was collected in Iceland, and by an Icelandier. The principal manuscript of this *Edda* is the *Codex Regius* in the Royal Library at Copenhagen, written continuously, without regard to prose or verse, on forty-five leaves. This is that found by Bishop Brynjulf. Another valuable fragment exists in the Arne-Magnæan collection in the University of Copenhagen, consisting of six leaves. These are the only manuscripts older than the seventeenth century which contain a collection of the ancient mythico-heroic lays, but fragments occur in various other works, and especially in the *Edda* of Snorri. The *Poetic Edda* was translated into English verse by Amos Cottle in 1797 ; the poet Gray produced a version of the *Vegtamskvidha* ; but the first good translation of the whole was that published by Benjamin Thorpe in 1866. An excellent edition of the Icelandic text has been prepared by Möbius, but the standard of the original orthography will be found in the admirable edition of Sophus Bugge, *Norœn Fornkvædhi*, published at Christiania in 1867.

SÆMUND-SIGFUSSON

THE GRIEF OF GUDHRUN.

Gudhrun of yore
Longed to die,
When she sat mournful
O'er Sigurdh's corpse.
She raised no wailing,
Nor wrung her hands,
Nor did she sob,
Like other women.

Forth came the thanes,
Wise and wary,
And strove to win her
From her despair.
In vain, for Gudhrun
Could not weep.
Such was her sorrow,
She yearned to die.

There were the noble
Wives of warriors,
Bedecked with gold,
Seated near Gudhrun,
And each of them
Told her sorrow,
What bitterest grief
She had endured.

Then said Giaflaug,
Giuki's sister,
"I know I am
The saddest on earth.
I dreed the deaths
Of husbands five,
Of daughters twain,
Of sisters three,
Of brothers eight—
I live alone."

In vain, for Gudhrun
Could not weep,

Such was her sorrow
For her dead hero,
Her hard despair
At her lord's corpse.

Then said Herborg,
The queen of Hunland,
"I have to tell
Harder grief ;
My seven sons,
In southern land,
With them my husband
Fell on the warfield.

"My father and mother,
My brothers four,
The wind beset them
On the billows ;
The strong seas broke
The planks asunder.

"Myself I washed them,
Myself I dressed them,
With mine own hands
To Hel I sent them.
All this I suffered
In one half-year,
And no one ever
Comforted me.

"It so befell
That I was taken
In warfare then
That selfsame summer :
I had to dress a noble's wife,
To tie her shoes
Every morning.

"She made me fear
Through jealousy,

SÆMUND-SIGFUSSON

And struck me hard
With cruel blows.
I never found
A better master,
But never yet
A housewife worse."

In vain, for Gudhrun
Could not weep,
Such was her sorrow
For her dead hero,
Her hard despair
At her lord's corpse.

Then said Gullrönd,
Giuki's daughter,
"Foster-sister,
Thou little knowest,
Though wise thou art,
How to speak comfort to a
young woman."
She would have bared
The hero's corpse.

She swept the linen
Away from Sigurdh,
And laid his cheek
On his wife's knees.
"Look on thy dearest,
Put lips on lips,
As once thou claspedst
Thy lord unslain."

A glance gave Gudhrun
One single time ;
She saw his hair
Matted with gore.
The hero's bright eyes
Lack their lustre,
His kingly heart
Pierced by the sword.

Then on her bed
Sank Gudhrun backward,
Her hair was loosened,
Her cheek grew red,
A drop of rain
Fell on her knee.

Then Gudhrun wept,
Giuki's daughter,
So that tear streams
Flowed to the ground
And from the courtyard.
There shrieked with her
The geese—the fine birds
She used to feed.

Then said Gullrönd,
Giuki's daughter,
"I know you two
Loved each other
As no one else
Beside on earth ;
And joy thou knewest
At home, abroad,
Sister mine,
With Sigurdh only."

Then said Gudhrun,
Giuki's daughter,
"My Sigurdh was,
With Giuki's sons,
Like a lofty leek
From grass upgrowing,
Or a bright stone
On lace drawn,
The priceless gem
Of noble heroes.

"And I too seemed
To my lord's warriors
A princess nobler
Than Odin's shieldmaids.

SÆMUND-SIGFUSSON

| | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| Now I am worthless | My bosom friend, |
| As fallen leaves | Thro' Giuki's sons, |
| In autumn-time, | Thro' Giuki's sons |
| For he is dead. | Is my undoing : |
| | They made their sister |
| | Sorely weep." |
| "I miss at board, | |
| I miss in bed, | |

—Translated by CARL LOTTNER.

SIGRUNA AND HER DEAD HELGI.

Maiden.—Sigruna ! list the tale I tell,
And quit thy bower at Snevafell.
Hie thee forth, my lady fair !
The grave is open ! Helgi's there !
Hasten, if with eager grasp
It listeth thee thy lord to clasp.
Go, stanch the blood at his behest,
Welling from his wounded breast.

Sigruna [*In the tomb*].—That we two thus should
meet again,
Helgi, makes thy wife as fain,
As Odin's hawks that sniff afar
Fresh carnage on the field of war :
Or, bright with dewdrops, greet the day
That lights them to some new-slain prey.

Let me kiss that brow so pale,
Ere we strip thee of thy mail ;
Let me clasp thee to my heart,
Stiff and gory as thou art.
Thy matted hair is frosted o'er,
All thy limbs are smeared with gore ;
Clammy are thy hands and brow—
My king ! how can I help thee now ?

Helgi.—Thine eyes, my own Sigruna, shed
The dew of sorrow on this head.
When decked with gold, in beauty bright,
Thou weapest through the livelong night,

SÆMUND-SIGFUSSON

I feel each cruel tear-drop flow,
As cold and piercing, fraught with woe,
It trickles over Helgi's breast,
Benumbs his heart and breaks his rest.

Nay—let us rather seek again
Affection's joyous cup to drain.
Gone are lands and life's bright morrow,
Yet will we chant no song of sorrow :
My bosom bleeds, but at my side
Sits in the grave my chosen bride.

Sigruna.—See, my Helgi, Yifing's race
Here shall find fit resting-place ;
On this pillow lay thy head,
And let me smooth my hero's bed ;
For in the grave, too, I will rest
My loving cheek on Helgi's breast ;
As when there beamed a brighter day,
And by my living lord I lay.

Helgi.—To sleep beneath this ghastly shade
Thou hast not feared, my royal maid !
But, warm in life and beauty's charms,
Hast clasped the dead within thine arms.
Högni's daughter ! now I see
I may hope for all from thee ;
Nor wilt thou still with tears and sighs
Vex the couch where Helgi lies.
'Tis time for me to ride away,
Where the red streaks of dawning day
Have marked my path ; there must I speed
O'er Bifröst's bridge my pallid steed ;
And from my love must westward fly,
Beyond the bow which spans the sky,
Before the cock wake with shrill call
The host within Valhalla's hall.

—*Translated by* EDMUND HEAD.



SAGAS, THE, a term used to designate the heroic myths and tales of the Scandinavians, as distinguished from the *Eddas*, or mythological books. Of the *Eddas* there are two: the *Edda Sæmundar hins Froda* ("Edda of Sæmund the Wise"), written in verse, and supposed to date back to the eighth or even the sixth century, but first collected and arranged by Sæmund Sigfusson, an Icelandic priest (1054-1133). This work was first brought to the notice of European scholars in 1643 by Brynjulf Sveinsson, Bishop of Skalholt, who applied to it the name of *Edda*; that is, "Great-grandmother" of Scandinavian poetry. The poems that compose this work are of unknown origin and authorship. The name "Edda," etymologically derived from the old Norse *odhr*, meaning poetry, metre, mind, soul, properly belongs only to the *Edda Snorri Sturlusonar*, which is of more recent date, and generally known as the *Younger Edda*. It contains the ancient mythology of Scandinavia, the old rules of versification, and a collection of Icelandic poems. Snorri's work originally consisted of three parts—the *Glyfaginning*, an epitome of mythology; *Skaldskaparmal*, the art of writing poetry, including an explanation of poetical expressions and periphrases; and *Hattatal*, a list of metres, a laudatory poem on the Norwegian Kings Hakon Hakonsson

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and Jarl Skuli, in which all forms of verse used in the old poetry are exemplified.

Within the present generation the attention of scholars has been particularly directed toward the *Sagas*. Among those which have been carefully translated into English are *Storlunga Saga*, and the *Völsunga Saga*, which is the Story of the Volsungs and Nibelungs. This has been rendered into English by Eiríkr Magnússon and William Morris (Oxford, 1870), who designate it as "the great epic of the North," the prose part of which was "probably composed some time in the twelfth century, from floating traditions, no doubt; from songs which, now lost, were then known, at least in fragments, to the Sagaman; and, finally, from songs which, written about his time, are still existing." This is the great story of the North, which is to the Scandinavians what the *Tale of Troy* was to the Greeks, the *Nibelungenlied* to the Germans, the *Cid* to the Spaniards, and the *Chansons de Roland* to the French.

THE SWORD OF SIGMUND, SON OF VOLSUNG.

There was a king called Siggier who ruled over Gothland—a mighty king, and of many folk. He went to meet Volsung the king, and prayed for Signy, his daughter, to wife; and the king took his talk well, and his sons withal; but she was loath thereto; yet she bade her father to rule in this as in all other things that concerned her. So the king took such rede that he gave her to him, and she was betrothed to King Siggier. And so, for the fulfilling of the feast and the wedding, was King Siggier to come to the house of King Volsung. The king got ready the feast according to his best might; and when all things were ready came the

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king's guests, and King Siggier withal, at the day appointed ; and many a man of great account had Siggier with him.

The tale tells that great fires were made end-long the hall, and the great tree aforesaid stood midmost thereof. Withal folk say that, when as men sat by the fires in the evening, a certain man came into the hall unknown of aspect to all men ; and suchlike array he had, that over him was a spotted cloak, and he was barefoot, and had linen breeches knit tight even unto the bone, and he had a sword in his hand as he went up to the Branstock, and a slouched hat upon his head. Huge he was, and seeming ancient, and one-eyed. So he drew his sword and smote it into the tree-trunk, so that it sank in up to the hilts ; and all held back from greeting the man. Then he took up the word, and said :

“Whoso draweth the sword from this stock, shall have the same as a gift from me, and shall find in good sooth that never bare he better sword in hand than is this.”

Therewith out went the old man from the hall, and none knew who he was or whither he went.

Now men stand up, and none would fain be the last to lay hand to the sword, for they deemed that he would have the best of it who might first touch it. So all the noblest went thereto first, and then the others, one after the other ; but none who came thereto might avail to pull it out, for in no wise would it come away, however they tugged at it. But now up comes Sigmund, King Volsung's son, and sets his hand to the sword, and pulls it from the stock, even as if it lay loose before him. So good that weapon seemed to all, that none thought he had ever seen such a sword before ; and Siggier would fain buy it from him at thrice its weight in gold. But Sigmund said :

“Thou mightest have taken the sword no less than I from there where it stood, if it had been thy lot to bear it ; but now, since it has first of all fallen into my hands, never shalt thou have it, though thou biddest therefor all the gold thou hast.”

King Siggier grew wroth at those words, and deemed Sigmund had answered him scornfully ; but whereas he

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was a wary man and a double-dealing, he heeded this matter in no wise ; yet that same evening he sought how he might reward it, as was seen afterward.—*The Völsunga Saga*.

The *Saga of King Olaf*, as rendered by Longfellow in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," consists of twenty-two runes, of which we give Runes I., XII., XIX., and XXI. "King Olaf," as we are elsewhere told, "born in 995, after having distinguished himself in several warlike expeditions on the coasts of Normandy and England, succeeded, in 1015, in wresting the throne of Norway from Eric and Svend Jarl. He endeavored to exterminate paganism by fire and sword, and was killed in 1030."

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR.

"I am the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer !
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever !
Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations ;
This is my hammer,
Miölner the mighty ;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it !
These are my gauntlets
Wherewith I yield it,
And hurl it afar off.
This is my girdle ;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled.

"The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,

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In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations !
Jove is my brother ;
Mine eyes are the lightning ;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder ;
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake !

“ Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it ;
Meekness is weakness ;
Strength is triumphant ;
Over the whole earth
Still it is Thor's-Day !
Thou art a God, too,
O Galilean !
And thus single-handed
Unto the combat—
Gauntlet or Gospel—
Here I defy thee ! ”

And King Olaf heard the cry,
Saw the red light in the sky,
Laid his head upon his sword,
As he leaned upon the railing,
And his ships went sailing, sailing
Northward into Drontheim Fiord.
There he stood as one who dreamed ;
And the red light glanced and gleamed
On the armor that he wore ;
And he shouted, as the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,

“ I accept thy challenge, Thor ! ”

—*The Saga of King Olaf, Rune I.*

KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS.

At Drontheim, Olaf the king
Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring

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As he sat in his banquet-hall,
Drinking the nut-brown ale,
With his bearded Berserks hale
And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts
He held with bishops and priests,
And his horn filled up to the brim ;
But the ale was never too strong,
Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,
For him.

O'er his drinking-horn, the sign
He made of the Cross divine,
As he drank and muttered his prayers ;
But the Berserks evermore
Made the sign of the Hammer of Thor
Over theirs.

The gleams of the firelight dance
Upon helmet and hauberk and lance,
And laugh in the eyes of the king ;
And he cries to Halfred the Skjald,
Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,
" Sing !

" Sing me a song divine,
With a sword in every line,
And this shall be thy reward."
And he loosened the belt at his waist,
And in front of the singer placed
His sword.

" Queen-biter of Hakon the Good,
Wherewith at a stroke he hewed
The millstone through and through,
And foot-breadth of Thorolf the Strong
Were neither so broad nor so long,
Nor so true."

Then the skjald took the harp and sang,
And loud through the music rang

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The sound of that shining word ;
And the harp-strings a clangor made,
As if they were struck with the blade
Of a sword.

And the Berserks round about
Broke forth into a shout
That made the rafters ring :
They smote with their fists on the board,
And shouted, " Long live the Sword,
And the King ! "

But the king said, " Oh, my son,
I miss the bright word in one
Of thy measures and thy rhymes. "
And Halfred the Skjald replied,
" In another it was multiplied
Three times. "

Then King Olaf raised the hilt
Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,
And said, " Do not refuse ;
Count well the gain and the loss ;
Thor's Hammer or Christ's Cross :
Choose ! "

And Halfred the Skjald said, " This,
In the name of the Lord I kiss,
Who on it was crucified ! "
And a shout went round the board,
" In the name of Christ the Lord,
Who died ! "

Then over the waste of snows
The noonday sun uprose,
Through the driving mists revealed
Like the lifting of the Host,
By incense-clouds almost
Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast
And shadowy Cross was cast

THE SAGAS

From the hilt of the lifted sword.
And in foaming cups of ale
The Berserks drank "Was-hael!"
To the Lord.

—*The Saga of King Olaf, Rune XII.*

KING OLAF AND EARL ERIC.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet
Three together the ships were lashed,
So that neither should turn and retreat;
In the midst, but in front of the rest
The burnished crest
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck,
With bow of ash and arrows of oak;
His gilded shield was without a fleck,
His helmet inlaid with gold;
And in many a fold
Hung his crimson cloak.

In front came Svend, the King of the Danes,
Sweeping down with his fifty rowers;
To the right, the Swedish king with his thanes;
And on board of the Iron-Beard
Earl Eric steered
To the left with his oars.

Then as together the vessels crashed,
Eric severed the cables of hide
With which King Olaf's ships were lashed,
And left them to drive and drift
With the currents swift
Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl,
Sharper the dragons bite and sting;
Eric the son of Hakon Jarl
A death-drink salt as the sea
Pledges to thee,
Olaf, the King!

—*The Saga of King Olaf, Rune XIX.*



“King Olaf stood on the quarter deck
With bow of ash and arrows of oak.”

Drawing by J. Gehrts.

THE SAGAS

KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK.

All day has the battle raged,
All day have the ships engaged,
But as yet is not assuaged
 The vengeance of Eric the Earl.
The decks with blood are red,
The arrows of death are sped,
The ships are filled with the dead,
 And the spears the champions hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide,
The grappling-irons are plied,
The boarders climb up the side,
 The shouts are feeble and few.
Ah! never shall Norway again
See her sailors come back o'er the main;
They all lie wounded or slain,
 Or asleep in the billows blue!

On the deck stands Olaf the King;
Around him whistle and sing
The spears that the foemen fling
 And the stones they hurl with their hands.
In the midst of the stones and the spears
Kolbiorn, the Marshal, appears,
His shield in the air he uprears,
 By the side of King Olaf he stands.

Over the slippery wreck
Of the Long Serpent's deck
Sweeps Eric with hardly a check.
 His lips with anger are pale;
He hews with his axe at the mast
Till it falls, with the sails overcast,
Like a snow-covered pine in the vast,
 Dim forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then,
He rushes aft with his men,
As a hunter into the den
 Of the bear, when he stands at bay.

THE SAGAS

"Remember Jarl Hakon!" he cries;
When lo! on his wondering eyes,
Two kingly figures arise—
Two Olafs in warlike array!

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear
Of King Olaf a word of cheer,
In a whisper that none may hear,
With a smile on his tremulous lip;
Two shields raised high in the air,
Two flashes of golden hair,
Two scarlet meteors' glare,
And both have leaped from the ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats
Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats,
And cry from their hairy throats,
"See! it is Olaf the King!"
While far on the opposite side
Floats another shield on the tide,
Like a jewel set in the wide
Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale,
How the king stripped off his mail
Like leaves of the brown sea-kale
As he swam beneath the main;
But the young grow old and gray,
And never by night or day
In his kingdom of Norroway
Was King Olaf seen again.
—*The Saga of King Olaf, Rune XXI.*





SAINTE-BEUVE, CHARLES AUGUSTUS, a French critic, born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, December 23, 1804; died in Paris, October 13, 1869. He was a posthumous child, and inherited his literary tastes from his father. After completing his education in Paris, he studied medicine, and when the *Globe*, a liberal newspaper, was founded in 1827, he contributed to it many historical and literary articles, which attracted the attention of Goethe. His papers on Victor Hugo's *Odes and Ballads* led to a friendship with this great poet, and to a connection with the romantic school of poets. His articles on the French poetry of the sixteenth century were issued in book-form in 1828, and were followed by a third volume, *Vie, Poesies et Pensées de Joseph Delorme* (1829). Another volume, the *Consolations* (1830), reflect his most intimate thoughts, and to this book, reflecting the most interesting period of his life, he was wont to turn with the utmost pleasure. He contributed to the *Revue de Paris*, and also to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, founded in 1831. In 1840 he was made keeper of the Mazarin Library, and a member of the Academy in 1844. In that year he accepted the chair of French literature in the University of Liège, where he gave a series of lectures on Chateaubriand and his contemporaries, afterward published in two volumes. Returning to Paris, he

agreed to supply the *Constitutional* with an article for every Monday's issue, thus beginning the celebrated *Causeries du Lundi*, which he continued for three years. In 1857 he held a similar post for the *Moniteur*. These articles, with others entitled *Nouveaux Lundis*, were subsequently published in twenty-eight volumes. In 1854 he was given the chair of Latin poetry at the College of France, and from 1858 to 1861 was lecturer on French literature at the École Normale Supérieure. Sainte-Beuve was admitted to the Legion d'Honneur in 1859. His other works are a novel, *Volupté* (1834); *Pensées d'Août* (1837), and seven volumes of *Portraits Contemporains*, contributed originally to the *Revue de Paris* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. His industry may be measured by the fact of his preparing for many years a grand review article once a quarter, and a newspaper review once a week. He says: "On Monday toward noon I lift up my head and breathe for an hour; after that the wicket shuts again, and I am in my prison-cell for seven days." Matthew Arnold pays the following tribute to this great and impartial critic:

"As a guide to bring us to a knowledge of the French genius and literature, he is unrivalled—perfect, so far as a poor mortal critic can be perfect, in knowledge of his subject, in judgment, in tact, in tone. Certain spirits are of an excellence almost ideal in certain lines; the human race might willingly adopt them as its spokesmen, recognizing that on these lines their style and utterance may stand as those, not of bounded individuals, but of the human race. So Homer speaks for the human

race, and with an excellence, which is ideal, in epic narration ; Plato in the treatment, at once beautiful and profound, of philosophical questions ; Shakespeare in the presentation of human character ; Voltaire in light verse and ironical discussion. A list of perfect ones, indeed, each in his own line ! and we may almost venture to add to their number, in his line of literary criticism, Sainte-Beuve." Selections from the *Causeries du Lundi* have been translated with a *Memoir* by William Matthews (1877).

GUIZOT.

Sprung from a Calvinist family, he has kept up a certain austere tone of theirs, a talent for comprehending and reproducing those tenacious natures, those energetic and gloomy inspirations. The habits of race and early education stamp themselves on the talents and re-appear in the speech, even when they have disappeared from the habits of our life ; we keep their fibre and their tone. The men, the characters, are expressed, as we meet them, by vigorous strokes ; but the whole lacks a certain splendor, or rather a certain continuous animation. The personages do not live with a life of their own ; the historian takes them, seizes them, and gives their profile in brass. His plan applies a very bold and confident execution. He knows what he wants to say, and where he wants to go. The ridiculous and ironical side of things, the sceptical side, of which no other historians make too much, has with him no place. He shows plainly a kind of moral gravity in men amid their manœuvrings and intrigues ; but he does not set the contradiction in a sufficiently strong light. He gives us, on the way, many stale maxims, but none of those moral reflections which instruct and delight, which recreate humanity and restore it to itself, like those which escape incessantly from Voltaire. His style, which is emphatically his own, is sad and never laughs. I have given myself the pleasure of reading at the same time

the corresponding pages of Hume : one would not believe that the same history was treated, so different is the tone ! What I remark especially is that it is possible for me in reading Hume, to check him, to contradict him sometimes : he furnishes me with the means of doing so by the very details he gives, by the balance he strikes. In reading Guizot this is almost impossible, so closely woven is the tissue, so interlinked is the whole narrative. He holds you fast and leads you to the end, firmly combining the fact, the reflection, and the end in view.

How far, even after these two volumes, and regarding his writings as a whole, is M. Guizot, a historical painter ? How far and to what extent is he properly a narrator ? These would be very interesting questions to discuss as literary ones, without favor and without prejudice ; and, whatever fault one might find with M. Guizot, it would necessarily be accompanied with an acknowledgment of a peculiar originality which belongs only to him. Even when he narrates, as in his *Life of Washington*, it is of a certain abstract beauty that he gives us an impression—of an external beauty that is designed to please the eyes. His language is strong and ingenious ; it is not naturally picturesque. He uses always the graver, never the brush. His style, in the fine passages, is like reflections from brass, and as it were, of steel, but reflections under a gray sky, and never in the sunlight. It has been said of the worthy Joinville, the ingenuous chronicler, that his style *savors still of his childhood*, and that “worldly things are created for him only on the day when he sees them.” At the other extremity of the historic chain, with Guizot, it is quite the contrary. His thought, his very recital, assumes spontaneously a kind of abstract, half-philosophical appearance. He communicates to everything that he touches a tint, so to speak, of an anterior reflection. He is astonished at nothing ; he explains whatever he presents to you, he gives the reason for it. A person who knew him well said of him : “That which he has known only since morning he appears to have known from all eternity.” In fact, an idea in entering that lofty mind loses its freshness ; it instantly fades,

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and becomes in a manner antique. It acquires premeditation, firmness, weight, temper, and sometimes a gloomy splendor.—*Causeries du Lundi* ; translation of MATTHEWS.

MASSILLON.

Every exposition in Massillon, every oratorical strophe, is composed of a series of thoughts and phrases, commonly very short, that reproduce themselves, springing one out of the other, calling to each other, succeeding each other, having no sharp points, no imagery that is either too bold or too commonplace, and moving along with rhythm and melody as parts of one and the same whole. It is a group in motion ; it is a natural, harmonious concert. Buffon, who regarded Massillon as the first of our prose writers, seems to have had him in mind, when, in his discourse upon style, he said : " In order to write well, it is necessary, then, to be fully possessed of one's subject ; it is necessary to reflect upon it enough to see clearly the order of one's thoughts, and to connect them together in a continuous chain, each link of which represents an idea ; and when one takes his pen, he should conduct it along this first outline, without permitting it to stray from it, without pressing it too unequally, without giving it any other movement than that which may be determined by the space it is to run over. It is in this that severity of style consists." In Massillon this natural manner had no appearance of severity, but rather an appearance of abundance and overflow, like that of a stream running down a gentle declivity, the accumulated waters of which fall by their own weight. Massillon, more than any other orator, has resources for the fruitful development of moral themes ; and the utmost grace and ease of diction spontaneously unite in his style, so that his long and full period is composed of a series of members and reduplications united by a kind of insensible tie, like a large, full wave which is composed of a series of little waves.

Massillon, the orator, if we could have heard him, would certainly have ravished, penetrated, melted us ; read to-day, he does not produce the same effects ; and, considered as a writer, he is not admired by all in the

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same degree. It is not given to all minds to feel and to relish equally the peculiar beauties and excellences of Massillon. To like Massillon, to enjoy him sincerely and without weariness, is a quality and almost a peculiarity of certain minds, which may serve to define them. He will love Massillon who loves what is just and noble better than what is new, who prefers elegant simplicity to a slightly rough grandeur; who, in the intellectual order, is pleased before all things with rich fertility and culture, with small sobriety, with ingenious amplification, with a certain calmness and a certain repose even in motion, and who is never weary of those eternal commonplaces of morality which humanity will never exhaust. Massillon will please him who has a certain sensitive chord in his heart, and who prefers Racine to all other poets; in whose ear there is a certain vague instinct of harmony and sweetness which makes him love certain words even in a superabundance. He will please those who have none of the impatience of a taste too superb or too delicate, nor the quick fevers of an ardent admiration; who have no thirst for surprise or discovery, who love to sail upon smooth rivers, who prefer the impetuous Rhone to the Eridanus as the poet has pictured it, or even to the Rhine in its rugged majesty, the tranquil course of the French river, of the royal Seine, washing the more and more widening banks of a flourishing Normandy.—*Causeries du Lundi*; translation of MATTHEWS.





SAINT-HILAIRE, JULES BARTHELEMY, a French statesman, philosopher, and Oriental scholar, born in Paris, August 19, 1805; died there, November 25, 1895. From 1826 to 1830 he wrote much for newspapers, and after the revolution in 1830 he was active in politics. In 1834 he was appointed a teacher in French literature in the Polytechnic School, and began one of the monumental works of literature, a complete translation of Aristotle, which he finished in 1892 after almost sixty years of labor. In 1838 he was appointed Professor of Greek and Latin Philosophy in the College of France, and in 1839 was made a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. At the revolution of 1848 he was chosen as a moderate and an anti-socialist to the Constituent Assembly. The *coup d'état* in December, 1852, ending parliamentary government, brought him the alternative of taking the oath of fidelity to the empire or resigning his chair at the Collège de France. He resigned, and turned from politics to literature. Ten years later he was reinstated in his professorship. In 1869 he was elected to the Corps Législatif, where he acted with the extreme left. After the fall of the empire he was one of those who proposed that Thiers should be made chief executive; and later, he was one of the fifteen called by the government to assist in ar-

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ranging peace with Prussia. He was elected life-senator in 1875, and stood with the republican minority. In 1880 he accepted the portfolio of foreign affairs under Jules Ferry. When Gambetta came to power in 1881 Saint-Hilaire returned to literature. At the age of eighty-nine he published a controversial work of remarkable power on Victor Cousin. His original works were numerous; among them *Buddha and His Religion* (1860); *Mahomet and the Koran* (1865); *Philosophy of the Two Ampères* (1866).

THE GOOD OF BUDDHISM.

There is so much to be said against Buddhism that it may be as well to begin by the good that can be justly attributed to it, for, limited as our praise must be, it will at least mitigate in some degree the severity of the judgment that must follow.

The most striking feature of Buddhism, that is, as founded by the Buddha, is its practical tendency. The Buddha sets himself a great problem, which is no less than that of the salvation of mankind and even of the whole universe; and he seeks its solution by the most direct and practical method. It is true that, considering himself a philosopher, he might have indulged in speculative analysis, but the Brahmans had made such an abuse of this process that the Reformer deemed it better to abstain from it. For in seeking to penetrate into the origin of things, it is necessary to avoid sinking into needless obscurity, and speak only to a school instead of addressing the masses. Philosophy, even when it does not aim at founding a religion, should never lose sight of its first duty, which is to serve humanity; and the philosopher who is satisfied to understand and to save himself alone, by the truth he has discovered, is little worthy of his name. If these truths were to be solely for the advantage of one individual, they would lose their value; and as for the mass of hu-

manity, the practice of morality is of more importance than the principle on which it is grounded ; it is a credit to philosophers that they induce men to live according to what is right rather than to think according to the principles of philosophy. All reforms must be preceded and strengthened by the long study which science demands ; but when the reformer at last appears upon the scene, his teaching should be as clear and simple as possible. He speaks to the people and not to the learned. He must lead minds rather than enlighten them.

Moreover, although his aim was to convert and guide the masses, Sākya-muni does not endeavor to attract them by gross allurements, he does not flatter their passions ; and the joys he promises them are neither earthly nor material. Contrary to most religious legislators, he does not predict to his followers either conquests, power, or riches ; he calls them to eternal salvation or rather annihilation, which he confounds with salvation, by the narrow path of virtue, knowledge, and austerity. It is a great deal to expect of man, but evidently not too much ; and it is well for us to hear such a noble appeal to the human heart in times so remote and in countries which our civilization has been accustomed to disdain. We too willingly fancy that these noble aspirations belong only to ourselves, and we are surprised at discovering the same in others. It was not in the Vedas or the religion that emanated from them that the Reformer found these lessons of self-renunciation. But the Brahmanic philosophy was not that base and selfish kind of worship, which consists in a mutual interchange between man and the gods—of homage and assistance. It had soared into the higher regions of thought, and the system of Kōpilia alone suffices to show that Sākya-muni has made no innovation in preaching eternal deliverance. The whole of Brahmanic India had the same solemn turn of thought. Sākya-muni shared it, but did not originate it.

His true glory, which no one can dispute, is the boundless charity which filled his soul. The Buddha does not think of his own personal salvation ; he seeks above all to save others, and it is in order to show

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them the infallible road to Nirvāna that he leaves the Abode of Joy, the Tushita, and that he comes back to endure the risk and ordeal of a last incarnation. He does not redeem mankind by offering himself as a sublime victim ; he only proposes to instruct them by his teaching and example. He leads them in the path from which there is no straying, and he guides them to the haven from which there is no return. No doubt the spirit of Christianity has inspired more beautiful and elevated sentiments, but six or seven centuries before its appearance it is wonderful to find this admirable conception, associating all men in a common faith, and uniting them in the same esteem and the same love.

This is how Buddha was able to say, without presumption or error, that "his law was a law of grace for all," and how, although he did not attack the odious and degrading system of caste, he destroyed that fundamental basis of Brahmanic society. He never saw, it is true, the real principle of human equality, because he never rightly understood moral equality ; but if he did not comprehend the real nature of man, he at least knew that if all men are equal in suffering, they ought also to be equal in deliverance. He endeavors to teach them to free themselves from disease, old age, and death ; and as all beings are exposed to these necessary evils, they all have a right to the teaching which by enlightening them is to free them. In the presence of the same amount of misery, he perceives no social distinction ; the slave is for him as great as a king's son. He is struck, not so much by the abuses and the evils of the society in which he lives, as by those which are inseparable from humanity itself, and it is to the suppression of these that he devotes himself, the others appearing to him very insignificant in comparison. The Buddha did not limit himself to curing Indian society, his aim was to cure mankind.

This great elevation and large-mindedness is certainly to be admired, for although man is not entirely as the Buddha saw him, the victim of suffering, yet he is so more or less, and it was a generous enterprise to have sought to deliver him from its bondage.

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The means employed by the Buddha to convert and purify the human heart are not less noble, and they are characterized by an unfailing gentleness. He never seeks to compel, but only to persuade men. He even makes allowance for their weakness, varying in a thousand ways the means of impressing them; and when a too inflexible and austere language might repel them, he has recourse to the more persuasive teaching of parables. He chooses the most familiar examples, and by the simplicity of his expressions suits his lessons to the capacity of his hearers. He teaches them to lighten the weight of their sins by confession, and to atone for them by repentance.

He even goes further. As it is already a great evil to have to expiate sin, the essential point is therefore to teach man not to commit it; for if he never falls, he will not have to retrieve himself. Hence, in the doctrine of Sākya-muni are such wise and well-defined precepts, such just and delicate prohibition of certain actions. He undertakes and advises an incessant struggle against the body and its passions and desires; the body is in his eyes the sole enemy of man, and although the Buddha does not use this precise expression, it is in truth the aim of his asceticism. Man must overcome the body, he must extinguish the burning lusts that consume him. If the Buddha strenuously enforces absolute celibacy on his monks, he also enjoins chastity and decency on all the faithful, virtues that the Brahmans constantly violated, but which a secret instinct reveals to all men.

To these virtues he adds others still more difficult and no less useful, namely: patience and resignation, including the necessary energy to suffer courageously inevitable evil; fortitude and even indifference under all adversities and sufferings; above all humility, that other form of renunciation of worldly goods and greatness, which was not only practised by poor mendicants, "sons of Sākya," but also by the most powerful kings. From humility to forgiveness of injuries is but a step; and although the Buddha does not lay this down as a precept, his whole doctrine tends to this mutual forbearance, so indispensable to all human societies. The

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very belief in transmigration helped him ; the first sentiment of a Buddhist under an insult or an outrage or violence is not anger ; he is not angry, because he does not believe in injustice. He simply thinks that in some former existence he has committed a sin which in this one deserves the punishment he receives. Instead of accusing his enemy or his oppressor, he accuses himself. Far from thinking of revenge, he only sees a lesson in the adversity he endures, and his sole idea is how he can henceforth avoid the sin that has rendered it necessary, and which, if renewed, would also renew the punishment that has already followed it. When the young prince Kunāla, whose touching history is related in the legends, undergoes a painful and iniquitous torture, he forgives his cruel stepmother who persecutes him, he forgives his deluded father, and he thinks only of his past sins, by which he must have deservedly called down upon himself such an affliction.

This resignation, which may easily become fear and cowardice in the weak, no doubt leads to the domination and despotism of the strong and wicked ; doubtless it also encourages tyranny in those countries which have only known despotism. But in intelligent hands, what an element of order and social peace ! What a healing of all the passions which too often destroy concord, and lead to relentless wars !

Add to this, the horror of falsehood, the respect for truth, the sanctity of the bond that unites intelligences ; add the reprobation of slandering, or even idle speech ; add also the respect for family ties, pious veneration of parents, consideration and esteem for women, who are considered equally with men to be worthy of all religious honors—and we must feel astonished that with so many social virtues Buddhism was not able to found, even in Asia, a tolerable social state or government. First it failed in India itself, where it arose ; and in all the countries where it was received, its influence, excellent as it was in some respects, never prevailed sufficiently to reform the political morals of the people, who remained, in spite of it, under the most degrading and arbitrary yoke.—*The Buddha and His Religion.*



SAINTINE, JOSEPH XAVIER BONIFACE, a French novelist, dramatist, and poet, born in Paris, July 10, 1798; died there, January 21, 1865. His début in literature was made at the age of one-and-twenty, when he carried off the prize of the French Academy for some verses, entitled *Bonheur de l'Etude*. Two years later he took a second prize for an essay on teaching, and published soon after his *Picciola*, "a fine tale, full of heart and charmingly told," says Larousse, "which, translated into all languages, has won for its author more fame and fortune than have all his other works put together." This touching story of the love of a prisoner for a flower received the Montyon prize of 3,000 francs, and won for its author the cross of the Legion of Honor. "The quiet grace, the affecting sweetness, which make the success of this work, form the foundation of the character of Saintine himself, whose heart," says Larousse, "was as noble as his intelligence was lofty. Yet this pen which could so well call forth the tears had equal power to provoke laughter." Under the pseudonym of Xavier he produced some theatrical compositions, among others, *L'Ours et le Pacha*, in collaboration with Scribe, and *Les Cabinets Particuliers*, with Duvert and Lausanne. In all, he wrote about two hundred vaudevilles, comedies, or dramas. "Saintine's re-

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searches for his novels or his plays were so carefully made as to never violate the historic coloring. *Une Maîtresse sous Louis XIII.* is a study of the time of Richelieu and the customs of those days. The lovers of healthy literature and those who applaud a moral writer who carefully maintains his dignity, these alone can appreciate the value of Saintine." Among the best of his theatrical pieces are *L'Homme du Monde*, *Le Bouffon de Prince*, *Un Monsieur et Une Dame*, *Deux Pigeons*, *Duc d'Olonne*, *Babiole et Joblot*, *Riche d'Amour*, *Henriette et Charlot*, and *Erreurs du Bel Âge*. *Jonathan le Visionnaire*, two volumes, appeared in 1825; *Le Mutilé* in 1834; *Les Récits dans la Tourelle*, two volumes, in 1844; *Les Trois Reines*, two volumes, in 1853; *Seul* in 1857; *Mythologie du Rhin*, 1861; *Chemins des Écoliers*, 1862; *La Seconde Vie*, a reverery, in 1864. Saintine also served on the *Revue de Paris*, *Musée des Familles*, *Siècle, Constitutionnel*, *Journal Pour Tous*, and *La Revue Contemporaine*.

MARRIAGE FOR THE DOG'S SAKE.

My friend Cabassol used to say that a family, to be quite complete, should consist of a father and mother, a son and daughter, and a dog. There was a time indeed when he never would have said it, but that was when he was a bachelor; for he was the crustiest bachelor that I ever knew. He lived by himself in the country, where he smoked his pipe and read his books, and took care of his garden, or walked over the fields with his dog. Yes, he had a dog, a perfect one, named Medor, and in those days he thought a perfect family consisted of a man and his dog. Medor had belonged to a widow lady living at St. Germain en Laye, who thought the world of him, but was in constant fear lest he should be shot; for Medor was a born hunter, and

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the forest park at St. Germain was an inviting field for four-footed as well as two-footed hunters. The keepers of the park declared they would shoot Medor, if they caught him there again ; so his mistress begged me to save his life by finding for him a new master. I thought at once of Cabassol, and I could not have found a better master. He and Medor became at once fast friends, and understood each other perfectly. They were made for one another, and were always together.

But, one day when Medor's nose was in his plate, and he seemed to be thinking of nothing but his dinner, he suddenly raised his head, and, trembling from head to foot, began to howl and whine in a most piteous and unaccountable manner. The door-bell rang ; Medor sprang forward, and when Cabassol joined him he found him rolling in an ecstasy of joy at the feet of a stranger, and leaping up and down as if beside himself. It was his old mistress, who had moved from St. Germain to live in Paris, and had taken this journey for the sake of seeing her old friend Medor. She cried at the welcome her dog had given her. She had come, she said, to ask him back again, for now that she lived in Paris, there was no longer any danger of his life from the foresters. Would not Monsieur Cabassol permit her to have Medor again ? She would gladly pay whatever he chose to ask for Medor's board during the three years he had been absent from her, and a round sum besides.

Cabassol looked at her in a furious manner. Give up his dog ? Never ! "I will not sell my friend at any price," he cried.

The lady grew very angry, because he was likely to make Medor die of grief, by refusing to give him up to her.

"See !" she cried, "he still loves me and no one else." These last words enraged Cabassol ; they aroused his pride, and, determined to show her that Medor loved him best, he said, "Come ! I have a plan which will soon show you whether Medor loves you more than me. We will go together to yonder hill. There we will separate. You shall go down the southern path, and I will take the northern, that comes back to my

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house. Medor shall belong to whichever of us he chooses to follow."

"Very well," said she, for she was confident that the dog would follow her. Medor did not quite understand the agreement, but he saw that the two people whom he loved best had shaken hands and stopped quarrelling, and were now talking politely together. He was full of delight, gambolling about them, and petted by both.

When the time came for her to go, the three walked slowly together to the top of the hill—the two, I mean,—for Medor was frisking about them in great glee. At the top they separated, and Cabassol went at once down the northern slope, while the lady went down the southern, and Medor bounded after her. But in a moment he perceived that his master was not with them ; he ran back to him ; then he saw his mistress was not following, but was keeping on in her path ; he ran back to her ; then to Cabassol, who was still keeping on in his path ; then to his mistress ; then to Cabassol, then to his mistress ; then— And so up and down, backward and forward, the road becoming longer and steeper each time. He could not make up his mind which one to leave ; he could not understand it at all : he went first to one, then to the other, ten times, and then ten times more, while they, without turning about or saying a word, kept on in their separate paths. At last poor Medor, out of breath, the sweat pouring from him, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, fell down completely exhausted, on the very top of the hill where they had separated ; and there, turning his head first to the right and then to the left, he tried to follow, with his eyes at least, the two beings to each of whom he had given half his heart.

Cabassol, meanwhile, saw how the poor dog fared, for each time he returned to him he was panting harder. He was seized with pity for him ; he resolved to give back Medor to the lady, else he saw that Medor would surely die. He turned up the hill and came to the top.

At the same moment the lady came up the hill from the other side ; she, too, out of pity for Medor, had resolved to sacrifice her own feelings and suffer Cabassol to keep the beloved dog. They met at the top over

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the poor fellow, who was now wagging his tail in a feeble manner, to express his delight.

But how could they make the poor animal submit to a new separation? If he were to go with either alone, it would break his heart. Cabassol reflected. He saw only one way of getting out of the difficulty, and that way, to marry the lady. Would she have him? Yes, for Medor's sake. And so they married to please the dog; and Cabassol came to say, as I told you at first, that a perfect family consists of a father and mother, son and daughter, and a dog.





SAINT-PIERRE, JACQUES HENRI DE, a French romancist, born at Havre, January 19, 1737; died at Eragny-sur-Oise, January 21, 1814. He was graduated with honor at the College of Rouen, and entered the army as an engineer, but was soon dismissed for insubordination. He then went to Russia, where he was engaged as an engineer for four years. Returning to his native country, he obtained a commission as engineer for the Isle of France. After a residence there of three years he returned to Paris and devoted himself to literature, and soon became intimate with Rousseau and other distinguished writers of the time. He published *Voyage to the Isle of France* (1773); *Studies of Nature* (1784); *Paul and Virginia* (1788); *The Desires of a Solitary* (1789); *The Indian Cottage* and *Harmonies of Nature* (1791).

Saint-Pierre enjoyed the patronage of Louis XVI., Joseph Bonaparte, and Emperor Napoleon, and is justly regarded as one of the best prose writers of France. He is best known by his tale *Paul and Virginia*, which has been pronounced by an eminent French critic as not only the *chef d'œuvre* of the author, but one of the *chefs d'œuvres* of the author. The scene of this story is laid in the island of Mauritius, and contains many descriptions of tropical scenery, climatic phenomena, and productions. It has been translated into

JACQUES HENRI DE SAINT-PIERRE

many languages—into English by Helen Maria Williams, 1796. Saint-Pierre married a daughter of Pierre Didot, a Paris bookseller, and had two children, named respectively Paul and Virginia.

THE SHIPWRECK.

“Let us go,” said I to Paul, “toward that part of the island, and meet Virginia. It is only three leagues from hence.”

Accordingly we bent our course thither. The heat was suffocating. The moon had risen, and it was encompassed by three large, black circles. A dismal darkness shrouded the sky; but the frequent flashes of lightning discovered long chains of thick clouds, gloomy, low-hung, and heaped together over the middle of the island, after having rolled with great rapidity from the ocean, although we felt not a breath of wind upon the land. As we walked along we thought we heard peals of thunder; but after listening more attentively we found they were the sound of distant cannon, repeated by the echoes. These sounds, joined to the tempestuous aspect of the heavens, made me shudder. I had little doubt that they were signals of distress from a ship in danger. In half an hour the firing ceased, and I felt the silence more appalling than the dismal sounds which had preceded.

We hastened on, without uttering a word or daring to communicate our apprehensions. At midnight we arrived on the sea-shore of that part of the island. The billows broke against the beach with a horrible noise, covering the rocks and the strand with their foam, of a dazzling whiteness, and blended with sparks of fire. By their phosphoric gleams we distinguished, notwithstanding the darkness, the canoes of the fishermen, which they had drawn far upon the sand.

Near the shore at the entrance of a wood, we saw a fire, round which several of the inhabitants were assembled. Thither we repaired, in order to repose ourselves till morning. . . .

We remained on the spot till the break of day, when

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the weather was too hazy to admit of our distinguishing any object at sea, which was covered by fog. All we could descry was a dark cloud, which they told us was the isle of Amber, at the distance of a quarter of a league from the coast.

At seven in the morning we heard the beat of drums in the woods, and soon after the governor, M. de la Bourdonnois, arrived on horseback, followed by a detachment of soldiers, and a great number of islanders and blacks. He ranged his soldiers on the beach, and ordered them to make a general discharge of musketry, which was no sooner done than we perceived a glimmering light upon the water, which was instantly succeeded by the sound of a gun. We judged that the ship was at no great distance, and ran toward that part where we had seen the light. We now discerned through the fog the hull and tackling of a large vessel, and, notwithstanding the noise of the waves, we were near enough to distinguish the whistle of the boatswain at the helm, and the shouts of the mariners.

As soon as the vessel perceived that we were near enough to give her succor, she continued to fire guns regularly at intervals of three minutes. M. de la Bourdonnois caused great fires to be lighted at certain distances upon the strand, and sent to all the inhabitants of the neighborhood in search of provisions, planks, cables, and empty barrels. A crowd of people soon arrived, accompanied by their negroes, loaded with provisions and rigging. One of the most aged of the planters, approaching the governor, said to him :

"We have heard all night noises in the mountain and in the forests ; the leaves of the trees are shaken, although there is no wind ; the sea-birds seek refuge upon the land. It is certain that all these signs announce a hurricane."

"Well, my friends," answered the governor, "we are prepared for it ; and no doubt the vessel is also."

Everything, indeed, presaged the near approach of the hurricane. The centre of the clouds in the zenith was of a dismal black, while their skirts were fringed with a copper hue. The air resounded with the cries of the frigate-bird, the cut-water, and a multitude of other

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sea-birds who, notwithstanding the obscurity of the atmosphere, hastened from all points of the horizon to seek for shelter in the island.

About nine in the morning, we heard on the side toward the ocean the most terrific noise, as if torrents of water, mingled with thunder, were rolling down the steep slopes of the mountains. A general cry was heard—"There is the hurricane!" and in one moment a frightful whirlwind scattered the fog which had covered the isle of Amber and its channel. The vessel then presented itself to our view, her gallery crowded with people, her yards and maintop-mast laid upon the deck, her flag shivered, with four cables at her head, and one by which she was held at the stern.

She had anchored between the isle of Amber and the mainland, within that chain of breakers which encircles the island, and which bar she had passed over, in a place where no vessel had ever gone before. She presented her head to the waves which rolled from the open sea; and as each billow rushed into the straits, the ship heaved so that her bow was in the air, and at the same moment her stern, plunging into the water, disappeared altogether, as if it had been swallowed up by the surges. In this position, driven by the winds and the waves toward the shore, it was impossible for her to return by the passage through which she had made her way, or, by cutting her cables, to throw herself upon the beach, by which she was separated by sand-banks mingled with breakers. Every billow which broke upon the coast advanced roaring to the bottom of the bay, and threw planks to the distance of fifty feet upon the land. The sea, swelled by the violence of the wind, rose higher every moment; and the channel between the island and the isle of Amber was but one vast sheet of white foam, with yawning pits of black, deep billows. The foam boiling in the gulf was more than six feet high; and the winds which swept its surface bore it over the steep coast more than half a league upon the land. These innumerable white flakes, driven horizontally as far as the foot of the mountain, appeared like snow issuing from the ocean, which was now confounded with the sky. Thick clouds of a horri-

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ble form swept along the zenith with the swiftness of birds, while others appeared motionless as rocks. No spot of azure could be discerned in the firmament, only a pale, yellow gleam displayed the objects of earth, sea, and skies.

From the violent efforts of the ship what we dreaded happened. The cables at the head of the vessel were torn away ; it was then held by one anchor only, and was instantly dashed upon the rocks, at the distance of half a cable's length from the shore. A general cry of horror issued from the spectators. Paul rushed toward the sea when, seizing him by the arm, I exclaimed :

"Would you perish !"

"Let me save her," cried he, "or die !"

Seeing that despair deprived him of reason, Domingo and I, in order to preserve him, fastened a long cord round his waist, and seized hold of each end. Paul then precipitated himself toward the ship, now swimming, and now walking upon the breakers. Sometimes he had the hope of reaching the vessel, which the sea, in its irregular movements, had left almost dry, so that you could have made its circuit on foot ; but suddenly the waves, advancing with new fury, shrouded it beneath mountains of water, which then lifted it upright upon its keel. The billows at the same moment threw the unfortunate Paul far upon the beach, his legs bathed in blood, his bosom wounded, and himself half-dead. The moment he had recovered his senses he arose, and returned with new ardor toward the vessel, the parts of which now yawned asunder from the violent strokes of the billows. The crew, then despairing of their safety, threw themselves in crowds into the sea, upon yards, planks, hen-coops, tables, and barrels.

At this moment we beheld a young lady in the gallery at the stern of the vessel, stretching out her arms toward him who made so many efforts to join her. It was Virginia : she had discovered her lover by his intrepidity. The sight of her, exposed to such danger, filled us with unutterable despair. With a firm and dignified mien, she waved her hand, as if bidding us an eternal farewell. All the sailors had flung themselves into the sea except one, who, divested of his clothing,

still remained upon the deck. This man approached Virginia with respect, and kneeling at her feet attempted to force her to throw off her garments ; but she modestly repulsed him, and turned away her head. Then were heard redoubled cries from the spectators—"Save her ! Save her ! Do not leave her !" But at that moment an enormous billow plunged itself between the isle of Amber and the coast, and menaced the shattered vessel, toward which it rolled bellowing, with its black sides and foaming head. At this terrible sight the sailor flung himself into the sea ; and Virginia, seeing death inevitable, placed one hand upon her clothing, the other on her heart, and, lifting up her eyes, seemed an angel prepared to take her flight to heaven.

Oh, day of horror ! Everything was swallowed up by the relentless billows ! The surge threw some of the spectators far upon the beach, whom an impulse of humanity prompted to advance toward Virginia and the sailor who had endeavored to save her life. This man, who had escaped from almost certain death, kneeling upon the sand, exclaimed, "O my God ! thou hast saved my life ; but I would have given it willingly for that poor young woman !"

Domingo and myself drew Paul senseless to the shore, the blood flowing from his eyes and ears. The governor put him into the hands of a surgeon, while we sought along the beach for the corpse of Virginia. But the wind having changed—which frequently happens during hurricanes—our search was in vain ; and we lamented that we could not even pay this unfortunate young woman the last sad sepulchral rites. We retired from the spot, overwhelmed with dismay, and our minds wholly occupied by one cruel loss, although numbers had perished in the wreck. Some of the spectators seemed tempted, from the fatal destiny of this virtuous young woman, to doubt the existence of Providence. Alas ! there are in life such terrible, such unmerited evils, that even the hope of the wise is sometimes shaken.

In the meantime Paul, who began to recover his senses, was taken to a house in the neighborhood till he was able to be removed to his own habitation.

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Thither I bent my way, with Domingo, and undertook the sad task of preparing Virginia's mother and her friend for the melancholy event which had happened.

When we reached the entrance of the valley of the river of Fan-Palms, some negroes informed us that the sea had thrown many pieces of the wreck into the opposite bay. We descended toward it, and one of the first objects which struck my sight was the corpse of Virginia. The body was half-covered with sand, and in the attitude in which we had seen her perish. Her features were not changed; her eyes were closed, her countenance was still serene; but the pale violets of death were blended on her cheek with the blush of virgin modesty. One of her hands was placed upon her clothing, and the other, which she held over her heart, was fast closed, and so stiffened that it was with difficulty I took from its grasp a small box. How great was my emotion when I saw that it contained a picture of Paul, which she had promised him never to part with while she lived. At the sight of this last mark of the fidelity and tenderness of the unfortunate girl, I wept bitterly. As for Domingo, he beat his breast, and pierced the air with his cries. We carried the body of Virginia to a fisher's hut, and gave it in charge of some poor Malabar women, who carefully washed away the sand.—*Paul and Virginia.*





SAINTSBURY, GEORGE EDWARD BATEMAN, an English critic and translator, born at Southampton, October 23, 1845. He was educated at King's College School, London. In 1863 he was elected to a postmastership at Merton College, Oxford, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1868, and that of M.A. in 1873. After holding for a few months a mastership in the Manchester Grammar School, he became senior classical master in Elizabeth College, Guernsey, and held that post from 1868 to 1874. In the latter year he was appointed to the head-mastership of the Elgin Educational Institute, which he resigned in 1876. For many years he has been a frequent contributor to the London periodical press on literary and political subjects. He has also published *A Primer of French Literature* (1880); *Dryden* (1881), in the series of *English Men of Letters*; *French Lyrics* (1882); *A Short History of French Literature* (1882); *Specimens of French Literature* (1883); *Specimens of English Prose Style* (1885); *Marlborough* (1885), in the series of *English Worthies*; besides contributing to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, superintending a revised edition of Scott's *Dryden*, editing several volumes of *Selections from French Authors* for the Clarendon Press, and furnishing Prefaces to some reprints of English classics. In 1893 he edited *Herrick* and *Fielding*. Later he edited and

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translated the works of Balzac, and published a version of that writer's *Chouans*. Other works of his are *Essays on English Literature* (1890); *Essays on French Novelists* (1891); *Political Verse* (1891); *Seventeenth Century Lyrics* (1891); an edition of Florio's *Montaigne* (1892); a translation of the *Heptameron* (1894). He is also the editor of *The Pocket Library of English Literature*.

THE RELATION OF FRENCH TO LATIN.

Of all European literatures the French is, by general consent, that which possesses the most uniformly fertile, brilliant, and unbroken history. In actual age it may possibly yield to others, but the connection between the language of the oldest and the language of the newest French literature is far closer than in these other cases, and the fecundity of mediæval writers in France far exceeds that of their rivals elsewhere. For something like three centuries England, Germany, Italy, and, more doubtfully and to a smaller extent, Spain, were content for the most part to borrow the matter and the manner of their literary work from France. This brilliant literature was however long before it assumed a regularly organized form, and in order that it might do so a previous literature and a previous language had to be dissolved and precipitated anew. With a few exceptions, to be presently noticed, French literature is not to be found till after the year 1000, that is to say, until a greater lapse of time had passed since Cæsar's campaigns than has passed from the later date to the present day. Taking the earliest of all monuments, the Strasburg *Oaths*, as a starting-point, we may say that French language and French literature were nine hundred years in process of formation. The result was a remarkable one in linguistic history. French is unquestionably a daughter of Latin, yet it is not such a daughter as Italian or Spanish. A knowledge of the older language would enable a reader who knew no other to spell out, more or less painfully, the meaning

of most pages of the two Peninsular languages ; it would hardly enable him to do more than guess at the meaning of a page of French. The long process of gestation transformed the appearance of the new tongue completely, though its grammatical forms and the bulk of its vocabulary are beyond all question Latin. The history of this process belongs to the head of language, not of literature, and must be sought elsewhere. It is sufficient to say that the first mention of a *lingua romana rustica* is found in the seventh century, while allusions in Latin documents show us its gradual use in pulpit and market-place, and even as a vehicle for the rude songs of the minstrel, long before any trace of written French can be found.—*From A Short History of French Literature.*





SAINT-SIMON, LOUIS DE ROUVROI, DUKE DE, a French statesman, soldier, and writer of memoirs, born at Versailles, January 15, 1675 ; died on his estate, La Ferté, near Paris, March 2, 1755. He was the son of a duke and peer of France, a descendant of Charlemagne, and early became a duke and peer himself. His studies were pursued under the direction of his mother, Charlotte de l'Aubespine, and he became proficient in Latin, German, and history. He entered the French army and distinguished himself during the siege of Namur in 1691, and in other campaigns, but resigned his commission in 1702. He became prominent at the French Court, opposed the Jesuits, and in 1704 proposed to end the Spanish war of succession by ceding land to Austria, and his suggestions were in a measure adopted as a basis for the treaty of Utrecht. After the death of Louis XIV. he became a member of the council, and aided the Duke of Orleans in obtaining the regency. He negotiated the marriage of the Infanta of Spain with Louis XV., and soon after his return from Madrid abandoned his relations with the government and retired to his estates.

The *Memoirs* of Saint-Simon extend over a long period, and refer chiefly to the latter days of Louis XIV., and relate every trivial circumstance that occurred at Court during this period. Shortly

after his death his manuscripts were seized by the government and placed under lock and key. Duclos, Marmontel, Mme. du Deffand, Voltaire, and a few others had access to these documents, and just before the French Revolution, extracts, imperfect and without authorization, began to appear. The first edition was published in 1829, and made a great sensation. "Since the publication of Scott's novels," says Sainte-Beuve, "no book had been more widely welcome." Many French editions of this work have been issued. The first excellent French edition is that published by M. Cheruel (20 vols., 1856-59). An abridged English translation was published by Bayle St. John (2 vols., 1857; new ed., 1875).

CHARACTER OF MONSEIGNEUR.

Monseigneur was rather tall than short; very fat, but without being bloated; with a very lofty and noble aspect without any hardness, and he would have had a very agreeable face if M. le Prince de Conti had not unfortunately broken his nose in playing while they were both young. He was of a very beautiful, fair complexion; he had a face everywhere covered with a healthy red, but without expression; the most beautiful legs in the world; his feet singularly small and delicate. He wavered always in walking, and felt his way with his feet; he was always afraid of falling, and if the path was not perfectly even and straight, he called for assistance. He was a good horseman, and looked well when mounted; but he was not a bold rider. When hunting—they had persuaded him that he liked this amusement—a servant rode before him; if he lost sight of this servant he gave himself up for lost, slackened his pace to a gentle trot, and oftentimes waited under a tree for the hunting-party, and returned to it slowly. He was very fond of the table, but always without indecency. Ever since that great attack of indigestion,

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which was taken at first for apoplexy, he made but one real meal a day and was content—although a great eater, like the rest of the royal family. Nearly all his portraits well resemble him.

As for his character he had none; he was without enlightenment or knowledge of any kind, radically incapable of acquiring any; very idle, without imagination or productiveness; without taste, without choice, without discernment; neither seeing the weariness he caused others, nor that he was a ball moving at hazard by the impulsion of others; obstinate and little to excess in everything; amazingly credulous and accessible to prejudice, keeping himself, always, in the most pernicious hands, yet incapable of seeing his position or of changing it; absorbed in his fat and his ignorance; so that without any desire to do ill he would have made a pernicious king.

His avariciousness, except in certain things, passed all belief. He kept an account of his personal expenditure, and knew to a penny what his smallest and his largest expenses amounted to. He spent large sums in building, in furniture, in jewels, and in hunting, which he made himself believe he was fond of. . . .

Monseigneur was, I have said, ignorant to the last degree, and had a thorough aversion for learning; so that, according to his own admission, ever since he had been released from the hands of teachers he had never read anything but the *Gazette de France*, in which deaths and marriages are recorded. His timidity, especially before the King, was equal to his ignorance, which indeed contributed not a little to cause it. The King took advantage of it, and never treated him as a son, but as a subject. He was the monarch always, never the father. Monseigneur had not the slightest influence with the King. If he showed any preference for a person it was enough! That person was sure to be kept back by the King. The King was so anxious to show that Monseigneur could do nothing that Monseigneur after a time did not even try. He contented himself by complaining occasionally in monosyllables, and by hoping for better times. — *Memoires; translation of* BAYLE ST. JOHN.



SALA, GEORGE AUGUSTUS HENRY, an English journalist, novelist, and miscellaneous writer, born in London in 1828; died in Brighton, near London, December 8, 1895. He was educated for an artist, but devoted himself to literature, and contributed to *Household Words*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, *All the Year Round*, and other periodicals. In 1860 he founded the *Temple Bar Magazine*, of which he became editor. He was special correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph*, from various countries. He twice visited America—in 1879 and in 1885, and gave lectures in the principal cities. Among his numerous works are *How I Tamed Mrs. Cruiser* (1858); *Twice Around the Clock; or, Hours of the Day and Night in London* (1859); *A Journey Due North: a Residence in Russia* (1859); *Make Your Game* (1860); *Dutch Pictures, with Some Sketches in the Flemish Manner* (1861); *Seven Sons of Mammon* (1861); *Accepted Addresses* (1862); *Ship Chandler, and Other Tales* (1862); *Two Prima Donnas and the Dumb Poor Porter* (1862); *Strange Adventures of Captain Dangerous* (1863); *Quite Alone* (1864); *My Diary in America in the Midst of the War* (1865); *Trip to Barbary by a Roundabout Route* (1865); *From Waterloo to the Peninsula* (1866); *Rome and Venice* (1869); *Under the Sun: Essays Written in Hot Countries* (1872), and *Cookery in its Historical Aspects* (1875).

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His later works include *Paris Herself Again* (1882); *America Revisited* (1882); *A Journey Due South* (1885); *London up to Date* (1894), and *Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala* (1895).

THE GROWTH OF A RUMOR.

In the first place, people said in the city, and knew it for a fact, that the Bank of England had raised its rate of discount. The tightening of that financial screw of course had immediately produced a corresponding tightness in the money-market. Money was no longer to be had on easy terms "in the street"—I wish that I knew when it was to be had on easy terms in the houses; bidders were firm, and wouldn't look even at the best of paper. Merchants reputed wealthy came with gloomy countenances out of the parlors of the great discount houses in Lombard and Throgmorton Streets, their still unnegotiated securities in their pockets. Things, to be brief, did not look at all well in the city.

Things looked up the next day a little; then they looked straightforward; then sideways; then down again, and worse than ever. There could not be a panic, there could not be a crash, people said, because, you see, there had never been so much money in the country, or so many visitors in London. Trade was flourishing; gold was coming in from California; mechanics and laborers were in full work; many of the great houses which had begun to falter and tremble a little gradually recovered themselves. The Bank screw was relaxed; the merchants reputed wealthy went into Lombard Street parlors with hopeful, and came out with joyful, countenances; the Stock Exchange resumed its wonted joviality; there were no shadows but one—a great, black shadow it was—where money-mongers most do congregate. Peace and prosperity in the world, commercial and financial prosperity seemed to be returning; and yet—things did not look at all well in the city.

Things had their worst aspect, the great Shadow had its blackest hue, and hung like an imminent pall, in and

over a place called Beryl Court. People—that is, the people who were supposed to know a thing or two—talked all day long about Beryl Court, and about Mammon, the proprietor and potentate thereof. And, while they talked, it was curious to mark that they did not seem to know on what particular peg to hang their conversation. They fastened, as a preliminary peg, upon Sir Jasper Goldthorpe; but the baronet was convalescent; he had been to the Derby; he was at business the next day, and, in the evening, was to give a grand dinner-party to certain illustrious foreigners then sojourning in the British metropolis. The banquet was to be followed by a grand ball. It was during the day of which this was to be the triumphant conclusion that people in the city talked most about Sir Jasper Goldthorpe.

Who were those people? I cannot with certainty determine, any more than I can fix with exactitude upon him who first states authority that Consols shall be ninety-seven and an eighth; that French Three-percents shall be sixty-five and a quarter. Somebody must say so in the first instance, of course, in deference, perhaps, to somebody else. Somebody else agrees with him; a third assentient adds his voice, and the quotation of the Funds is stricken.

But it may have been in Cornhill or in Capel Court, in Lombard or Old Broad Street, that a White Waistcoat (corpulent) brushes against a Blue Frock-coat (sparely built). To them enter a Drab Felt Hat; and a Brown Silk Umbrella, with an ivory handle, makes up a fourth.

Says White Waistcoat, "I hear for a certainty that it's all over with him."

"You don't say so," ejaculates Blue Frock-coat. "It's true I did hear some very queer rumors at the club this morning."

"He can't last twenty-four hours. He *must* go; I know it for a fact," Brown Silk Umbrella adds, giving himself a thwack on the pavement.

"That's bad," joins in Drab Hat; "and, to tell the truth, I've heard a good deal about it myself since yesterday afternoon. They say it's been a long time com-

ing. He was always a close customer, and kept things pretty snugly to himself ; but the truth will ooze out somehow."

"Ah," remarks White Waistcoat, "he'd better have taken partners."

"He never would, though," Drab Hat continues, shaking a shrewd head inside it. "They might have known a great deal too much about the affairs of the house to be quite convenient."

"How much will he go for?"

"A couple of millions at least."

"Say a million and a half."

"I'll bet it's over two, and that there won't be half-a-crown in the pound assets. There never is in these great paper-crashes. Money will make money of itself just by turning itself over ; but, when paper goes to the bad, it doesn't leave enough residue to light a rush-light with."

"What's the secret ? what has he been doing ? He's been in no great speculation in our market lately ?"

"You don't know how many hundred he's been at the bottom of, and behind the scenes of. He was always such an old Slyboots. They say he bolstered up the Duffbury Bank for years."

"Ah ! I've heard that. He had something to do, too, with Jubson's patents for raising wrecks with spun-glass cables."

"That big mill that was burned down at Rockdale in May, and wasn't insured, was his property, so I've heard."

"Hadn't he something to do with the Inland Helio-gabolu Docks in Paris ?"

"Don't know ; but I'm sure he had the concession of the Montevidean Railway. I saw it in *Galignani*. You know, the one that was to join the General South and Central American Trunk Line—tunnel under Chimborazo, and run a branch to Tehuantepec."

"Ah ! that was a nice little spec ; to say nothing of the Ulululu copper mines."

"And the Pitcairn's Island Packet-service."

"And the loan to the Republic of Prigas."

"And the quicksilver affair in Barataria."

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"And the Grand Lama of Tibet's Lottery."

"And the Polar Circle Tallow-melting and Ice-preserving Company."

"Pshaw ! any one of these things might have turned up trumps"—it is Silk Umbrella who speaks—"it's all touch and go. It isn't that rock he's split upon. It's Paper ; giving good money for bad bills, and lending huge sums to Houses that never existed."

"And borrowing bigger sums to pay the interest," opines White Waistcoat.

"It isn't that," breaks in Drab Hat, shaking the shrewd head inside again. "I'll tell you what it is. *It's Austria. . . .*"

White Waistcoat, Silk Umbrella, Blue Frock-coat, Drab Hat, all of them go their several ways, and by and by form into other groups, with other articles of raiment with human beings within them ; and the rumor swells and swells, and is a rolling stone that gathers moss, and a snowball that grows bigger, and an avalanche that comes tumbling, and a cataract that comes splashing, and a thundercloud that bursts, and a volcano that vomits forth its lava and sends up its scoriæ, and a tempest that tears up the golden trees by the roots and scatters the silver plains, and an earthquake that yawns, sudden and tremendous, and engulfs Mammon and his millions forever.—*The Seven Sons of Mammon.*





SALES, ST. FRANCIS DE, a Savoyard theologian, was born at Sales, near Annecy, August 27, 1567; died at Lyons November 22, 1622. He at first studied law in Paris under Guy Pancirola, but in 1593 he exercised his office as a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, when he tried to convert the patriarch of Protestantism, Theodore Beza, but without success. In 1602, Francis was appointed Bishop of Geneva, an office, however, without practical control over the immediate Genevese district. The same year, he went to Paris and preached acceptably at the court of Henri IV. At Dijon, two years later, he met Madame de Chantal, with whom he subsequently founded the Order of Visitation. Henri IV. offered Francis the highest dignities to remain in France, but he refused, although his visits to Paris were renewed. In 1608, his *Introduction to a Holy Life* appeared. This book, which is still a Roman Catholic manual of devotion, saw several editions. His *Treatise on the Love of God* (1614) was still more popular. "The contemporary of Montaigne, St. Francis has been compared to that great writer for originality of style and charm of diction, although from his mystical tendencies and evangelical fervor and simplicity, it would be more correct to compare him to Fénelon. Selec-

tions from his works are common, and no doubt, from the beauty of his character, the opulence of his genius, his insinuating and invincible unction, he is one of the men of whom the Roman Catholic Church has most reason to be proud." Even in childhood, he would save portions of his food for the poor, and enjoyed visits of charity which he made with his mother. At the age of eleven, after having finished his studies at Rocheville and Annecy, he was priested. He travelled later in Paris with his tutor and studied in the Jesuit schools. His teachers in divinity were Genebrard and Maldonatus. About eighteen, he became very ill, and on his recovery visited the shrines and antiquities of Italy, Rome, Ferrara, Loretto, and Venice. In 1591, he established at Annecy, a confraternity of the Holy Cross, whose object was the aid of the sick, ignorant, and prisoners. Lawsuits were forbidden. From his pen we have *The Invention of the Cross*, *Preparation for Mass*, *Instructions for Confessors*, *Entertainments to Nuns of the Visitation*. His corpse was embalmed and buried with great pomp at Annecy. It was laid in a magnificent tomb near the high altar in the church of the first monastery of the Visitation. After his beatification by Alexander VII. in 1661, it was placed upon the altar in a rich silver shrine. He was canonized in 1665 by the same Pope, and his feast set for January 29th, on which day he was conveyed to Annecy. His heart was kept in a leaden case in the Church of the Visitation at Lyons; it was afterward exposed in a silver one, and lastly in one of gold, the gift of Louis XIII.

MEEKNESS.

Truth must be always charitable, for bitter zeal does harm instead of good. Reprehensions are a food of hard digestion, and ought to be dressed on a fire of burning charity so well, that all harshness be taken off ; otherwise, like unripe fruit, they will only produce gripings. Charity seeks not itself nor its own interests, but purely the honor and interest of God : pride, vanity, and passion cause bitterness and harshness. A remedy injudiciously applied may be a poison. A judicious silence is always better than a truth spoken without charity.

The most powerful remedy against sudden starts of impatience is a sweet and amiable silence ; however little one speaks, self-love will have a share in it, and some word will escape that may sour the heart, and disturb its peace for a considerable time. When nothing is said, and cheerfulness preserved, the storm subsides, anger and indiscretion are put to flight, and nothing remains but a joy, pure and lasting. The person who possesses Christian meekness, is affectionate and tender toward everyone ; he is disposed to forgive and excuse the frailties of others ; the goodness of his heart appears in a sweet affability that influences his words and actions, and presents every object to his view in the most charitable and pleasing light ; he never admits in his discourse any harsh expression, much less any term that is haughty or rude. An amiable serenity is always painted on his countenance, which remarkably distinguishes him from those violent characters who, with looks full of fury, know only how to refuse ; or who, when they grant, do it with so bad a grace, that they lose all the merit of the favor they bestow. If there was anything more excellent than meekness, God would have certainly taught it us ; and yet there is nothing to which he so earnestly exhorts us as to be “ meek and humble of heart.” If Saul had been cast off, we would never have had a St. Paul.



SALIS-SEEWIS, JOHANN GAUDENZ VON, a German writer, born at Seewis, Switzerland, December 26, 1762 ; died at Malans January 29, 1834. He entered the army, was captain of the Swiss Guard at Versailles, and at the beginning of the Revolution served in Savoy under General Montesquiou. In 1793 he returned to Switzerland, married, and settled at Malans, whence he was driven for political reasons. He resided for some years in Utrecht ; but spent the last years of his life in Malans. His poems were first published collectively in 1790. The last edition was issued in 1839. Many of them are of great beauty, but not many have yet been translated into English. He belongs to the Klopstock school of writers, and his productions are akin to those of Matthison and Brun. Some of his songs have been translated by Longfellow.

HARVEST-SONG.

Autumn winds are sighing,
Summer glories dying,
 Harvest-time is nigh.
Cooler breezes, quivering,
Through the pine-groves shivering,
 Sweep the troubled sky.

See the fields, how yellow !
Clusters, bright and mellow,

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS-SEEWIS

Gleam on every hill !
Nectar fills the fountains,
Crowns the sunny mountains,
Runs in every rill.

Now the lads are springing,
Maidens blithe are singing,
Swells the harvest strain :
Every field rejoices ;
Thousand thankful voices
Mingle on the plain.

Then when day declineth,
And the mild moon shineth,
Tabors sweetly sound ;
And, while they are sounding,
Fairy feet are bounding
O'er the moonlit ground.

—*Translation of C. T. BROOKS.*

THE SILENT LAND.

Into the Silent Land !
Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land ?

Into the Silent Land !
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection ! Tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls ! The Future's pledge and band !
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land !

O Land ! O Land !
For all the broken-hearted.
The mildest herald by our fate allotted

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS-SEEWIS

Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land !

—*Translation of* H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE GRAVE.

The grave is deep and silent,
How fearful 'tis to stand
Upon its verge ! it shroudeth
With gloom an unknown land.

The nightingale may warble,
It heareth not the sound ;
And friendship strews its roses
But on its mossy mound.

In vain the bride deserted
Doth wring her hands and weep ;
Oh, ne'er the orphan's wailing
Shall pierce its gloomy deep.

Yet, elsewhere thy endeavor,
Shall not by peace be crowned ;
Alone through this dark portal
The path of home is found.

By storms and tempests shattered,
The heart, pierced to the core,
No lasting peace e'er findeth
But where it beats no more.

—*Translation of* A. BASKERVILLE.





SALLET, FRIEDRICH VON, a German poet, born at Neisse April 20, 1812; died at Reichau, Prussia, February 21, 1843. The descendant of an ancient family of Huguenot refugees, his first instruction was received at the Gymnasium of Breslau, and at the cadet school of Potsdam, which last he left in 1826 for that of Berlin. An officer of the garrison of Mayence in 1829, he wrote in 1830, *New Satire on the Life of a Trooper*, which caused his condemnation to sixteen years of detention in a fortress and the loss of his rank. This sentence, afterward mitigated to two years, was commuted by the King to about two months. In 1834 Sallet returned to Berlin, where he was a frequent attendant at the General Military Academy and the lectures in philosophy of Hegel. In 1838 he left the army, and settling at Breslau occupied himself with literary and poetical works. In Silesian contemporary poetry, we find four different strains, which are represented by as many schools. These are the sentimental and romantic school, the satiric and humoristic, the didactic, and the patriotic school. "With the exception of this last, Sallet has represented all the others with more or less success," says Michaud; "many of his productions bear the seal of perfection." We have from him *Lyric Poems* (1835); *Sparks*, a collection of epi-

FRIEDRICH VON SALLET

grams; *The Crazy Bottle*, a comic poem, and *Fair Isla*, a graceful story, replete with philosophic ideas (1838); *The Gospel of the Laics* (1839), of which the fourth edition appeared in 1847. "This," says Michaud, "is a didactic-philosophic poem, in which the author forces himself to accept the Hegelian philosophy in the place of the New Testament. He follows word for word the verses of the Bible, which furnish a theme for his rhymes. The God who makes Himself flesh is replaced in the poetry of Sallet by man, who makes himself god. In this Hegelian philosophy put in verse, there are numerous poetic beauties, and, in spite of the dryness of the subject, the poem offers an agreeable reading." In 1843 he published his *Explanation of the Second Part of Faust* and a new collection of lyric poems, whose "charm and wit," says Michaud, "become degenerate, when they descend into mere drinking-songs and songs of the chase." The year after his death, in 1844, appeared *Atheists and the Impious of Our Epoch*. A second edition of this book was published in 1853, and the complete edition of his works in five volumes in 1848.

FALLING STARS.

Oh, know ye not the meaning
When swiftly eastward flies
Some silver star, whose beaming
Refulgent, lit the skies?

Yon stars, above us shining,
With light so wondrous fair,
Bright wreaths of glory twining
Ten thousand angels are.

FRIEDRICH VON SALLET

As God to these hath given
The sleeping world in charge,
Around the walls of heaven
With watchful eyes they march ;

And when on earth below them
Some struggling soul they see,
With all its wounds would show them,
And in humility,

For heavenly help is pleading,
And rest from earthly woe,
Thou'lt see an angel speeding
On starry wings below !

Upon the mourner's pillow
Celestial glory beams ;
He stills the raging billow,
He soothes the heart with dreams !

This is the holy meaning
When swiftly earthward flies
Some silver star, whose beaming
Refulgent, lit the skies !

—*Translated by* CHARLES W. HUBNER.





SALLUST (CAIUS CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS), a Roman historian, born at Amiturnum in the Sabine territory, in 86 B.C.; died in 34 B.C. He went to Rome, where he rose to be Quæstor and Tribune of the People, affiliating himself with the party opposed to the Patricians. In the civil war he espoused the side of Cæsar, and in 45 B.C. was made Governor of Numidia, where he accumulated a great fortune, which enabled him to lay out those magnificent grounds on the Quirinal Hill, still known as "The Gardens of Sallust." Here he devoted himself to the composition of his historical works, the *Bellum Catilinarium* describing the conspiracy of Catiline, and the *Bellum Jugurthinum*, narrating the five years' war between the Romans and Jugurtha, King of Numidia. He also wrote a work, now lost, relating the events between the death of Sulla (78 B.C.) and the year 66 B.C. of Cicero's prætorship. Sallust was wont to put elaborate speeches into the mouths of his characters. Among the most notable of these is that of Marius to the Roman people upon the occasion of his having been appointed (107 B.C.) to the command of the forces against Jugurtha. This discourse must be regarded as Sallust's own statement of the case between the Plebeians and Patricians at Rome.

SALLUST

SPEECH OF CAIUS MARIUS TO THE ROMANS.

It is undoubtedly no easy matter to discharge to the general satisfaction the duty of a supreme commander in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office I propose to take upon me for the service of my country. To carry on with effect an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money ; to oblige those to serve whom it may be delicate to offend ; to conduct at the same time a complicated variety of operations ; to concert measures at home answerable to the state of things abroad ; and to gain every valuable end in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious and the disaffected ; to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

But, besides the disadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is in this respect peculiarly hard—that whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important services rendered by his ancestors, and the multitude he has engaged in his interests, to screen himself from condign punishment, my whole safety depends upon myself, which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware that the eye of the public is upon me ; and that though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favor my pretensions, the Patricians want nothing so much as an occasion against me. It is therefore my fixed resolution to use my best endeavors that you be not disappointed in me, and that their sinister designs against me may be defeated.

I have from my youth been familiar with toils and dangers. I was faithful to your interests, my countrymen, when I served you with no reward but that of honor. It is not my design to betray you now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Ju-

gurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honorable body—a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but of no experience? What service would his long line of dead ancestors, of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do but in his trepidation and inexperience have recourse to some inferior commander for direction in difficulties to which he was not himself equal? Thus your Patrician general would in fact have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a Plebeian. So true is this, that I have myself known those who have been chosen consuls begin then to read the history of their own country, of which till that time they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it. I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness and Plebeian experience. The very actions which they have only read I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved; what they know by reading I know by action.

They are pleased to slight my mean birth; I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is their objection against me; want of personal worth is mine against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were inquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bestia whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character or of mine, what would they answer but they should wish the worthiest to be their sons?

If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honors bestowed upon me? let them envy likewise my labors, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my

country, by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity as if they despised any honors they can bestow, while they aspire to honors as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury. Yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors; and they imagine they honor themselves by celebrating their forefathers, whereas they do the very contrary; for as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they distinguished for their vices. The glory of ancestors indeed casts a light upon their posterity, but only serves to show what the descendants are; it alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians by standing up in defence of what I have myself done.

Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honors on account of the exploits done by their forefathers, whilst they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. "He has no statues," they cry, "of his family; he can trace no venerable line of ancestors!" What then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors than to become illustrious by one's own behavior? What if I can show no statues of my family? I can show the standards, the armor, and the trappings which I myself have taken from the vanquished; I can show the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honors I boast of. Not left to me by inheritance, as theirs have been; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valor, amidst clouds of dust and seas of blood; scenes of action where these effeminate Patricians, who endeavor by indirect means to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces.



SANDEAU, LÉONARD SYLVAIN JULES, a French novelist and dramatist, born at Aubusson February 19, 1811; died in Paris April 24, 1883. He studied in Paris, where he formed an intimacy with Madame Dudevant, with whom he wrote a novel, *Rose et Blanche* (1831), which was published under the name of Jules Sand, the last name of which Mme. Dudevant chose for her pen-name, George Sand. In 1853 he was made curator of the Mazarin library, was elected to the Academy in 1858, and appointed librarian of St. Cloud in 1859. After the suppression of this office on the fall of the empire, he was pensioned. His chief novels are: *Mme. de Sommerville* (1834); *Les Revnants* (1836); *Marianna* (1839); *Le Docteur Herbeau* (1841); *Vaillance et Richard* (1843); *Fernand* (1844); *Catherine* (1845); *Valcreuse* (1846); *Madeleine*, and *Mlle. de la Seiglière* (1848); *La Chasse au Roman* (1849); *Un Héritage* (1850); *Sacs et Parchemins* (1851); *Le Château de Montsabrey* (1853); *Oliver* (1854); *La Maison de Penarvan* (1858); *La Roche aux Mouettes* (1871). In 1851 he dramatized his novel *Mlle. de la Seiglière*, and in collaboration with Émile Augier, he produced several dramas, the most popular of which is *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* (1854). This play has been translated into English, and produced with great success in England and America.

NAUGHTY PIERROT.

Now, the Sunday of which we speak, nothing foreshadowed a possible departure from the usual custom ; but it was written on high that Neuvy-les-Bois should be that day the theatre of a wonder upon which this modest village, profoundly discouraged by a half-century of expectation, no longer dared to count.

Instead of spinning along like a cannon-ball, as customary, the diligence stopped short in the middle of the road, between the two living hedges formed upon its track. At this unexpected spectacle, at this unforeseen stroke of fate, all Neuvy-les-Bois stood stock-still, without even dreaming to ask one another whence came such a rare honor. Even the dogs, who were accustomed to run yelping after the vehicle, inviting the kicks of the postilion, seemed to share the astonishment of their masters, and remained, like them, immobile and dumb from stupor. Meanwhile the driver had got down ; he opened the door of the stage-coach, and upon this single word—"Neuvy-les-Bois !" pronounced by him in a dry tone, a young girl descended from it, having for her whole baggage a little package under her arm. The paleness of her face, her eyes scalded with tears, her sad and suffering air, told her story more plainly than her mourning habit. The driver had already remounted his box, and the young girl had only time to exchange a silent adieu with her travelling companions. She was hardly more than a child, only more grave than one is at this age.

When she saw herself alone upon that great road in the blazing sun, at the entrance to this miserable hamlet, in which not a soul knew her, alone in the midst of all those faces that examined her with an expression of silly and suspicious curiosity, she seated herself upon a heap of stones, and there, feeling her heart fail within her, she hid her face in her hands and burst into tears. The peasants continued to regard her with the same air, neither breathing a word nor moving a step. Happily, in this group of rustics, there were some women, and among these women a mother who was nursing at

the breast a little, new-born babe. She approached the sorrowful young girl and remained some moments, considering her with a hesitating pity ; for although everything announced with this child forlornness, almost poverty, the natural distinction of her person retrieved the simplicity of her costume, and commanded without effort, deference and respect. "Poor demoiselle," said she at last, "since you are here alone, at your age, upon the highway, you must have lost your mother?"

"Yes, madam, I have lost my mother," responded the young girl in a sweet voice, in which a slight foreign accent appeared. "Alas! I have lost all, everything, even the patch of earth where I was born and where repose the bones which are dear to me. Nothing more is left me under heaven," added she, shaking her head.

"Dear demoiselle, may God take pity on your pain! I see plainly, by your way of speaking, that you are not of our country. You come from a distance, no doubt?"

"Oh! yes, madam, very far, very far. I frequently thought that I should never arrive."

"And you go?"

"Where my mother, before dying, bade me to go. I knew in setting out, that once at Neuvy-les-Bois, I should find easily the way to Valtravers."

"You are going to Valtravers?"

"Yes, madame."

"To the château?"

"Exactly."

"You have lengthened your way, mademoiselle ; the driver ought to have let you get out at the neighboring town. You have before you only three little leagues, and moreover you will be able, by going through the woods, to gain time. If you will allow him, my nephew Pierrot will guide you : but the heat is oppressive, and I am certain, my dear little one, that you have eaten nothing to-day. Come to our farm-house, and you shall taste the milk of our cows, and, to set out again, you will wait the freshness of the evening."

"Thank you, madame, thank you. You are good ; but I do not need anything. I should like to set out immediately, and if it is not abusing the good-nature of M. Pierrot——"

"Here, Pierrot!" cried the farmer's wife. At this invitation, made in a tone which suffered no reply, a little imp separated from the crowd, and came forward with the cringing air of a dog that feels that his master calls him only to beat him. Pierrot, who, since morning, had been nursing the delicious prospect of taking, after vespers, his share in the play upon the church square, appeared only moderately flattered by his aunt's proposition. She repeated it in such a way that he judged it prudent to consent.

She put the little bundle of the stranger under his arm, then, pushing him by the shoulders: "Go through the woods, and be sure not to walk too fast for this young demoiselle, who has neither your feet nor your legs." Thereupon Pierrot started with a sullen air, while Neuvy-les-Bois, commencing to recover from its stupor, was lost in comments upon the events of this great day.

We suspect this village of Neuvy-les-Bois to have been so named by antiphrasis. For Neuvy (green), it is perfectly correct; but for les bois (the woods), it is another affair. For my part, I know nothing more deceitful or more fallacious than these names of places or of persons that have a precise signification, and are as well-formed pledges. I have noticed that, in such cases, persons and places rarely furnish that which they promise, and that in general what is lacking is precisely that quality which christening has given them. I have known Angelines who possessed none of the attributes of an angel, and Blanches black as little crows. As to places, without going farther, Neuvy-les-Bois, since we are here, has not a clump of elms, or poplars, or aspens to shield it from the winds of the north or the heat of the south. The circumjacent country is as bare and as flat as the sea-coast, and in its vicinity, within the radius of a half-league, you would not find the shade of an oak. However, at Fontenay-aux-Roses, they show a few sorry rose-bushes.

However, as the young girl and her guide withdrew from the dusty road and penetrated into the country, the landscape gradually assumed greener and more joyous aspects. After two hours' walking, they perceived

the woods of Valtravers undulating at the horizon. In spite of the recommendations of his aunt, Pierrot went at a brisk pace, without thinking of his companion.

The possibility that he foresaw of being able to return to take part in the play, gave wings to this scamp. Although she had light feet and fine limbs, at intervals the poor child was forced to ask mercy, but the abominable Pierrot deafened his ear and pitilessly pursued his course. Going post-haste, he regarded with mournful eye the shadow of the trees, that the sun began to lengthen enormously upon the surrounding sward; in the bitterness of his heart he did not dissemble that, if he went as far as Valtravers it was an end to his Sunday joys. Once upon the edge of the forest an infernal idea passed through the mind of this young shepherd.

"There!" said he, resolutely, putting upon the grass the bundle that he held under his arm. "You have only to follow this wide avenue, which will lead you right to the château. In a quarter of an hour you will have your nose at the gate."

Then this rascal prepared to escape; a motion retained him. Having detached from her girdle a little purse, which did not appear very heavy, the young girl drew from it a little white piece that she courteously offered to M. Pierrot, thanking him for his trouble. At this trait of generosity, upon which he was not counting, Pierrot felt troubled. He hesitated; and perhaps he might have given way to this cry of his conscience if he had not discovered in the distance, on the plain, the steeple of Neuvy-les-Bois, like the mast of a ship aground upon the beach.—*Madeleine.*





SANDYS, GEORGE, an English traveller and translator, born at York in 1577; died at Bexley Abbey, Kent, in March, 1644. He was a son of the Archbishop of York, and younger brother of Sir Edwin Sandys, who was Treasurer of the Virginia Company, and assisted in procuring a charter for the Plymouth Colony. George Sandys travelled in Turkey, Egypt, the Holy Land, and the remoter parts of Italy, and the neighboring Islands, of the existing condition of which he gave an account in a folio volume, *Relation of a Journey begun A.D. 1610*. About 1621 he went to Virginia as acting treasurer of the company, where he remained about four years. While there he completed a spirited translation of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid—the earliest book penned in North America which has any pretensions to a literary character. Though written in America the *Metamorphoses* was printed in England, with a dedication to King Charles I. It was, he says, “limned by that imperfect light which was snatched from the hours of night and repose; and was produced among wars and tumults, instead of under the kindly and peaceful influences of the Muses.”

MODERN CONDITION OF FAMOUS COUNTRIES.

The parts I speak of are the most renowned countries and kingdoms, once the seats of most glorious and triumphant empires; the theatres of valor and heroical actions; the soils enriched with all earthly felicities;

GEORGE SANDYS

the places where nature hath produced her wonderful works ; where arts and sciences have been invented and perfected ; where wisdom, virtue, policy, and civility have been planted, have flourished ; where God did place His own commonwealth, gave laws and oracles, inspired His own prophets, sent angels to converse with men. Above all, where the Son of God descended to become man ; where he honored the earth with His beautiful steps ; wrought the works of our redemption, triumphed over death, and ascended into glory. Which countries, once so glorious and famous for their happy estate, are now, through vice and ingratitude, become the most deplored spectacles of human misery ; the wild beasts of mankind having broken in upon them, and rooted out all civility ; and the pride of a stern and barbarous tyrant possessing the thrones of ancient and just dominion ; who, aiming only at the height of greatness and sensuality, hath in tract of time reduced so great and goodly a part of the world to that lamentable distress and servitude under which, to the astonishment of the understanding beholder, it now faints and groaneth.

These rich lands at this present remain waste and overgrown with bushes, receptacles of wild beasts, of thieves, of murderers ; large territories dispeopled or thinly inhabited, goodly cities made desolate ; sumptuous buildings become ruins ; glorious temples either subverted or prostituted to impiety ; true religion discountenanced and oppressed ; all nobility extinguished ; no light of learning permitted, nor virtue cherished ; violence and rapine insulting over all, and leaving no security except to an abject mind, and unlooked-on poverty. Which calamities of theirs, so great and deserved, are to the rest of the world as threatening instructions. For assistance wherein I have not only related what I saw of their present condition, but, so far as convenience might permit, presented a brief view of the former estates and first antiquities of these people and countries—thence to draw a right image of the frailty of man, the mutability of whatever is worldly, and assurance that, as there is nothing unchangeable saving God, so nothing stable except by His grace and protection.—*Preface to Travels.*



SANGSTER, MARGARET ELIZABETH (MUNSON), an American miscellaneous writer, editor, and poet, born at New Rochelle, N. Y., February 22, 1838. She was educated at home, showing great precocity in her studies. In 1858 she was married to George Sangster. After having done much journalistic work she became associate editor of *Hearth and Home* in 1871. In 1873 she began her editorial connection with the *Christian at Work*. In 1879 she joined the staff of the *Christian Intelligencer* as assistant editor, and in 1882 accepted the editorship of *Harper's Young People*, retaining her place on the *Intelligencer*. In 1890 she became editor of *Harper's Bazar*, a place which she still retains. Her books include: *Manual of Missions of the Reformed Church in America* (1878); *Hours with Girls* (1881); *Poems of the Household* (1883); *Home Fairies and Heart Flowers* (1887); *Maidie's Problem* (1890); *On the Road Home with My Neighbors* (1893); *Little Knights and Ladies* (1895), and several Sunday-school books.

ARE THE CHILDREN HOME ?

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy-chair,

MARGARET ELIZABETH SANGSTER

And watch from the open doorway
Their faces, fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead,
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter—
Echoing boyish strife—
We two are waiting together ;
And oft as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me :
“ It is night ! are the children home ? ”

“ Yes, love ! ” I answer him gently,
“ They’re all home long ago ; ”
And I sing, in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in the Better Land.

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears !
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years !
I know—yet my arms are empty
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother-heart within me
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies :
The babes, whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast.
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blest.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows ;
My boys that I gave to freedom—
The red sword sealed their vows !

MARGARET ELIZABETH SANGSTER

In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers, bold and brave,
They fell ; and the flag they died for,
Thank God ! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears ;
He is only back with the children
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner :
" Say, love ! have the children come ? "
And I answer, with eyes uplifted :
" Yes, dear ! they are all at home ! "

PILGRIMS.

There's but the meagre crust, Love,
There's but the measured cup ;
On scanty fare we breakfast,
On scanty fare we sup.
Yet be not thou discouraged,
Nor falter on the way,
Since Wealth is for a life, Love,
And Want is for a day.

Our robes are hodden gray, Love.
Ah ! would that thine were white,
And shot with gleams of silver,
And rich with golden light.
Yet care not thou for raiment,
But climb, as pilgrims may,
Since Ease is for a life, Love,
And Toil is for a day:

MARGARET ELIZABETH SANGSTER

Our shelter oft is rude, Love ;
 We feel the chilling dew,
And shiver in the darkness
 Which silent stars shine through.
Yet shall we reach our palace,
 And there in gladness stay,
Since Home is for a life, Love,
 And Travel for a day.

The heart may sometimes ache, Love,
 The eyes grow dim with tears ;
Slow glide the hours of sorrow,
 Slow beats the pulse of fears.
Yet patience with the evil,
 For, though the good delay,
Still Joy is for a life, Love,
 And Pain is for a day.

TRUST FOR THE DAY.

Because in a day of my days to come
 There waiteth a grief to be,
Shall my heart grow faint, and my lips be dumb
 In this day that is bright for me ?

Because of a subtle sense of pain,
 Like a pulse-beat, threaded through
The bliss of my thought, shall I dare refrain
 From delight in the pure and true ?

In the harvest-field shall I cease to glean,
 Since the gloom of the spring had fled ?
Shall I veil mine eyes to the noonday sheen,
 Since the dew of the morn hath sped ?

Nay, phantom ill with the warning hand,
 Nay, ghosts of the weary past—
Serene, as in armor of faith, I stand ;
 Ye may not hold me fast.

Your shadows across my sun may fall,
 But as bright the sun shall shine ;

MARGARET ELIZABETH SANGSTER

For I walk in a light ye cannot pall,
The light of the King divine.

And whatever He sends from day to day,
I am sure that His name is Love;
And He never will let me lose my way
To my rest in His home above.

A MAPLE-LEAF.

So bright in death I used to say,
So beautiful through frost and cold!
A lovelier thing I know to-day,
The leaf is growing old,
And wears in grace of duty done
The gold and scarlet of the sun.





SANNAZZARO, JACOPO, an Italian poet, born at Naples July 28, 1458; died there April 27, 1530. He was of a family originally from Spain, and received his classical education in the school of Giuniano Maggio, and the academy of Pontano; and on entering the latter, in conformity with the prevalent custom among the learned, he changed his baptismal name into Actius Sincerus, which he always used in his Latin works. The first inspirer of his muse was his mistress, Carmosina Bonifacio, who, however, died in the bloom of her youth. His poetical reputation having made him known to Ferdinand I. of Naples, and the Princes Alfonso and Frederic, he was admitted into their train, and accompanied them in several military expeditions. In the subsequent revolutions of the kingdom of Naples, amidst all the vicissitudes undergone by the house of Aragon, he remained faithfully attached to its members; and, upon the succession of Frederic to the throne, he was rewarded with a pension of six hundred ducats and the donation of the pleasant villa of Mergogliano, so much celebrated in his poems under the name of Mergellina, and the destruction of which by the imperial army under Philibert, Prince of Orange, he had the misfortune to witness. He did not long survive this disaster. He had accompanied his patron Frederic to France after his

JACOPO SANNAZZARO

expulsion from his kingdom, and never quitted him till that Prince's death in 1504, when he returned to Italy. Though Sannazzaro displayed the religious zeal of the time in endowing churches and monasteries, and singing the praises of the Virgin Mary, his poetical language and ideas were entirely formed upon the heathen mythology, as was the case with all the elegant scholars of the time. The most celebrated of his Italian poems consist of sonnets and lyrical pieces. His Latin poems are highly commended for the finished elegance of their style and versification. They consist of piscatory eclogues, elegies, epigrams, and a sacred poem, *De Partu Virginis*, which he is said to have had in hand for twenty years. This last is a piece of fifteen hundred lines, containing many fine passages, and exhibiting great command of the Latin language in adapting it to such a theme; yet the nature of that subject, and incongruous mixture of pagan and Christian mythology, must ever render it offensive both to good taste and enlightened piety. Of his Latin poems editions have been published at Amsterdam in 1689, at Naples in 1718, and at Venice in 1746.

STANZE.

O pure and blessed soul,
That from thy clay's control
Escaped, hast sought and found thy native sphere,
And from thy crystal throne
Look'st down, with smiles alone,
On this vain scene of mortal hope and fear!

Thy happy feet have trod
The starry, spangled road,

JACOPO SANNAZZARO

Celestial flocks by field and fountain guiding ;
And from their erring track
Thou charm'st thy shepherds back,
With the soft music of thy gentle chiding.

Oh, who shall Death withstand—
Death, whose impartial hand
Levels the lowest plant and loftiest pine ?
When shall our ears again
Drink in so sweet a strain,
Our eyes behold so fair a form as thine ?

ELEGY.

Oh, brief as bright, too early blest,
Pure spirit, freed from mortal care,
Safe in the far-off mansions of the sky,
There, with that angel, take thy rest,
Thy star on earth ; go, take thy guerdon there !
Together quaff the immortal joys on high,
Scorning our mortal destiny ;
Display thy sainted beauty bright,
'Mid those that walk the starry spheres,
Through seasons of unchanging years ;
By living fountains and by fields of light,
Leading thy blessed flocks above ;
And teach thy shepherds here to guard their care with
love.

Thine, other hills and other groves,
And streams and rivers never dry,
On whose fresh banks thou pluck'st the amaranth
flowers ;

While, following other Loves
Through sunny glades, the Fauns glide by,
Surprising the fond nymphs in happier bowers.
Pressing the fragrant flowers,
Androgeo there sings in the summer shade,
By Daphne's and by Melibœus' side,
Filling the vaulted heavens wide
With the sweet music made ;
While the glad choirs, that round appear,
Listen to his dear voice we may no longer hear.

JACOPO SANNAZZARO

As to the elm is his embracing vine,
As their bold monarch to the herded kine,
As golden ears to the glad, sunny plain,
Such wert thou to our shepherd youths, O swain :
Remorseless Death ! if thus thy flames consume
The best and loftiest of his race,
Who may escape his doom ?
What shepherd ever more shall grace
The world like him, and with his magic strain
Call forth the joyous leaves upon the woods,
Or bid the wreathing boughs embower the summer
floods ?

—*From De Partu Virginis.*





SAPPHO, a Greek poetess who flourished about 600 B.C. Little is known of her life. She was a native of Mitylene, on the island of Lesbos, was left a widow at an early age, became noted for her unquestionable genius, and finally took up her residence on the island of Sicily. According to a legend resting upon no conclusive evidence, she committed suicide, when no longer young, by leaping from the promontory of Leucas into the sea in a frenzy of unrequited passion for a beautiful young man named Phaon. The stories of her licentious life, circulated by the Greek comedians, are now regarded by many critics as without foundation. Sappho tried many styles of verse, even epics, but was especially famous for her lyrics, and was often designated as "the tenth Muse." She was also styled "the Poetess," just as Homer was styled "the Poet." Strabo says of her: "At no period within memory has any woman been known who in any, even in the least degree, could be compared to her for poetry." Of her poems none are now extant, excepting a few which have been preserved by being quoted by others. These "Remains" consist of a *Hymn to Aphrodite* or Venus, cited by Dionysius of Halicarnassus as a model of excellence; part of an amatory poem cited by Longinus in his treatise on the Sublime, and a few fragments gathered in the

SAPPHO

"Greek Anthology." All told, not more than two hundred lines composed by Sappho are now extant. She is reputed to have originated a peculiar Greek metre, which goes by her name, and has frequently been imitated in English verse.

Sappho has been the subject of many volumes in many tongues. Of the numerous translations of the *Hymn* we give two for comparison.

HYMN TO VENUS.

Venus, bright Daughter of the Skies,
To whom unnumbered temples rise,
Jove's daughter fair, whose wily arts
Delude fond lovers of their hearts,
Oh, be thou gracious to my prayer,
And free my mind from anxious care.
If e'er you heard my anxious vow,
Propitious goddess, hear me now !
And oft my ardent vow you've heard,
By Cupid's kindly aid preferred,
Oft led the golden courts of Jove
To listen to my tales of love.

The radiant car your sparrows drew,
You gave the word and swift they flew ;
Through liquid air they winged their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play ;
To my plain roof they bore their Queen,
Of aspect mild, and look serene.
Soon as you came, by your command,
Back flew the wanton, feathered band ;
Then, with a sweet, enchanting look,
Divinely smiling, thus you spoke :
"Why didst thou call me to thy cell ?
Tell me, my gentle Sappho, tell.
What healing medicine shall I find
To cure my love-distempered mind ?
Say, shall I lend thee all my charms
To win young Phaon to thy arms ?

SAPPHO

Or does some other swain subdue
Thy heart? My Sappho, tell me who!
Though now, averse, thy charms he slight,
He soon shall view thee with delight;
Though now he scorns thy gifts to take,
He soon to thee shall offerings make;
Though now thy beauties fail to move,
He soon shall melt with equal love."

Once more, O Venus, hear my prayer,
And ease my mind of anxious care;
Again vouchsafe to be my guest,
And calm this tempest in my breast.
To thee, bright Queen, my vows aspire:
Oh, grant me all my heart's desire!

—*Translation of FOWKES.*

TO APHRODITE.

O fickle-souled, deathless one, Aphrodite,
Daughter of Zeus, weaver of wiles, I pray thee,
Lady august, never with pangs and bitter
Anguish affray me!

But hither come often, as erst with favor
My invocations pitifully heeding,
Leaving thy Sire's golden abode thou camest
Down to me speeding.

Yoked to thy car, delicate sparrows drew thee
Fleetly to earth, fluttering fast their pinions,
From heaven's height through middle ether's liquid,
Sunny dominions.

Soon they arrived; thou, O divine one, smiling
Sweetly from that countenance all immortal,
Askedst my grief, wherefore I so had called thee
From the bright portal.

What my wild soul languished for, frenzy stricken?
Who thy love now is it that ill requiteth
Sappho? and who thee and thy tender yearning
Wrongfully slighteth?

SAPPHO

Though he now fly, quickly he shall pursue thee—
Scorns he thy gifts? Soon he shall freely offer—
Loves he not? Soon, even wert thou unwilling,
Love shall he proffer.

Come to me then, loosen me from my torment,
All my heart's wish unto fulfilment guide thou,
Grant and fulfil! And an ally most trusty
Ever abide thou.

—*Translation of* MORETON JOHN WALHOUSE.

The following lines are quoted by Stobæus and Plutarch. The Muses' crown was of roses.

TO AN UNEDUCATED WOMAN.

Thee, too, the years shall cover; thou shalt be
As the rose born of one same blood with thee,
As a song sung, as a word said, and fall
Flower-wise, and be not any more at all,
Nor any memory of thee anywhere;
For never Muse has bound above thine hair
The high Pierian flowers whose graft outgrows
All summer kinship of the mortal rose
And color of deciduous days, nor shed
Reflex and flush of heaven about thine head.

—*Translation of* C. A. SWINBURNE.

The following fragment of a poem is quoted by Longinus as "the pattern of perfectness:"

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

More happy than the gods is he,
Who, soft-reclining, sits by thee;
His ears thy pleasing talk beguiles,
His eyes, thy sweetly dimpled smiles.
This, this, alas! alarmed my breast,
And robbed me of my golden rest;
While gazing on thy charms I hung,
My voice died faltering on my tongue.

With subtler flames my bosom glows;
Quick through each vein the poison flows.

SAPPHO

Dark, dimming tears my eyes surround ;
My ears with hollow murmurs sound.
My limbs with dewy chillness freeze,
On my whole frame pale tremblings seize ;
And, losing color, sense and breath,
I seem quite languishing in death.

—*Translation of* ADDISON.

These epitaphs—each upon a young girl—by Sappho, have been preserved in the Anthology :

TWO EPITAPHS.

This dust was Timas's. Ere her bridal bed
Within Persephone's dark bower received,
With new-sharped steel her playmates from each head
Cut their fair locks to show how much they grieved.

Deep in the dreary chambers of the dead
Asteria's ghost has made her bridal bed :
Still to this stone her fond compeers may turn,
And shed their cherished tresses on her urn.

In one epigram in the Anthology, by Antipater of Thessalonica, Sappho is named as one of the nine women illustrious in Grecian song :

THE NINE WOMEN-POETS.

These god-tongued women were with song supplied
From Helicon to steep Pieria's side :
Prexilla, Myro, Anyte's grand voice—
The female Homer ; Sappho, pride and choice
Of Lesbian dames, whose locks have earned a name ;
Erinna, Telesilla known to fame ;
And thou, Corinna, whose bright numbers yield
A vivid image of Athene's shield ;
Soft-sounding Nossis, Myrtes of sweet song,
Work-women all whose books will last full long ;
Nine Muses owe to Uranus their birth.
And nine—an endless joy to man—to Earth.



SARCEY, FRANCISQUE, a French novelist and critic, born at Dourdan, October 8, 1828. He was a brilliant pupil at the Lyceum of Charlemagne, where he won many prizes, and from there entered the Normal School in 1848. He was a professor at Chaumont, Rodez, and Grenoble. Some articles on philosophy, which appeared under a pseudonym in a little paper in the last-named town, resulted in his partial ostracism, until he was introduced to the *Figaro* by Edmond About, with whom he had the most friendly relations. Toward the close of 1859 he edited the dramatic news for *L'Opinion Nationale*, for which he also wrote several criticisms and phantasies. In 1867 he resigned his position to accept a similar one on *Le Temps*. From 1868-71 M. Sarcey did a part of the daily editorial work on *Le Gaulois*. Here his polemics drew him into more than one duel. In May, 1871, he started a little paper entitled *Le Drapeau Tricolore*, which he shortly abandoned for a position on *Le XIX^e Siècle*, of which About was the founder. Without interrupting his literary work on *Le Temps*, Sarcey now undertook a daily campaign against the abuses of the magistracy, of the administration, and especially of the clergy. His efforts called forth much condemnation, and in January, 1878, he was fined 3,000 francs and given fifteen days'

imprisonment for denouncing the frauds perpetrated in the sale of the waters of Lourdes. Excess of work and the journalistic assistance which he rendered to theatrical representations, caused him the loss of his sight. His recovery was signalled by a little brochure *Gare à Vos Yeux* (1884). He resumed with vigor his incessant labors as journalist and critic, and won for himself a special fame by the part which he took in the free conferences successively instituted in Paris under the Empire, at the Athenæum, at the Boulevard des Capucines, and the Gaiety Theatre. These speeches have often served as a preamble to the play. "The off-hand originality of his improvisation," says Vapereau, "and his profound knowledge of the history of the theatre, an institution of which he speaks with partiality, have given his works the most living success." His books are: *Le Nouveau Seigneur de Village* (1862), a collection of satiric stories; *Le Mot et la Chose* (1862), studies in philology; *Le Siècle de Paris*, impressions and souvenirs (1871); *Etienne Moret* (1876), a psychological research; *Le Piano de Jeanne* (1876); *Comédiens et Comédiennes*, comprising two series of sixteen biographical notices each, in thirty-two volumes (1878-84); *Les Misères d'un Fonctionnaire Chinois* (1882); *Souvenirs de Jeunesse* (1884); *Souvenirs d'Âge Mûr* (1892).

THE GIFT FOR LECTURING.

If you are to undertake lecturing, the gift for it is necessary. Oh, I mean a little gift, a very little gift. It isn't a question of being born for great eloquence. A very fair success can be attained in this direction

FRANCISQUE SARCEY

without an eminent collection of superior qualities ; but, still, it is necessary to possess certain aptitudes, modest ones, if you will, but real. There are men who are very skilful writers, and even brilliant talkers, who will never speak in public. Some have not fluency, others have a weak, dull voice. Thirty years ago a great deal was said about the lectures of Alexandre Dumas, *père*. No one was more amusing and brilliant than Dumas chatting at a table or in a salon ; in a lecture or before an audience he was simply extinguished. He read, in a loud but indistinct voice, passages from his *Mémoires*, and connected them with difficulty. The crowd came all the same, because it was greedy to behold the old Dumas in this new form. We journalists took care not to make any criticism that would chagrin this good giant, enamoured of popularity. He might believe, and he did believe, in all good faith that he was king of the lecture as he was of romance. There never was a more naïve soul or one more open to illusions. He never could have succeeded in this direction had he not brought to the lecture-table the radiance of his name. His voice was cottony ; it made no impression on the audience.

But I need not lay stress on this. On this point it is with lecturing as with all other arts. At the base there is the gift, that is to say, an *ensemble* of natural qualities without which one can never become, in spite of every effort and all the labor in the world, anything more than a good and neat workman—it is certainly something to be that, and as, after all, the lecture is not an art of luxury, as teaching is its end, and as it aims by preference at practical utility, I should have scruples about discouraging worthy persons full of learning and good-will who should seek by appropriating our methods to conquer natural obstacles.—*From Souvenirs d'Âge Mûr.*



VICTORIEN SARDOU.



SARDOU, VICTORIEN, a French dramatist, born in Paris September 7, 1831. Lack of means forced him to relinquish the study of medicine for teaching and writing. He contributed to newspapers and tried his hand at dramatic composition. His first comedy, *La Taverne des Étudiants* (1854), was a failure. The turning-point in his fortunes came three years later when, alone and poor, he was nursed through a serious illness by a compassionate young neighbor who soon afterward became his wife, and who introduced him to Mlle. Déjazet, the manager of a theatre. This lady brought out several of his plays, which were so well received that, ten years later, he was both rich and famous. He received the Cross of the Legion of Honor in 1863; and was admitted to the French Academy in 1877.

M. Sardou has written between forty and fifty plays. *Les Pattes de Mouche* (1860), rendered into English as *A Scrap of Paper*, has been highly successful in England and America. Among his dramas are: *Les Femmes Fortes* (1860); *Piccolino*, and *Nos Intimes* (1861); *La Perle Noire*, and *Les Ganchaches* (1862); *Les Pommes du Voisin* (1864); *Les Vieux Garçons*, and *La Famille Benoiton* (1865); *Maison Neuve* (1866); *Séraphine* (1868); *Patrie* (1869); *Fernande* (1870); *Les Merveilleuses* (1873); *Dora* (1877); *Daniel Rochet* (1880); *Odette* (1881);

VICTORIEN SARDOU

Fedora and Theodora, La Tosca (1887); *Marquise* (1889); *Cleopatra* (1890); *Thermidor* (1891), and *Gismonde* (1894).

FROM "A SCRAP OF PAPER."

[*Enter Prosper. He looks round for Suzanne, and seeing her lying back in the armchair approaches her on tiptoe.*]

Prosp.—Asleep! overcome with fatigue and utterly discouraged. [*Looking round him.*] She has been turning everything topsy-turvy. [*Looks into room and laughs.*] Yes, and there, too! Now for the letter! Can she have found it? [*Suzanne follows him with the corners of her eyes, while he opens the tobacco-jar and sees the envelope.*] No, all safe. Come, woman's cunning has been baffled for once. [*Sits down L. of table and looks at Suzanne.*] I am sorry for her; [*looking more nearly*] she is really a very fine woman—pretty hand—good eyes, too. I really must have another look at her eyes. [*Getting up and bending over her.*]

Suz.—[*Opening her eyes wide, and looking at him.*] What did you say?

Prosp.—[*Staggering back.*] Knocked clean over!

Suz.—[*Pretending to awake.*] Oh! I beg your pardon, I believe I must have dropped asleep.

Prosp.—Pray consider yourself at home.

Suz.—[*Rising.*] What o'clock is it?

Prosp.—[*Going to the clock on the mantelpiece.*] Past six.

Suz.—So late! Well, I can't help it—I won't give up my purpose; and here I shall remain at my post, till that purpose is accomplished.

Prosp.—Allow me to admire your obstinacy—it is the most heroic piece of chivalry that I have ever seen.

Suz.—Obstinacy! you are not gallant.

Prosp.—Well, let us say firmness.

Suz.—Yes, firmness in a woman—obstinacy in a man.

Prosp.—Now, take care, you are pitting yourself against a man who has fought with Red Indians, and won his tomahawk on the field. I have been dubbed a great chief myself, and it would be no mean glory to carry off my scalp. [*It gets gradually dusk.*]

VICTORIEN SARDOU

Suz.—But, great chief, spite of the intense satisfaction I should naturally have in scalping you, I have better motives than the desire of obtaining such questionable glory. But please light your lamp—it is getting quite dark.

Prosp.—Immediately. [*Takes off the globe of the lamp on the table and looks at it.*] There! that fool of a servant has put no wick in the lamp. [*He sings.*]

Suz.—Then light a candle—it will be much handier.

Prosp.—You are right. [*Hunting about for matches.*] Of course, there may exist women who— Now there's not a match to be found—anywhere.

Suz.—Then take a piece of paper, my dear sir.

Prosp.—[*Seeing the piece of paper on the hearth.*] Ah! this will do. [*Picks up paper.*] There may exist women, certainly, who are so far traitors to their nature as to— [*He lights the paper.*]

Enter FRANÇOIS [with a lighted lamp].

Fran.—Did you ring for the lamp, sir?

Prosp.—[*Blowing out the paper and still holding it in his hand.*] Yes—that will do—put it down there.

Suz.—[*Aside.*] Was ever anything so provoking! Another minute, and he would have done it. [*François has put the lamp on the table and exit.*]

Prosp.—As I said, there may be women who—in that—upon my word, I don't know, now, what I was going to say.

Suz.—You were going to say, probably, that there may be women who would do and sacrifice much for the peace of mind of a friend.

Prosp.—[*Seated beside the table holding the paper.*] A friend! a friend! Have women female friends? [*Aside.*] She looks better still by lamp-light.

Suz.—You don't believe in friendship.

Prosp.—In that respect I have not a much better opinion of our own sex than of yours. [*Aside.*] I can't help being fascinated by her more and more.

Suz.—[*Taking the envelope and false letter from the jar mechanically and playing with it while Prosper shows his agitation.*] Come, that's something. You have generally so marvellous an opinion of your own superiority.

Prosp.—[*Laughing at seeing the letter in her hand and*

shaking the paper he holds.] We certainly sometimes fancy we see more clearly than your sex. [*Laughing aside.*] She little knows she's got the letter. [*Aloud.*] Well, if I be an egotist, I have never found out, after a life's experience, what I gained by doing good to others.

Suz.—[*Throwing back the envelope into the jar.*] Gained! The pleasure of doing it! Does that count for nothing? Ah! if you knew how bright the world would look to you under consciousness of having done good—if you knew with how light a heart you would sleep at night—with how cheery a spirit you would raise your head from your pillow in the morning, you would never ask again what you would gain.

Prosp.—[*Surprised and pleased.*] Perhaps—I don't know.

Suz.—Exactly. You *don't* know.

Prosp.—[*Aside.*] What a smile the woman has, and what a heart! [*Lets fall the letter on the carpet.*]

Suz.—[*Aside.*] Suppose I put out the lamp; he must light it again. [*She begins turning the lamp up and down.*]

Prosp.—[*With enthusiasm.*] Ah, my dear madam, if it were true.—Does the lamp smoke?

Suz.—It does a little. [*Puts it out.*] There—I've put it out.

Prosp.—[*Aside.*] So much the better. [*Aloud.*] Ah, if it were true that your heart alone prompted you to give me battle, my admiration for your courage would give place to a far warmer feeling. I don't exactly know why, but it is a fact, of all the women I have ever seen you are the only woman who is a real woman.

Suz.—A very pretty declaration, upon my word—only a little obscure. Perhaps it would be clearer if you lighted your lamp.

Prosp.—[*Approaching her.*] Ah, the fitful flicker of the cosey fire on the hearth is better suited to what I would say.

Suz.—Light the lamp, sir! or you'll force me to go at once.

Prosp.—But I've got no matches.

Suz.—Will you light the lamp, sir?

Prosp.—I declare to you—

Suz.—I'll hear no declaration till you light the lamp.

VICTORIEN SARDOU

Prosp.—I dare say you think I *am* mad. I am not. Perhaps it was the most sensible thing I could do to fall in love with the goddaughter this morning and the godmother this evening.

Suz.—Well, then, since you drive me away, sir. [*Going.*]

Prosp.—Don't go—don't go; don't leave your purpose unaccomplished. You have made me believe in the existence of a woman's heart that can beat with kindness and purity. Let me prove myself worthy of that heart. See!—here is the letter! [*Takes envelope from jar.*] I yield—I burn it before your own eyes. [*Throws the envelope into the fire.*]

Suz.—[*Aside.*] Now I could positively hug the man for that!

Prosp.—[*Taking up the burning envelope with the tongs.*] Look, madam, it burns—it burns.

Suz.—I haven't the heart to send him away now. I must confess all.

Prosp.—Shall I lay down the ashes at your feet?

Suz.—[*Laughing.*] Are you quite sure you have burned the right thing?

Prosp.—Can you doubt?

Suz.—Your good faith?—Oh, no! But pick up that little scrap of paper you had in your hand just now.

Prosp.—[*Hunting on the carpet.*] That little scrap of paper! What do you mean?

Suz.—[*Pointing it out, laughing.*] There it is!—*Translation of* J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON.





SARGENT, ESES, an American journalist, critic, and miscellaneous writer, born at Gloucester, Mass., September 27, 1813; died at Roxbury, Mass., December 31, 1880. After studying at the Boston Latin School he went, in a ship belonging to his father, upon voyages to Northern Europe, and subsequently to Cuba. He afterward became connected with journals in Boston and New York. He wrote several dramas: *The Bride of Genoa* (1835); *Volcano* (1837); *Change Makes Change*, and *The Prisoners*. Among his other works are: *Wealth and Worth* (1840); *Flirtwood*, a novel (1845); *Songs of the Sea, and other Poems* (1847); *Arctic Adventure by Sea and Land* (1857); *Peculiar* (1863); *The Woman Who Died*, and *Flemchette*, a work relating to Spiritualism (1869). He also assisted S. S. Goodrich in the preparation of several of the Peter Parley series. His own series of school-books is well known to the American school-boy, and consists of several sets of *Speakers*, *Readers*, and *Spelling-books*. The *Standard Speaker* is probably the most popular work of the kind in the country. The sale of these school-books is estimated by the hundred thousand. Mr. Sargent made critical editions of many of the English poets, among them Campbell, Rogers, Gray, Goldsmith, and Hood. The edition of Hood, published in 1865, in six volumes, was the first complete edition

of that writer ever made. Mr. Sargent also wrote a *Life of Henry Clay*, and a *Memoir of Benjamin Franklin*. Among Mr. Sargent's strictly original works are several well-known songs, of which may be mentioned *A Life on the Ocean Wave*; *The Calm*; *The Gale*; *Tropical Weather*.

"*Shells and Sea-Weeds* is, I think," said Poe, "the best work in verse of its author, and evinces a fine fancy, with keen appreciation of the beautiful in natural scenery."

E. P. Whipple said of Sargent: "He has written of the sea with more freshness and graphic power, with more true fancy and poetic feeling, than Falconer, or many others of a higher reputation."

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters wave,
And the winds their revels keep:
Like an eagle caged I pine,
On this dull, unchanging shore:
Oh! give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar.

Once more on the deck I stand
Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Let sail! farewell to the land!
The gale follows far abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam
Like an ocean-bird set free—
Like the ocean-bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, Let the storm come down!

EPES SARGENT

And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

—*Songs of the Sea.*

WEBSTER.

[MARSHFIELD, *October 24, 1852.*]

Night of the Tomb! He has entered thy portal;
Silence of Death! He is wrapped in thy shade;
All of the gifted and great that was mortal,
In the earth where the ocean-mist weepeth, is laid.

Lips, whence the voice that held Senates proceeded,
Form, lending argument aspect august,
Brow, like the arch that a nation's weight needed,
Eyes, well unfathomed of thought—all are dust.

Night of the Tomb! Through thy darkness is shining
A light since the Star in the East never dim;
No joy's exultation, no sorrow's repining,
Could hide it in life or life's ending from him.

Silence of Death! There were voices from heaven,
That pierced to the quick ear of Faith through the
gloom:
The rod and the staff he asked for were given,
And he followed the Saviour's own path to the tomb.

Beyond it, above in an atmosphere finer,
Lo, infinite ranges of being to fill!
In that land of the spirit, that region diviner,
He liveth, he loveth, he laboreth still.





SAUNDERS, FREDERICK, an American bibliophile, born in London August 13, 1807. In 1837 he came to New York as manager of a branch of a London publishing house. The enterprise proving unsuccessful, he was engaged in journalistic and other literary occupations until 1859, when he became assistant librarian, and subsequently Librarian of the Astor Library. He has put forth several works in which citations from other authors are connected by quaint remarks and criticisms. Among these are: *Salad for the Solitary* (1853); *Salad for the Social* (1856); *Pearls of Thought* (1858); *Festival of Song* (1866); *About Women, Love, and Marriage* (1868); *Evenings with the Sacred Poets* (1869); *Pastime Papers* (1885); *Story of Some Famous Books* (1887); *Stray Leaves of Literature* (1889); *The Story of the Discovery of the New World by Columbus* (1892).

INTELLECTUAL SALADS.

Excellent Salads, according to Parson Adams, are to be found in every field; we have garnered from the fertile fields of Literature. Should anyone be curious to know why we have ventured to select Salad for the entertainment of the reader, we beg to premise that it has an undoubted preference over a rich ragout, fricassee, or any other celebrated product of the culinary art, from the fact that it is suitable to all seasons, as well as all sorts of persons, being a delicate conglomerate of good things—meats, vegetables; acids, sweets; oils, sauce, and other condiments too numerous to detail. . . .

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Our Salad—a concarcination of many good things for the literary palate, will, it is hoped, felicitate the fancy, and prove an antidote to ennui, or any tendency to senescent forebodings, should such mental malady chance ever to haunt the seclusion of the Solitary.

The contents of this volume are not only various in kind ; variety may also be said to characterize its treatment, which has been attempted somewhat philosophically, poetically, ethically, satirically, hypothetically, æsthetically, hyperbolically, psychologically, metaphysically, humorously ; and—since brevity is the soul of wit—sententiously.—*Salad for the Solitary.*

THE SCIENCE OF GASTRONOMY.

The science of eating and drinking is one of the few things that all acquire by intuition ; and it is a faculty that, once indulged, is never forgotten, but clings to us with a tenacity that lasts with life itself. A really good dinner constitutes one of the realities of life, and to a human stomach is one of the most agreeable of enjoyments. Few regard the subject in a scientific light, or possess the refinement of fancy or educated taste essential to the luxurious indulgence of the palate of classic times ; we moderns preferring to appease simply the cravings of the appetite by devoting the more solid and substantial viands to the digestive process, rather than to gratify our organs of taste by the ingenious combinations of which food is susceptible by culinary art. So universal is the indulgence of this custom that mankind have been divided into but two : the great classes of those who eat to live, and those who live to eat—the former being of course by far the wiser part. This great family of eaters may, however, be subdivided into the following varieties : Such as live by “the sweat of their brow,” according to the Divine edict ; those who luxuriate on the bounty of their hospitable neighbors, in contravention of the original law ; and others who “live upon half-pay,” or, rather, merely vegetate upon the crumbs and fragments which descend from the tables of their opulent friends.

All men are devotees to their dinner, be it munificently or meanly endowed ; and all aim with equal zeal

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to do honor to the duty with a most exact and religious fidelity. There is an old adage which tells us that "fools make feasts, and wise men eat of them;" but we are inclined to scepticism as to the validity of the maxim, for it certainly is a sage and praiseworthy thing to confer a good service on ones self, and certainly no man is in so happy and complacent condition as he who has just partaken of a generous and substantial meal.

It has been affirmed that a man partakes of the nature of the animal which he eats. From this statement, also, we are disposed to record our dissent; for although a man may possess a penchant for mutton, for example, it does not seem to follow that he acquires in consequence any more *sheepish* expression than that he who indulges his preference for bacon should evince a hog-gish disposition.—*Salad for the Solitary.*

A BENEDICTION ON THE POETS.

We have reached the terminus of our pleasure-excursion through the glorious realms of Poesy. All along our course has the bright sunshine of song beautified and gladdened our hearts. Right pleasurable indeed have been

" Those lyric feasts
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad ! "

In all after-time shall we not recall with delight, from the storehouse of memory, the rich treasures of exalted thought and exquisite imagery which we have so lavishly enjoyed ?

" Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delights, by heavenly lays ! "

For not only are they the "unacknowledged legislators of the world," they are the foremost of its benefactors; and their numbers, flowing "from the happiest and best moments of the best and happiest minds," should be thus authoritative. Let us then ever cherish with affectionate regard the rich legacy they have bequeathed to us, as *Lares* and *Penates* near each household hearth. "True poems," wrote Irving, "are cas-

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kets which enclose in a small compass the wealth of the language—its family jewels.” Thus should we prize them, even as we do the precious metals ; nay, more—since gold will leave us at the grave—but the wealth of the mind “unto the heavens with us we have !”

Such glowing and beautiful utterances as the minstrels have left us find a ready response in the common heart of humanity, because they are the expression of its universal thought. Nor ever will their sweet voices be hushed or unheeded in a world which the tuneful throng have made all-resonant with the rich melodies of the ages.

“ For doth not song to the whole world belong ?

Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth or sadness mingle as they flow—
A heritage for all ? ”

—*Festival of Song.*

FOR THE INTELLECTUAL TOILET-TABLE.

The Enchanted Mirror :—TRUTH.

Use daily for your lips this precious dye ;
They'll redden, and breathe sweeter melody.

For Giving Sweetness to the Voice :—PRAYER.

At morning, noon, and night this mixture take ;
Your tones improved will richer music make.

The Best Eye-water :—COMPASSION.

These drops will add great lustre to the eye ;
When more you want, the poor will you supply.

To Prevent Eruptions :—WISDOM.

It calms the temper, beautifies the face,
And gives to woman dignity and grace.

A Pair of Ear-rings :—ATTENTION and OBEDIENCE.

With these clear drops appended to the ear,
Attentive, lessons you will gladly hear.

A Pair of Bracelets :—NEATNESS and INDUSTRY.

Clasp them on carefully each day you live ;
To good designs they efficacy give.

—*Salad for the Social.*



SAVAGE, MINOT JUDSON, an American clergyman, religious writer, and poet, born at Norridgewock, Me., June 10, 1841. He was graduated at the Bangor Theological Seminary in 1864, and began to preach in California. In 1873 he became a Unitarian, and in 1880 was settled as pastor of a church in Boston. Since 1896 he has been the associate pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York City. Besides numerous occasional poems, he has published several books of a theological character. His volumes include *Christianity the Science of Manhood* (1873); *The Religion of Evolution* (1876); *Bluffton: a Story of To-day* (1878); *Morals of Evolution* (1880); *Poems* (1880); *The Modern Sphinx* (1883); *Social Problems* (1886); *My Creed* (1887); *Helps to Daily Living* and *Signs of the Times* (1890); *Evolution of Christianity* (1892).

“In the broadest sense of the word,” says Duncan McDermid, in the *Arena* (August, 1897), “Mr. Savage is not a man of scholarly attainments or tastes; not many are. He is nevertheless a highly cultivated man; whether he addresses us through the faculties of speech or through his written compositions, we always feel the independence of his intellect, his delicate and discriminating moral sense, and his love of truth. His sermons, his public utterances, and his devout invocations ex-

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hibit a maturity of mind and a range of culture which enable him to impress other minds with whatever has possession of his own. In the pulpit, in authorship, in every mode of religious activity we meet the cultivated, sincere, and reverent man. We feel the influence of his sympathetic mind and singular chasteness of spirit in hearty and symmetrical development. . . . He is an example of the dictum that he who would think truly on spiritual things must first be spiritually minded."

LIFE FROM DEATH.

Had one ne'er seen the miracle
Of May-time from December born,
Who would have dared the tale to tell
That 'neath ice-ridges slept the corn?

White death lies deep upon the hills,
And moanings through the tree-tops go.
The exulting wind, with breath that chills,
Shouts triumph to the unresting snow.

My study window shows me where
On hard-fought fields the summer died,
Its banners now are stripped and bare
Of even Autumn's fading pride.

Yet on the gust that surges by,
I read a pictured promise : soon
The storm of earth and frown of sky
Will melt into luxuriant June.

LIGHT ON THE CLOUD.

There's never an always cloudless sky,
There's never a vale so fair,
But over it sometimes shadows lie
In a chill and songless air.

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But never a cloud o'erhung the day,
And flung its shadow down,
But on its heaven-side gleamed some ray,
Forming a sunshine crown.

It is dark on only the downward side :
Though rage the tempest loud,
And scatter its terrors far and wide,
There's light upon the cloud.

And often, when it traileth low,
Shutting the landscape out,
And only the chilly east-winds blow,
From the foggy seas of doubt,

There'll come a time, near the setting sun,
When the joys of life seem few,
A rift will break in the evening dun,
And the golden light stream through.

And the soul a glorious bridge will make
Out of the golden bars,
And all its priceless treasures take
Where shine the eternal stars.

THE MYSTIC HOPE.

What is this mystic, wondrous hope in me,
That, when no star from out the darkness born
Gives promise of the coming of the morn ;
When all life seems a pathless mystery
Through which tear-blinded eyes no way can see ;
When illness comes, and life grows most forlorn,
Still dares to laugh the last dread threat to scorn,
And proudly cries, Death is not, shall not be ?
I wonder at myself ! Tell me, O Death,
If that thou rul'st the earth ; if " dust to dust "
Shall be the end of love, and hope, and strife,
From what rare land is blown this living breath,
That shapes itself to whispers of strong trust
And tells the lie—if 'tis a lie—of life ?

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A DEFENCE OF UNITARIANISM.

“What do you give in place of what you take away?” This question is proposed to Unitarians over and over again. It is looked upon as an unanswerable criticism. We are supposed to be people who tear down but do not build ; people who take away the dear hopes and traditional faiths of the past and leave the world desolate, without God, without hope. I propose to try to make clear what it is that the world has lost as the result of the advance of modern knowledge, and what, if anything, it has gained.

It is modern knowledge, increasing knowledge, larger, clearer light, that takes away old beliefs. But if these old beliefs are not true, it simply means that we are discovering what is true—that is, having a clearer view and vision of God’s ways and methods of governing the world.

The late Henry Ward Beecher, in a review article published not long before his death, said frankly this which I am saying now, and which I had said a good many times before Mr. Beecher’s article was written—that no belief at all is infinitely, unspeakably better than those horrible beliefs which have dominated and darkened the world. I would rather believe in no God than in a bad God, such as He has been painted, and if I had my choice of the future, what would it be ?

I have, I trust, just over there, father, mother, two brothers, numberless dear ones, and I hope to see them with a hope dearer than any other which I cherish ; but if I were standing on the threshold of Heaven itself, and these loved ones were beckoning me to come in, and I had the choice between an eternity of felicity in their presence and eternal sleep, I would take the sleep rather than take this endless joy at the cost of the unceasing and unrelieved torment of the meanest soul that ever lived.

Now let me raise the question as to what has been taken away. I have taken nothing away. Unitarianism has taken nothing away, but the advance of modern knowledge, the larger, clearer revelation of God has

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taken away no end of things. What are they? In the first place, the old universe is taken away. That is, that little, tiny, playhouse affair, not so large as our solar system, which, in the first chapter of Genesis, God is reported to have made—as a carpenter working from the outside makes a house—inside of six days. That little universe—that is, the story of creation as told in the early chapters of Genesis—is absolutely gone. I shall tell you pretty soon what has taken the place of it.

Secondly, the God of the Old Testament and the God of most of the creeds has been taken away. That God who was jealous, who was partial, who was angry, who built a little world and called it good, and then inside of a few days saw it slip out of His control into the hands of the devil, either because He could not help it or did not wish to; who watched this world develop for a little while and then, because it did not go as He wanted it to, had to drown it and start over again; the God who in the Old Testament told the people that slavery was right, provided they did not enslave the members of their own nation, but only those outside of it; the God who indorsed polygamy, telling a man that he was at liberty to have just as many wives as he wanted and could obtain, and that he was free to dispose of them by simply giving them a little notice and telling them to quit; the God who indorsed hypocrisy and lying on the part of His people; the God who sent a little light on one little people along one edge of the Mediterranean, and left all the rest of the world in darkness; the God who is to damn all of these people who were left in darkness because they did not know that of which they never had any chance to hear; the God who is to cast all his enemies into the pit, trampling them down, as Jonathan Edwards describes so horribly to us, in His hate forever and ever. This God has been taken away.

In the third place, the story of Eden, the creation of man, and then immediately the fall of man, and the resulting doctrine of total depravity—this has been taken away. Then the old theory of the Bible has been taken away—that theory which makes it a book without er-

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ror or flaw, and makes us under the highest obligation to receive all its teachings as the veritable word of God, though they seem to us hideous, blasphemous, immoral, degrading or not—this is gone.

Prof. Goldwin Smith, in an article published within a year, treats the belief, the continued holding to this old theory about the Bible, under the head of "Christianity's Millstone." He writes from the point of view of the old belief, but he says if Christianity is going to be saved this millstone must be taken off from about its neck and allowed to sink into the sea.

If we hold that theory, What? Why, then we must still believe that in order to help on the slaughter of His enemies on the part of a barbarian general God stopped the whole machinery of the universe for hours until He got through with His killing. We must believe the literal story of Jonah's being swallowed by the whale. We must believe no end of incredibilities, and then, if we dare to read with our eyes open, we must believe immoral things, cruel things, about man and about God; things which this civilization would not think of were it not for the power of tradition, which hallows that which used to be believed in the past. This conception about the Bible, then, is gone.

Then, in the next place, the blood of atonement is gone. What does that mean to the world? It means that the Eternal Father either will not or cannot receive back to His heart His own erring, mistaken, wandering children unless the only begotten Son of God is slaughtered, and we, as the old, awful hymn has it, are plunged beneath this ocean of blood! Revolting, terrible, if you stop to think of it for one reasoning moment that God cannot forgive unless He takes agony out of somebody equal to that from which He releases His own children! That, though embodied still in all the creeds, has been taken away; it is gone, like a long, hideous dream of darkness.

Belief in the devil has been taken away. What does that mean? It means that Christendom has held it and taught for nearly two thousand years that God is not really King of the Universe; that he holds only a divided power, and that here thousands and thousands of years go

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by, and the devil controls the destiny of this world, and ruins right and left millions and millions of human souls, and that God either cannot help it or does not wish to, one of the two. This belief is taken away.

And then, lastly, that which I have touched on by implication already, the belief in endless punishment is taken away. Are you sorry? Does anybody wish something put in the place of this? The belief that all those, except the elect—church members—those who have been through a special process called conversion, these, including all the millions on millions outside of Christendom, and from the beginning until to-day, have gone down to the flame that is never quenched, the worm that never dies, to linger on in useless torture forever and ever?—simply a monument of what is monstrously called the judgment of God. This is gone.

Is there anything of value taken away? In the place of the little, petty universe of Hebrew dreams what have we now? This magnificent revelation of the Copernican students; a universe infinite in its reach and in its grandeur, a universe fit at last to be the home of an infinite God; a universe grand enough to clothe Him and express Him, to manifest and reveal Him; a universe boundless; a universe that has grown through the ages and is growing still, and is to unfold more and more of the Divine beauty and glory for evermore. Is there any loss in this exchange?

Now, as to God. What is our God to-day? The heart, the life, the soul of this infinite universe; justice that means justice; power that means power; love that surpasses all our imagination of love. A God who is eternal goodness. A God not off somewhere in the heavens, to whom we must send a messenger; a God who knows better what we need than we know ourselves, and is more ready to give to us than fathers are to give good gifts to their children. Is there any loss here?

In the third place the new man that has come into modern thought. Not the broken fragments of a perfect Adam, not a man so equipped intellectually that, as they have been telling us for centuries, it was impossible for him to find the truth, or to know it when he

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did find it. Not this kind of man, but a man who has been on the planet hundreds of thousands of years ; who has been learning by experience, who has been animal, who has been cruel, but who at every step has been trying to find the right, has been becoming a little truer and better ; a being who has evolved all that is sweetest and finest in the history of the world, who has made no end of mistakes, who has committed no end of crimes, but who has learned through these processes, and at last has given us some specimens of what is possible by way of development in Abraham and Moses and Elijah, and David and Isaiah, and a long line of prophets and seers of the Old Testament time, not perfect, but magnificent types of actual men.

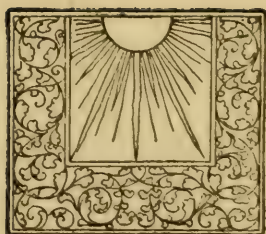
In my old days, when I preached in the orthodox church, if I thought of Jesus at all I was obliged to think of Him as somehow a second God, who stood between me and the first one, and through whom I hoped deliverance from the law and the justice of the first. I had to think of Him as a part of a scheme that seemed to me unjust and cruel, involving the torture of some and the loss of most of the race. But now I think of Jesus and His cross as the most natural, and, at the same time, the divinest thing in the history of man. Jesus reveals to me to-day the humanness of God and the divineness of man. And He takes His place in the long line of the world's redeemers, those who have wrought atonement. How ? Through faithfulness even unto death.

There is faith and there is faithfulness, and He shares this with thousands of others. There are thousands of men who have suffered more than Jesus did dying for His own truth ; thousands of martyrs who, with His name on their lips, have gone through greater torture than He did. All these, whoever has been faithful, whoever has suffered for the right, whoever has been true, have helped to work out the atonement, the reconciliation of the world with God, showing the beauty of truth, and bringing men into that admiration of it that helps them to come into accord with the divine life.

Then, one more point. Instead of the wail of the damned that is never through all eternity for one moment hushed in silence, we place the song of the re-

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deemed, an eternal hope for every child born of the race. We do not believe it is possible for a human soul ultimately to be lost. Why? Because we believe in God. God either can save all souls, or He cannot. If He can and will not, then He is not God. If He would, and cannot, then He is not God. Let us reverently say it. He is under an infinite obligation to His own self, to His own righteousness, to His own truth, His own power, His own love, His own character, to see to it that all souls, some time, are reconciled to Him.—*From a Sermon Delivered in the Church of the Messiah, New York, in November, 1897.*





SAVAGE, RICHARD, an English poet, born in London, January 10, 1698; died at Bristol in 1743. Though not without considerable talent, he is notable mainly for his vices and his misfortunes. His life has been elaborately written by Johnson, whose somewhat intimate associate he was for a short time. Most of the alleged facts were furnished by Savage himself, and many of them have been shown to be fabrications. What seem to be worthy of acceptance are these: His mother was the wife of Charles, Lord Brandon, afterward Earl of Macclesfield; she was separated from her husband, and formed a liaison with Richard Savage, Earl Rivers. Among the children born to them was a boy, who was baptized as Richard Smith, and was placed at nurse with the wife of a baker, who said that she was its mother. Savage, who claimed to be this child, appeared as an author while quite young. In 1717 he put forth "*The Convocation*, a poem written by Mr. Richard Savage." Next year was published *Love in a Veil*, a comedy purporting to be "written by Richard Savage, Gent., son of the late Lord Rivers." He came to be known as one of the least reputable among the needy scribblers of his day. In 1727 he became engaged in a tavern brawl, in which one James Sinclair was killed by his hand. Savage was brought to trial, found

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guilty of murder, and sentenced to death; but was pardoned through the intervention of Queen Caroline, the wife of George II.—the same who, in Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*, procured the pardon of Effie Deans.

Savage now came to be for a while a literary "lion." He addressed to the Queen a birthday ode, signing himself the "Volunteer Laureate." The Queen sent him £50, and repeated the gift every year until her death in 1737. The Earl of Tyrconnel, a friend of his reputed mother, received him into his family, and made him an allowance of £200 a year. But he and the Earl soon quarrelled, and Savage was turned adrift. Some of his friends, however, made up for him a considerable annuity—Pope contributing £20—upon condition that Savage should take up his residence out of London. He chose Swansea as his home, but was wont to visit Bristol. Here he was arrested for debt, and thrown into prison. One morning he was found dead in his bed, and was buried at the cost of the jailer, who had taken a liking to him. Savage produced a couple of plays and a volume of miscellaneous poems. Of these the best are *The Bastard* (1728) and *The Wanderer* (1729), the latter written during the "golden days," when he was domiciled with the Earl of Tyrconnel.

HIS PERSONAL SKETCH.

Is chance or guilt that my disastrous heart,
For mischief never meant must ever smart?
Can self-defence be sin? Ah, plead no more
What, though no purposed malice stained thee o'er,

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Had heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou hadst not been provoked—or thou hadst died.

Far be the guilt of home-shed blood from all
On whom unsought embroiling dangers fall !
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me ! through Pity's eyes condemned to see.
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate :
Grieved I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young and unthoughtful then ; who knows, one day,
What ripening virtues might have made their way !
He might have lived till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt athirst for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have proved ;
Both happy, generous, candid, and beloved ;
He might have saved some worth, now doomed to fall ;
And I, perchance, in him have murdered all.

O fate of late repentance ! always vain :
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest ? No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer ;
No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,
Called forth my virtues, or from vice restrained.
Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
First to advance, then screen, from future harm ?
Am I returned from death to live in pain ?
Or would imperial pity save in vain ?
Distrust it not. What blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind ?

Mother, miscalled, farewell ! Of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear :
All I was wretched by to you I owed ;
Alone from strangers every comfort flowed !
Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doomed before.
New-born, I may a nobler mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name :
Supremely lovely, and serenely great ;
Majestic mother of a kneeling state ;
Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore !
One contest yet remains in this desire—
Who most shall give applause where all admire.

—*The Bastard.*

RICHARD SAVAGE

HUMAN CONTRASTS.

Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day ;
From 'lumined windows glancing on the eye,
Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly ;
There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
And fortune, health, and dearer time destroys ;
Soon death's dark agent to luxurious ease
Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.

O man ! thy fabric's like a well-formed state :
Thy thoughts, first ranked, were sure designed the
Great ;

Passions Plebeians are, which factions raise ;
Wine, like poured oil, excites the raging blaze ;
Then giddy Anarchy's rude triumphs rise,
Then sovereign Reason from her empire flies.
That ruler once deposed, Wisdom and Wit
To Noise and Folly place and power submit ;
Like a frail bark thy weakened mind is tost,
Unsteered, unbalanced, till its wealth is lost.

The Miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir,
And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care.
His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave,
Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
For this low-thoughted craft his life employed ;
For this though wealthy, he no wealth enjoyed ;
For this he griped the poor, and alms denied,
Unfriended lived, and unlamented died.
Yet smile, grieved Shade ! when that unprosperous store
Fast lessens—when gay hours return no more—
Smile at thy heir, beholding in his fall,
Men once obliged, like him, ungrateful all !
Then thought-inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
And prove his only wise, unflattering friend.

Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
While plotting Mischief keeps reserved her court.
Lo ! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwrapped with smoke !
In chariot-shape they whirl up yonder tower,
Lean on its brow, and like destruction lower !

RICHARD SAVAGE

From the black depth a fiery legion springs,
Each bold, bad spectre claps her sounding wings ;
And straight beneath a summoned, traitorous band,
On horror bent, in dark convention stand ;
From each friend's mouth a ruddy vapor flows,
Glides through the roof, and o'er the council glows ;
The villains, close beneath the infection pent,
Feel, all possessed, their rising galls ferment ;
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devastation dire !
But Justice marks their ways : she waves in air
The sword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare.

While here dark Villany herself deceives,
Their studious Honesty our view relieves :
A feeble taper from yon lonesome room,
Scattering thin rays, just glimmers through the gloom.
There sits the sapient Bard in museful mood,
And glows, impassioned, for his country's good.
All the bright Spirits of the Just combined,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind.

—*The Wanderer.*





SAVONAROLA, GIROLAMO, an Italian political and religious reformer, born at Ferrara, September 21, 1452; executed at Florence, May 23, 1498. He was a precocious child, and early developed a passion for learning. His early studies were directed by his grandfather, a reputable physician, who had come to Ferrara from Padua at the invitation of Nicholas III. of Este. The father of Girolamo Savonarola plunged into the gayeties of the Court of Nicholas and soon squandered the paternal fortune. It was intended that the young man should adopt the profession of his grandfather and repair the family fortunes. He took great pleasure in reading St. Thomas Aquinas, and was familiar with all the subtleties of the schools of philosophy. He avoided society and looked with contempt upon the pomp and glitter of Court life. He early fell in love with the daughter of a neighbor and was disdainfully repulsed. This blow decided his career, and after two years of mental anguish he determined to devote his life to God, and his daily prayer was, "Lord, teach me the way my soul should walk!" He secretly left home and entered the monastery of St. Domenico at Bologna. He accepted a mission to Ferrara and afterward to Florence. In a hymn to the Saviour, composed in 1482, he gave

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA

vent to his horror of the immorality prevailing at Florence, and prophesied the heavenly vengeance about to overtake this sin-laden people. Innocent VIII. occupied the Papal chair, and his rule was more infamous than that of his predecessor, Sixtus IV. Savonarola's plain words attracted few hearers at this time. It was not until 1486, at Brescia, that his power as an orator was fully revealed. Here, in a sermon on the Apocalypse, he shook men's souls by his terrible threats of the wrath to come, and drew tears from their eyes by the tender pathos of his assurances of divine mercy. At a Dominican council at Reggio in 1489, Savonarola gave such striking evidence of his theological learning and subtlety that the famous Pico della Mirandola prevailed upon Lorenzo de' Medici to recall him to Florence, whither his fame as an orator had preceded him. The cloister garden was too small to accommodate the crowds who came to hear him. On August 1, 1490, he preached his first sermon in St. Mark's Church, and foretold that he should preach eight years. The following year he began to preach in the Cathedral of Mario del Fiore. His powerful denunciations of the gross abuses of power caused Lorenzo to send five of the leading men of Florence to try to induce him to moderate his tone; he refused, saying: "Tell your master that although I am an humble stranger and he the lord of Florence, yet I shall remain and he depart." He also foretold that Lorenzo, the Pope, and the King of Naples were all near death. When called to the death-bed of the former, he demanded, un-

successfully, the liberty of Florence as a condition of absolution.

Florence was fast losing her former prestige. Savonarola's influence was growing. Innocent VIII. died and Borgia's election to the Papal chair heralded the culmination of Italy's woe. Savonarola's inspired utterances grew more fervid and impassioned in religious feeling and more intense in patriotism. He heard voices proclaiming mercy to the faithful, vengeance on the guilty, and mighty cries that the wrath of God was at hand. War now broke out and Charles VIII. brought a French army across the Alps. The puerile conduct of Piero de' Medici in acceding to the hard terms of peace imposed by Charles caused the former's expulsion from the city, and Florence engaged in civil revolt with an enemy within her gates. Finally Charles, cowed by Piero Camponi and yielding to the remonstrances of Savonarola, withdrew and the city was free but in the utmost disorder. In this emergency the citizens turned to the patriot monk, and Savonarola became lawgiver of Florence. The new government was based on fear of God and the purification of manners; promotion of the public welfare in preference to private interests; a general amnesty to political offenders; a council, on the Venetian method, but no Doge, and the Prior of St. Mark's, without holding any official position, was Dictator of Florence. The citizens observed the ascetic régime of the cloister, hymns and lauds rang in the streets that had so recently echoed with Lorenzo's dissolute songs. The

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carnival of 1497 was celebrated by the burning of 22,000 florins' worth of vanities, but there is no proof that any book or painting of real merit was destroyed.

Pope Alexander VI., having become incensed at Savonarola, ordered him to report at Rome for discipline, which the latter refused to do. For this he was excommunicated, but he defied the power of the Pope and publicly celebrated mass on Christmas Day, 1497. Through friendly political power he was enabled to continue his teachings, but Alexander threatened the Florentines with the vengeance of Rome if they failed to silence the great reformer. He was arrested and tried for heresy and publicly executed.

Savonarola's writings consist of numerous sermons, an immense number of devotional and moral essays, and some theological works, of which *Il Trionfo della Croce* is the most important, a few short poems, and a treatise on the government of Florence. Although his faith in the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church never swerved, his strenuous protests against Papal corruption, his reliance on the Bible as his surest guide, and his intense moral earnestness connect Savonarola with the movement that heralded the Reformation.

ON THE EVILS OF TYRANNY.

The term of tyrant signifies a man of the worst kind, who would grasp all for himself, give nothing to others, an enemy to God and to man. The tyrant is proud, lustful, and avaricious; and as these three vices contain the germs of all others, it follows that he hath the germ of every vice of which man is capable. Likewise

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all his senses are perverted ; his eyes by looking on wantonness ; his ears by hearing flattery of himself and censure of other men ; his palate by the vice of gluttony, and so forth. He corrupts magistrates, robs widows and orphans, opposes the people, and favors those that incite him to defraud the commune. He is devoured by suspicion, and has spies everywhere ; he desires all to seem bashful in his presence, and be his slaves ; hence, where there is a tyrant, no man may act or speak freely. In this wise the people become pusillanimous, all virtue is extinguished, all vice exalted. Behold, O Florence, thy fate, if thou wouldst have a tyrant. He is the cause of all the sins committed by a people ; wherefore he will be called to render account of them to God, and will bear the penalty of his misdeeds. Thou, O citizen, that followeth the tyrant, thou art no less miserable than he. Thy tongue is enslaved when addressing him, thy eyes when regarding him, thy person is subject to him, thy goods at his disposal ; thou art beaten with rods, and must yet give him thanks ! Thou art debased in all ways. . . . And such are the miseries of the tyrant and his followers, the which miseries weigh them down in this life and bring them to eternal perdition in the next.—*Sermon of February 25, 1496.*

ON BEAUTY.

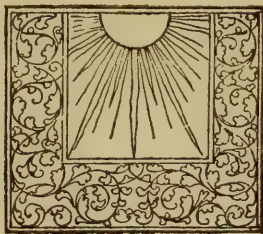
In what does beauty consist ? In color ? No. In form ? No. Beauty is born of the correspondence of parts and colors ; . . . this as regards composite things ; the beauty of simple things is in their light. Behold the sun and the stars, their beauty is in the light they shed ; behold the spirits of the blessed, their beauty consists of light ; behold God is light ! He is beauty itself ! . . . The untainted soul shares the beauty of God, and lends its divine charm to the body. We read concerning the Virgin that her great beauty struck all who looked on her with amazement, but that she was so encircled by a halo of sanctity as to excite impure desire in no man, all, on the contrary, holding her in reverence. . . . Ye women that glory in your finery, in your hair, and your hands, I tell ye that

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ye are all hideous ! Would ye behold true beauty ? . . . Note some devout person, either male or female, that hath the divine spirit ; note him, I say, when engaged in prayer, and in the flush of divine beauty, and on his return from prayer ; then will ye see the beauty of God reflected in his face, and his countenance almost as that of an angel.—*Sermon on Amos and Zachariah, 1497.*

A PSALM IN PRAISE OF GOD.

I sought thee everywhere, but found thee not. I asked of the earth : Art thou my God ? And the earth answered : Thales is deceived ; I am not thy God. I questioned the air, and the air replied : Thou must go higher. I questioned the heavens, the stars, and the sun, and all made reply : He that created us from nothing, He is thy God ; He filleth heaven and earth, He dwelleth in thy heart. Thus, O Lord, I had sought thee afar, and Thou wert near. I asked of my eyes whether Thou hadst entered in through them, but they answered that they knew only colors. I asked my ear, and it answered that it knew only sound. Wherefore the senses know Thee not, O Lord ; Thou hast entered into my soul, Thou dwellest in my heart, and workest in me when I do deeds of charity.





SAXE, JOHN GODFREY, an American lawyer, journalist, and poet, born at Highgate, Vt., June 2, 1816; died at Albany, N. Y., March 31, 1887. He was graduated at Middlebury College in 1839, became a lawyer, and practised successfully until 1850, when he became editor and proprietor of the *Burlington Sentinel*. He conducted this journal until 1856, soon after which he came to New York, and entered upon lecturing and other literary work. He had in the meantime put forth several volumes of poems, mostly humorous or satirical, which met with great success. He was the unsuccessful Democratic candidate for Governor of Vermont in 1859 and 1860, and had served as Attorney-General of Vermont and Deputy Collector of Customs. In 1872 he became editor of the *Albany Journal*, and took up his residence in that city. Several collected editions of his works have appeared; they include *Progress*, a satire (1846); *New Rape of the Lock* (1847); *The Proud Miss McBride* (1848); *The Money-King, and Other Poems* (1859); *The Flying Dutchman* (1862); *Clever Stories of Many Nations* (1864); *The Times, the Telegraph, and Other Poems* (1865); *The Masquerade* (1865); *Fables and Legends in Verse* (1872); *Leisure Day Rhymes* (1878). His poems rank among the most successful productions of their kind, and enjoyed wide popularity.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.

There's a Castle in Spain, very charming to see,
Though built without money or toil ;
Of this handsome estate I am owner in fee,
And paramount lord of the soil ;
And oft as I may I'm accustomed to go
And live like a king in my Spanish Château.

There's a dame most deliciously rounded and ripe,
Whose wishes are never absurd,
Who doesn't object to my smoking a pipe
Nor insist on the ultimate word ;
In short, she's the pink of perfection, you know,
And she lives like a queen in my Spanish Château.

I've a family, too : the delightfullest girls,
And a bevy of beautiful boys ;
All quite the reverse of those juvenile churls
Whose pleasure is mischief and noise.
No modern Cornelia might venture to show
Such jewels as those in my Spanish Château.

I have servants who seek their contentment in mine,
And always mind what they're at ;
Who never embezzle the sugar and wine,
And slander the innocent cat ;
Neither saucy nor careless, nor stupidly slow,
Are the servants who wait in my Spanish Château.

I've pleasant companions : most affable folk,
And each with the heart of a brother ;
Keen wits who enjoy an antagonist's joke,
And beauties who are fond of each other.
Such people indeed as you never may know
Unless you should come to my Spanish Château.

I have friends whose commission for wearing the name
In kindness unfailing is shown ;
Who pay to another the duty they claim,
And deem his successes their own ;
Who joy in his gladness, and weep at his woe :
You'll find them (where else ?) in my Spanish Château !

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

"*O si sic semper!*" I oftentimes say,
(Though 'tis idle, I know, to complain),
To think that again I must force me away
From my beautiful Castle in Spain!

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

Singing through the forests, rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me! this is pleasant, riding on the rail!

Men of different "stations" in the eye of Fame
Here are very quickly coming to the same.
High and lowly people, birds of every feather,
On a constant level travelling together!

Gentleman in shorts, looming very tall;
Gentleman at large, talking very small;
Gentleman in tights, with a looseish mien;
Gentleman in gray, looking rather green.

Gentleman quite old, asking for the news;
Gentleman in black, in a fit of blues;
Gentleman in claret, sober as a vicar;
Gentleman in tweed, dreadfully in liquor!

Woman with her baby, sitting *vis-à-vis*;
Baby keeps a-squalling, woman looks at me,
Asks about the distance, says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars are so very shocking!

Market-woman careful of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs, tightly holds her basket,
Feeling that a smash, if it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests, rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me! this is pleasant, riding on the rail!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

I'M GROWING OLD.

My days pass pleasantly away,
My nights are blest with sweetest sleep,
I feel no symptoms of decay,
I have no cause to moan and weep ;
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold ;
And yet, of late, I often sigh—
I'm growing old !

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy for rhymes,
My growing love for easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All tell me in the plainest voice,
I'm growing old !

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
I'm growing dimmer in my eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careless of my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing—yes—
I'm growing old !

I see it in my changing taste,
I see it in my changing hair,
I see it in my growing waist,
I see it in my growing hair ;
A thousand hints proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That, even in my vaunted youth,
I'm growing old ! . . .

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight
My sombre muse too sadly sings ;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of her wings—
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
Where all are blest and none may sigh,
“ I'm growing old ! ”



SCARRON, PAUL, a French dramatist and poet, born at Paris about 1610; died there, October 14, 1660. He was descended from an ancient and opulent family. His father obliged him, against his inclination, to enter into the ecclesiastical state. The consequence was a life little conformable to his profession; and a journey to Italy, with a residence in the capital, proved equally injurious to his reputation and his constitution. The latter was finally ruined by a singular adventure. Having, in his twenty-seventh year, during the carnival, rambled into the streets of Mans (where he held a canonry) covered with feathers, he was followed by a troop of boys, to escape from whom, he took refuge among the rushes in the Sarthe. There the cold so penetrated his debilitated frame that it brought on a disease which rendered all the rest of his life a course of suffering. A vein of pleasantry, however, supported him under his calamities, and attracted to him some of the best company of Paris. He lost his fortune through the knavery of an artful stepmother; but he contrived to support himself by his comic writings many of which were brought upon the stage with success. For the plots he generally pillaged the Spanish drama; but he readily furnished from his own fund humorous dialogues and ludicrous characters. He

PAUL SCARRON

also composed many poems of the burlesque kind, among which his *Travesty of the Æneid* was once popular. His *Roman Comique*, a diverting narrative in prose, is written in a pure style, and is reckoned the best of his works. This was translated into English by Goldsmith. Notwithstanding the deplorable condition to which he was reduced, he persuaded Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, then in the bloom of youth, but entirely destitute of fortune, to give him her hand. This lady was afterward the celebrated Madame de Maintenon. His wife's modest and graceful behavior corrected the indecorums of her husband's conversation, and drew to his house some of the best society. Indigence, however, was his constant attendant through life, and his principal support at last was a pension from the Superintendent Fouquet. His constitution was too much broken to admit of long life. Some of his writings have been translated by the facetious Tom Brown.

Speaking of his writings, and particularly of his *Virgil*, a writer in *Temple Bar* says: "The burlesque effect is produced chiefly by a perpetual antithesis between the grandeur of the personages and the manner in which they talk; between their traditional motives and the motives which Scarron ascribes to them; and between the importance of the acts described and the littleness of the actors."

HIS ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

Reader, thou hast never seen me—and it is a small loss that thou hast not seen one such as I—I know that I never should have given you the sight had I not

known that certain facetious spirits inimical to me had, in joy over my miserable lot, painted me as worse than I am. All kinds of stupid stories have they circulated about me. Some say I am a cripple; others that I am put on a table in a box, where I chatter like a one-eyed jay; others that my hat is attached to a pulley, which raises it when I wish to salute a friend. It is to contradict these liars that I have caused my likeness to be affixed to this work. In default of a good portrait, let me paint myself as I really am. I am thirty-eight years old, and if I live until I am forty I shall add many more pains to those I have already suffered for the past eight or nine years. My figure once was good, though small. My malady has shortened me at least a foot. My head is large for my body. I have sufficient flesh on my face to cover the bones—enough hair not to need a wig, but much of it is gray. My sight is good, though my eyes are staring: they are blue, one darker than the other on the side my head inclines. My nose is good enough. My teeth, once pearls, are now the color of rotten wood, and rapidly becoming slate-colored. Several of them I have lost, and several are badly damaged. My legs and thighs are in angles, my body and thighs make another angle, and with my head falling over toward my stomach I resemble somewhat a badly made letter Z. My arms are shrunken, like my legs, and my fingers are also twisted. In short, I am an *abbreviation of human misery*. Behold the reality of my personal appearance! As to my character, I was always a little of a gourmand, a little irritable in temper, and a little vain. One moment I would abuse, the next compliment, my valet. I never hated anybody: would that none had hated me! I feel very content when I have a little money, and should be happier still had I but health. I delight in company, but I am well content to be left alone. I bear my misfortunes with sufficient fortitude. But it seems to me my preface is getting too long, and it is time I should finish it.

ÆNEAS RECALLS THE PAST.

By that gate fair Andromache
Would pass, papa-in-law to see—

PAUL SCARRON

And in those fatal Greek attacks
Would bring with her Astyanax.
Queen Hecuba's continual joy
Was to caress and kiss the boy.
When he was but a tiny child
The dandling him her hours beguiled.
And when he somewhat bigger grew,
This good grandam a baby, too,
Would play with him. Sometimes the Queen
Would tell him of fair Melusine :
Of Fierabras : of wondrous Jack :
And all the old tales in her pack.
The child her idol was, and pet ;
Sometimes so doting did she get,
That she would even ride cockhorse,
A stick between her legs, and course
All up and down, till, tired and weak,
She could not either breathe or speak.
Andromache oft plainly said
That grandmamma would spoil the lad ;
And Priam, when he saw him cram
His mouth all day with bread-and-jam,
Remarked, with some severity,
The boy would surely ruined be.

—*From Virgil ; translated for Temple Bar.*

DIDO'S CURIOSITY.

" Multa super Priamo rogitan, super Hectore multa."

A hundred questions then she asks,
Of Priam, and the mighty tasks
Of Hector ere the siege was done :
Of Helen—how she held her own—
What kind of paint she used to buy :
Was Hecuba's hair all false?—and why
Paris was called so fair a youth ?
And then that apple—which, in truth,
Was the first cause of all the woe—
Was it a Ripstone—yes or no ?
Of Memnon—bright Aurora's son—
Was he a Moor to look upon ?

PAUL SCARRON

Who killed him? Was it rightly said,
About the stud of Diomed,
That farcy killed them all—because
Of that disease she knew the laws?
And when Patroclus met his end—
How long Achilles mourned his friend?
—*From Virgil; translated for Temple Bar.*

SCARRON'S EPITAPH, BY HIMSELF.

No foolish envy waste on him
Who sleeps this stone beneath:
Death's pangs he felt a thousand times
Ere yet he suffered death.
Hush! traveller: let no footstep's fall
The sacred stillness break;
'Tis the first night poor Scarron sleeps:
—Tread lightly—lest he wake.





SCHAFF, PHILIP, a German-American ecclesiastical historian and theologian, born at Coire, Switzerland, January 1, 1819; died in New York, October 20, 1893. He was educated at the Universities of Tübingen, Halle, and Berlin; then travelled for two years as a private tutor in Germany, France, and Italy. In 1842 he became lecturer in theology in the University of Berlin, and in 1843, on the recommendation of Neander, Tholuck, and Krummacher, was invited to the chair of Church History and Exegesis in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Penn. In 1869 he was chosen Professor of Sacred Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. He was President of the American Bible Revision Committee. His works, written in German or English, and sometimes in both languages, are very numerous. Among them are *The Principles of Protestantism* (1845); *History of the Apostolic Church* (1851); *Life and Labors of St. Augustine* (1853); *History of the Christian Church* (1858-85); *The Person of Christ, the Miracle of History* (1865); *Lectures on the Civil War in America* (1865); *The Creeds of Christendom* (1876); *Through Bible Lands* (1878); *Christ and Christianity* (1885); *The English Language* (1887); *Church and State in the United States* (1888); *Literature and Poetry* (1889);

PHILIP SCHAFF

Creed Revision in the Presbyterian Churches (1890);
Theological Propædeutics (1893).

He compiled *Christ in Song*, a selection from the hymnology of all ages and nations, and is the general editor of the American edition of *Lange's Commentary on the Old and New Testaments*.

THE FOUR GOSPELS.

The four canonical Gospels are representations of one and the same Gospel in its fourfold aspect and relation to the human race, and may be called, with Irenæus, "the fourfold Gospel." Taken together, they give us a complete picture of the earthly life of our Lord and Saviour, in whom the whole fulness of the Godhead and sinless Manhood dwell in perfect harmony. Each is invaluable and indispensable; each is unique in its kind; each has its peculiar character and mission, corresponding to the talent, education, and vocation of the author and the wants of his readers.

Matthew, writing in Palestine, and for Jews, and observing, in accordance with his former occupation and training, a rubrical and topical, rather than a chronological order, gives us the Gospel of the new Theocracy founded by Christ—the Lawgiver, Messiah, and King of the true Israel, who fulfilled all the prophecies of the Old Dispensation. His is the fundamental Gospel which stands related to the New Testament as the Pentateuch does to the Old.

Mark, the companion of Peter, writing at Rome, and for warlike Romans, paints Christ, in fresh, graphic, and rapid sketches, as the mighty Son of God, the victorious Conqueror, and forms the connecting link between Matthew and Luke, or between the Jewish-Christian and the Gentile-Christian Evangelist.

Luke, an educated Hellenist, a humane physician, a pupil and friend of Paul, prepared, as the Evangelist of the Gentiles, chiefly for Greek readers, and in chronological order, the Gospel of Universal Humanity, where Christ appears as the sympathizing Friend of Sinners, the healing Physician of all diseases, the tender Shep-

herd of the wandering sheep, the Author and Proclaimer of a free salvation for Gentiles and Samaritans, as well as Jews.

From John, the trusted bosom-friend of the Saviour, the Benjamin among the twelve, and the surviving patriarch of the apostolic age—who could look back to the martyrdom of James, Peter, and Paul, and the destruction of Jerusalem, and look forward to the certain triumph of Christianity over the tottering idols of paganism—we might naturally expect the ripest, as it was the last, composition of the Gospel history for the edification of the Christian Church of all ages.

The Gospel of John is the Gospel of Gospels, as the Epistle to the Romans is the Epistle of Epistles. It is the most remarkable as well as the most important literary production ever composed by man. It is a marvel even in the marvellous Book of Books. All the literature of the world could not replace it. It is the most spiritual and ideal of Gospels. It introduces us into the Holy of Holies in the history of our Lord ; it brings us, as it were, into His immediate presence, so that we behold face to face the true Shekinah, the glory of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. It presents, in fairest harmony, the highest knowledge and the deepest love of Christ. It gives us the clearest view of His incarnate Divinity, and His perfect Humanity. It sets Him forth as the Eternal Word Who was the source of life from the beginning, and the organ of all the revelations of God to man ; as the Fountain of living water that quenches the thirst of the soul ; as the Light of the world that illuminates the darkness of sin and error ; as the Resurrection and the Life that destroys the terror of death. It reflects the lustre of the Transfiguration on the Mount, yet subdued by the holy sadness of Gethsemane. It abounds in festive joy and gladness over the amazing love of God, but mixed with grief over the ingratitude and obtuseness of unbelieving men. It breathes the air of peace, and yet sounds at times like the peal of thunder from the other world. It soars boldly and majestically like the eagle toward the uncreated source of light, and yet hovers as gentle as a dove over the earth ; it is sublime as a seraph and sim-

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ple as a child ; high and serene as the heaven, deep and unfathomable as the sea.

It is the plainest in its speech and the profoundest in its meaning. To it more than to any portion of the Scripture applies the familiar comparison of a river deep enough for the elephant to swim, with shallows for the lamb to wade. It is the Gospel of love, life, and light, the Gospel of the heart, taken from the very heart of Christ, on which the beloved disciple leaned at the Last Supper. It is the type of the purest forms of mysticism. It has an irresistible charm for speculative and contemplative minds, and furnishes inexhaustible food for meditation and devotion. It is the Gospel of peace and Christian Union, and a prophecy of that blessed future when all the discords of the Church militant on earth shall be solved in the harmony of the Church triumphant in heaven.

THE AMERICAN IDEA OF RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

The relationship of Church and State in the United States secures full liberty of religious thought, speech, and action, within the limits of the public peace and order. It makes persecution impossible. Religion and liberty are inseparable. Religion is voluntary, and cannot and ought not to be forced.

This is a fundamental article of the American creed, without distinction of sect or party. Liberty, both civil and religious, is an American instinct. All natives suck it in with the mother's milk ; all immigrants accept it as a happy boon, especially those who flee from oppression and persecution abroad. Even those who reject the modern theory of liberty enjoy the practice, and would defend it in their own interest against any attempt to overthrow it.



SCHEFER, LEOPOLD, a German didactic poet and novelist, born at Muskau in 1784; died there in 1862. After having received a thorough education, he was for some time the steward of Prince Pückler-Muskau; and afterward travelled extensively in the Levant. He wrote more than seventy short tales; several didactic works, and meditative and lyrical poetry. Among these are *Hafiz in Hellas*, *The Koran of Love*, and *The Layman's Breviary*, partly in prose and partly in verse.

His fame rests chiefly on his merits as a didactic poet, *The Layman's Breviary* being his best known production. This work gives expression to an opinionistic pantheism (using the term to signify the manifestation of the Divine Presence in all things), and "while the thought is often exquisitely expressed," according to a German critic, "the poem is much marred by imperfect versification and monotonous prolixity."

His novels are lyric-epic poems in prose; "they carry the reader to China, to Japan, to Rome, to Canada, and captivate him by their truthful portraiture, their originality, and by the lively fancy, which, supported by the most careful study of foreign lands and customs, paints them for us in their brightest colors. But his portrayal of character is not strong, his plots are loosely constructed, and the motive of the action often obscure."

LEOPOLD SCHIEFER

OPTIMISM.

My Father ! all that seemeth like Thyself
Among mankind I'll love. But oh, forgive
The hasty word ! forgive the helpless thought !—
Said I, "like Thee ?"—I'd rather say, Whate'er
Has even the faintest semblance of Thy shadow,
That will I love and honor evermore.
Yea, let it take the form of little children,
Or let it in the beauteous maid appear,
Or as the worn old man with silvered hair,
Or as a sightless pauper whom I meet ;
Or let me see the shadow of Thy love
In the swift swallow, that flits by to feed
Her callow brood, or in the soaring lark,
Or in the radiant dove, that in the field
Picks up the grain which Thou hast scattered there.

PANTHEISM.

Lo, God is here—immediately here,
Asserts Himself in every drop of blood ;
Here, as the sap in the rose's root He moves—
Here in the warmth and life diffusing fire,
The life-power and the healing-power of all.
All that He owns He constantly is healing,
Quietly, gently, softly, but most surely.
He helps the lowliest herb, with wounded stalk,
To rise again. See, from the heavens fly down
All gentle powers to cure the blinded lamb.
Deep in the treasure-house of wealthy Nature
A ready, secret instinct wakes, and moves
To clothe the naked sparrow in the nest,
Or trim the plumage of an aged raven.
Yea, in the slow decaying of a rose
God works as well as in the unfolding bud.
He works with gentleness unspeakable
In death itself ; a thousand times more careful
Than even the mother by her sick child watching.
Now God is here in this afflicted child,
In every vein throughout his heavenly form.
'Tis He who wakes beside him in the mother ;

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'Tis He that gives good counsel by the father ;
In the physician's hand He brings the help ;
Through all the means He lives ; through all the buds
And all the roots of the medicinal herb ;
Lives in this morning light—this morning breath ;
Lives in the lark that sings his song up yonder
To cheer the child, who hears and faintly smiles ;
Lives everywhere with perfect power and love.

HONOR.

As woman ranks in the esteem of man,
So in his heart is love unclean or pure,
So much, too, he esteemeth honor, or
So little, and so he himself is honored.
Who not esteems himself, ne'er honors woman,
Who honors woman not, doth he know love ?
Who knows not love, is honor known to him ?
Who knoweth honor not, what hath he left ?
—*Translation of A. BASKERVILLE.*





SCHEFFEL, JOSEPH VICTOR VON, a German novelist and poet, born at Karlsruhe, February 16, 1826; died there, April 9, 1886. He studied law and philology at Munich, Heidelberg, and Berlin (1843-47), was referendary at Säckingen (1848-53), and travelled in Italy (1852-53). The Prince of Furstenberg, at Donaueschingen, intrusted him with the cataloguing of his manuscripts and the classification of the Lassberg library, which he had acquired. In 1859 and 1860 he visited Thuringia, and from 1866 his home alternated between Karlsruhe and his estate at Radolfzell on the borders of Lake Constance, a picturesque country which gives the setting to most of his poems. It was at Sorrento and the isle of Capri, where he was staying with Paul Heyse in 1853, that he wrote *Der Trompeter von Säckingen*, a rhymed epic full of sentiment and humor, which was followed by his masterpiece, *Ekkehard* (1855). This last is an historical romance of Germany in the tenth century. *Frau Aventiure*, a somewhat similar work, appeared in 1863, and *Juniperus*, romanesque studies on the Middle Ages, in 1866. A collection of poems of the time of the Minnesinger Heinrich von Ofterdingen, and *Berg Psalmen* was issued in 1870. Other books were *Der Brantwillkomm auf Wartburg* (The Bride's Welcome), written for the Wartburg festival of 1873; some rural poems entitled *Waldeinsamkeit*

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(Woodland Solitude) (1880); *Der Heini von Steier*, other verses (1883); and a novel, *Hugideo* (1884). After his death appeared *Fünf Dichtungen*, and *Reisebilder* (1887), and in 1888 another volume entitled merely *Gedichte* (poems). While in Italy in 1852 he collected student songs and humorous poems, which he published the following year under the title *Gaudeamus*. "These songs are full of a contagious good-nature," says one writer. Translated into English in 1872, they won for their author a considerable degree of popularity. "Although he has borrowed all his subjects from the Middle Ages," says Larousse, "Scheffel is a realist; he can transport into a given historical epoch characters profoundly human. His *Ekkehard* is perhaps the most successful of all of those archæological tales so numerous in Germany during the last thirty years."

The Trumpeter of Säckingen, of which more than two hundred editions have been issued in Germany, and which has been made the subject of a number of operas, was "begotten of the dreamings amid the fragrant fir-woods where the poet had learned that the law was not his proper sphere of action." And later, in Rome, during the carnival, when it was raining so hard that, as he says, Marcus Brutus himself would have caught influenza, as also during the flowery *fêtes* of the carnival, before his eyes—

Like a dream then rose the vision
Of the Schwarzwald, and the story
Of the young musician Werner
And the lovely Margareta.

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"The vision haunted him," writes Helen Zimmern, "until, to exorcise it, he bought large quantities of ink, and set sail for Capri in the Bay of Naples. In that siren isle, in old Pagano's cosey hostelry, in view of the tall palm-tree of its garden, pacing its gently domed Moorish roof, Schefel put to paper the mock-heroic epic that was to make him famous." Old Don Pagano wondered at this stranger, who came with little luggage, lived alone, yet seemed so happy.

He's a German,
And who knows what they are doing?
But I saw upon his table
Heaps of paper written over,
Leaving very wasteful margins;
I believe he is half crazy;
I believe he's making verses.

And thus, amid the myrtles and prickly pears of the south, was evolved this celebrated poem, so redolent of pine woods, of tramontane lands, and of mediæval days.

WHAT THE CAT THOUGHT.

Often have I meditated
On great problems hard to settle,
Which my cat-heart fully fathomed;
But there's one which yet remaineth
Quite unsolved, uncomprehended—
Why do people kiss each other?

Why do mostly so the youthful?
And why mostly these in spring-time?
Over all these knotty questions,
I intend to ponder further,
On the gable-roof to-morrow.

—*From The Trumpeter of Säckingen.*

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A PREHISTORIC CONSERVATIVE.

The Plesiosaurus, the elder,
Goes roaring about on a spree ;
The Plerodactylus even
Come flying as drunk as can be.

The Iguanodon, the blackguard,
Deserves to be publicly hissed,
Since he lately in open daylight
The Ichthyosaura kissed.

The end of the world is coming,
Things can't go on long in this way ;
The Lias formation can't stand it,
Is all that I've got to say !

—*From Scheffel's Songs.*

HEIDELBERG.

Old Heidelberg, thou beauty,
With many honors crowned,
Along the Rhine and Neckar
No town like thee is found.

Thou town of merry fellows,
Of wisdom full and wine,
Clear flows thy placid river,
Blue eyes therein do shine.

Thee as a bride I fondly
Enshrine within my heart,
Like early love's sweet echoes
Thy name doth joy impart.

HEINI OF STEIER.

The nightingale calls to the finch's gay brood :
"A fiddle is ringing sweet-toned through the wood,
Ye twitterers and chatterers, oh hush now your strain,
For Heini of Steier has come back again !"

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The old village cobbler his cap waves with glee :
" Now Heaven in its mercy remembereth me ;
Shoe-leather will rise and dance-shoon burst in twain,
Now Heini of Steier has come back again ! "

To the dance are fast flocking, with frolic and jest,
The maids, crowned with chaplets, arrayed in their
best :

Where tarry the suitors ? Our hearts are all fain !
Ah ! Heini of Steier has come back again !

And who dons her kirtle for frisking it gay ?
'Tis old wrinkled granny, waxing young for to-day ;
Lean-legged, like a heron, she stalks down the lane.
Faith ! Heini of Steier has come back again !

His flock leaves the shepherd all heedless behind,
Leaves the peasant his plough, and his horses the hind,
The farmer and bailiff chide loudly in vain ;
That Heini of Steier has come back again !

But he takes, all silent, his fiddle to hand—
Half brooding, half playing, unconscious doth stand ;
Strains gush forth electric like soft, fiery rain—
Lo ! Heini of Steier has come back again !

In the nun's cloister garden, on flowery steep,
Bends one o'er the fountain, and, listening, doth weep :
" Oh, veil ! oh, black raiments ! oh, bitterest pain !
Ay ! Heini of Steier has come back again ! "

—*Translated by* MRS. FREILIGRATH-KROEKER.





SCHELLING, FRIEDRICH WILLIAM JOSEPH VON, a German philosopher, born at Leonberg, Würtemberg, January 27, 1775; died at Ragatz, Switzerland, August 20, 1854. He studied at Tübingen and Jena, devoting himself mainly to speculative philosophy, and may properly be considered as the founder of a school, of which the fundamental idea, as finally developed, is an attempted reconciliation of philosophy with positive Christian theology. In his earlier speculations, however, he dwells more especially upon the identity of mind with Nature. In 1808 he was made secretary of the Academy of Arts at Munich, where he became Professor of Philosophy in 1827. In 1841 he was called to Berlin, where he delivered a course of lectures on *The Philosophy of Revelation*. His chief works are *Ideen zu Einer Philosophie der Natur* (Ideas toward the Philosophy of Nature, 1797); *Von der Weltseele, eine Hypothese der Höhern Phyzik sur Erläuterung der Allgemeinen Organismus* (Of the World-Soul, an Hypothesis of the Higher Physics in Elucidation of the Universal Organism, 1798); *Erste Entwurf eines Systems der Naturphilosophie* (First Attempt at a Systematic Philosophy of Nature, 1799); *System des Transcendentalen Idealismus* (System of Transcendental Idealism, 1800); *Bruno, oder über das Göttliche und Naturliche Princip der Dinge* (Bruno, a Dialogue

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concerning the Divine and Natural Principle of Things, 1802), and *Philosophie und Religion* (1804). His *Works* were published in fourteen volumes (1856-61).

LOCAL GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

There is a peculiar and mysterious power that dwells concealed in a locality. Certain tenets or views of the world are found indigenous in certain defined localities, and not only on large continents—as in the East—but in small districts, and such as lie in the midst of regions inhabited by people of an alien creed. Were not the ancient oracles confined to certain places? And may we not thence infer, generally, that locality, in its relations with the higher life, is not such an indifferent thing as has been commonly supposed? How often should we be surprised to find—if we had not the confirmed habit of seeing only outward things—that the circumstances which we mistake for causes are merely means and conditions? and that, while we are little thinking of it, spirits are active around us, and ready to lead us either to good or to evil, according as we yield to the influence of one or the other? . . .

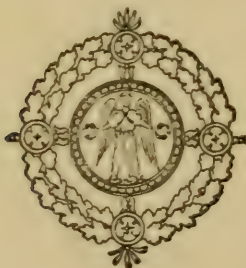
May it not be assumed that the souls of the men who have long had reverence paid to them in certain districts may—through the magic influence of faith—actually become the Guardian Spirits of those localities? I speak of the men who first brought into these forests the light of the faith, who first planted vines on these hills and corn in these valleys, and who were thus the authors of a more humanized life in regions previously wild and almost inaccessible: is it not natural, I say, that they should retain a permanent interest in the district which they brought to a state of culture, and in the people whom they led to union in one faith?

THE SYMPATHY OF MIND WITH NATURE.

O Springtime, the season of aspiration! with what delight in life thou fillest the hearth! On one side, the Spiritual World is attracting us, and we feel assured that only in its closest bond of union can our true happiness be

found. On the other hand, Nature, with her thousand-fold witcheries, calls back our hearts and our senses to her own eternal life. It is hard that neither the internal nor the external can fully satisfy our desires, and that the souls in which the two are united are so few. A life purely spiritual cannot satisfy us ; there is something in us that has a longing for reality. As the thoughts of the artist can find no rest until he has embodied them in an external representation ; as the man of genius, when inspired by an ideal, strives either to find it, or to reveal it in a bodily form ; so the object of all our aspiration is to find in the perfect Material, the counterpart and reflection of the perfect Spiritual. . . .

It is the Springtime that has awakened in me this blossoming of thoughts and hopes. I see it clearly, and feel it deeply. We are the children of Nature, we belong to her by our birth, and we can never be wholly separated from her ; and if Nature does not belong to God, we also cannot belong to Him. Not we alone aspire, but all Nature longs to return to the source of her existence. True, she is now made subject to the law of externality. But this firm structure of the world will at last be resolved into a Spiritual life. The divine fire that now lies imprisoned there will finally prevail, and will consume all that now exists only by means of a repression of Nature's true inner life.





SCHERER, WILLIAM, a German philologist and historian of literature, born at Shönborn, Lower Austria, April 26, 1841; died in Berlin, August 6, 1886. He studied German and Sanskrit philology at Vienna and Berlin, and became Professor Ordinary of Language and German Literature at Vienna in 1868, at Strasburg in 1872, and at Berlin in 1877. He was one of the most learned and excellent of German writers, and his *History of German Literature* (1883; Mrs. Conybeare's translation, republished in New York 1886) is already a standard work. He was co-author of *Monuments of German Poetry* (1864); *History of Alsace* (1871), and *Sources and Researches of the History of the Language and Civilization of German Peoples*, his last work. Under his own name only, are *History of the German Language* (1868); *German Studies*, 3 vols. (1872-78); *Religious and Epic Poetry of the German Empire*, 2 vols. (1874-75); *History of German Poetry, from the XIth to the XIIth Century* (1875); *The Psalms of Notker* (1876)—ninth century; *The Beginnings of German Prose Romance, and Jorg Wickram* (1879)—his novel, and *Essays on Goethe* (1886). We select from Scherer some traits of the German hero-legends, dating back to about A.D. 600, and remoulded six hundred years later into the famous Nibelungenlied and some other poems.

THE GERMAN HERO-LEGENDS.

Ludwig Uhland has rightly divided all the various characters in the heroic legends into two groups: the loyal and the disloyal. The duty of liberality is connected with loyalty, and avarice is a sign of disloyalty. Self-sacrifice, the root of all virtues, first appears within the family circle, then in the society at court, and in companionship in arms. As the lord and his vassals are bound together by a general bond, so the vassals are often connected with each other by some peculiar tie, and afford beautiful examples of heroic friendship. Over and above the duties imposed by natural ties, or by alliances expressly agreed upon, it is esteemed honorable and glorious for a warrior to relieve distress in strangers and to aid the oppressed. Action is free, so far as it does not conflict with a warrior's code of honor.

Violated faith among relations is the chief cause of all the complications of the heroic legends. When two parties are once on a footing of enmity their friends often find themselves in a dilemma. Loyalty to a friend entails determined treachery to an enemy; loyalty to one who has been basely murdered leads to treacherous revenge on all his living enemies; the duties of a vassal come into conflict with family duties, and a marriage often becomes the source of a feud. The woman who was to form a connecting link between two houses suffers by her twofold position, and, whilst trying to fulfil her conflicting duties, the flame of her short-sighted passion may become a firebrand destroying both houses. The spirit of chivalrous self-sacrifice, which instead of deriving a brutal pleasure from warfare, regarded it as a high and honorable calling, breathed a new life into the old heroes. They were typical examples of a noble secular life, a life of fighting and of many duties. A fervent enthusiasm for the profession of arms inspires every line of the Middle High-German heroic poems. The men are always described with solemn emphasis as heroes, warriors, swordsmen, and knights. Though the heroic poetry remained, on

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the whole, true to its origin, still it underwent some modification in the course of centuries. New characters were admitted who bear witness to this influence of the times. Side by side with the dignity and nobility of the chief characters, we perceive in some of the subordinate ones the coarse minstrel humor of the tenth century, which loudly applauded a Kuno Kurzbold. . . .

The heroic poems of the middle High-German epoch, like the popular epics of Merovingian times, are full of conventional phrases and ideas, out of respect to which the poet is content to forego all personal originality. We do not find in these poems the grandeur and pictorial breadth of Homeric description ; on the contrary, the style is throughout perfectly simple. The heroes and heroines are characterized by such epithets as brave, bold, beautiful ; sometimes these are emphasized into very brave, bold as the storm, wonderfully beautiful ; sometimes they denote the leading characteristic of the person to whom they are applied, as when Rüdiger is called the generous, Eckhart the faithful, Hagen the cruel. The descriptive element is confined to the most ordinary epithets ; such expressions as a white hand, a red mouth, bright eyes, yellow hair, are perpetually recurring. There are no detailed poetical similes, and the poet's imagination never goes beyond the very simplest comparisons, as, for instance, of the color of young cheeks to the roses, of the rude love of fighting to the wild boar, of a malicious disposition to a wolf. Every mood has its conventional outward demeanor : the afflicted man sits silently upon a stone, and the man who has formed a resolution speaks not a word until he has carried it out. A downcast eye betokens dejection, an upward glance joy, silent contemplation inquiry, while turning pale and then red denotes a rapid change of mood. In the same manner remarks about stature, garments, and weapons are only made from a few fixed points of view. All the occupations of hero-life are reduced to conventional formulas. . . .

From the earliest times the Germans used the falcon in hunting, and in their poetry the fighting, hunting falcon served as the emblem of a youthful hero. Flashing eyes reminded the mediæval poet of falcon's eyes,

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and a noble lady of the twelfth century who has won the love of a man expresses this in poetry by saying that she has tamed a falcon. So, too, in the opening of the Nibelungenlied, we read how Kriemhild dreamt in girlhood of a falcon which she spent many a day in taming, but to her lasting sorrow two eagles tore it to pieces before her eyes. This dream of gloomy foreboding foreshadows the events related in the first half of the poem. Siegfried is the falcon, his brother-in-law Gunther and Gunther's vassal, Hagen, are the eagles who tear him to pieces, and Kriemhild weeps for him and will not be comforted. The carrying out of her horrible revenge forms the subject of the second part. She gives her hand in marriage to the King of the Huns, and invites the murderers to a feast, which she turns into a massacre. With wooing and betrothal the tale opens, with murder and fire it closes, very like in this to the legend of the siege of Troy. But the Nibelungenlied does not merely consist of certain episodes selected from the legend, but exhausts the whole of the legendary material, thereby attaining a higher degree of unity than the Iliad.—*History of German Literature.*





SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH, a German dramatist, lyric poet, and prose writer, born at Marbach, in the duchy of Würtemberg, November 10, 1759; died at Weimar, May 9, 1805. His father, who had been a surgeon in the Bavarian army, entered the service of the Duke of Würtemberg, where he attained the rank of captain. When military service was no longer required, the Duke retained him to lay out pleasure-grounds in his various estates. At the age of fourteen the son was admitted to a free seminary which the Duke had established mainly for the training of the sons of military officers. The wishes of his father, and his own desire, had been directed toward the pulpit; but this could not be carried out in the seminary. The medical profession was adopted, and at the age of twenty-one Schiller became a surgeon in the army. The six years which he passed in the school were not happy ones; the routine of life and study was rigid and formal. Poetry was looked upon with special disfavor; and Schiller had written some verse. His drama, *The Robbers*, had been commenced at the age of nineteen, and was published in 1781. The Duke was highly scandalized at this drama, which, in his view, advocated brigandage and all sorts of lawlessness. He ordered Schiller to confine himself to his professional duties, and,

above all things, to write no more poetry. *The Robbers* was put upon the stage at Mannheim in 1782; Schiller went secretly to witness the first representation; was found out, and placed under arrest. He resolved to break away from his uncongenial position; and, taking advantage of some holiday, he left Stuttgart by stealth. He went away, he says, "empty in purse and hope." For a while he lived in Franconia, under an assumed name, his friend Dalberg, the manager of the theatre at Mannheim, supplying him with money to meet his immediate necessities; he then found a refuge with Madame von Wolzogen, the mother of two of his former school-mates. Here he wrote two dramas, *The Conspiracy of Fiesco* and *Cabal and Love*. With the production of these two dramas the apprenticeship of Schiller may be said to have ended, and his career as a man of letters to have commenced. Henceforward his life is to be found in his works.

In the autumn of 1783, he was invited by Dalberg to come to Mannheim, as poet to the theatre, with a salary sufficient to give him a comfortable maintenance. The Duke of Würtemberg made some threats against his refractory subject; but there was little to fear, since Mannheim was in the Palatinate, and Schiller was now naturalized as a subject of the Elector Palatine. While at Mannheim he produced his translation of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, and several other works, and began the composition of *Don Carlos*, which was not, however, completed until 1786. After eighteen months at Mannheim he took up his resi-

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dence for a time at Dresden. In 1788 appeared the first, and, as it happened, the only volume ever written of his *Revolt of the United Netherlands*, bringing the history down to the entrance of the Duke of Alva into Brussels, in 1567. This work, joined to the urgent recommendation of Goethe, procured for Schiller the appointment of Professor of History at the University of Jena, whither he removed in 1789, and where he remained for about ten years. During this period he wrote his principal prose work, the *History of the Thirty Years' War*. To this period also belong most of his lyrics and ballads, and several of his dramas, including the trilogy, *Wallenstein's Camp*, *The Piccolomini*, and the *Death of Wallenstein*. The mountain-air of Jena proved threatening to his weakly lungs, and in 1799 he removed to Weimar, where the six remaining years of his life were mainly passed. Notwithstanding frequent illnesses, these were his most productive years; and at their close his powers gave no token of abatement; *Wilhelm Tell*—the last, and by many held to be the best of his tragedies—was produced in the last year of his life.

Besides his dramas, ballads, lyrics, and historical works, the minor writings of Schiller are numerous. His principal dramas are *The Robbers*, *The Conspiracy of Fiesco*, *Cabal and Love*, *Wallenstein's Camp*, *The Piccolomini*, *The Death of Wallenstein*, *Mary Stuart*, *The Maid of Orleans*, *The Bride of Messina*, and *William Tell*. The *Life of Schiller* has been written by several persons; the best in the English language are by Thomas Carlyle and

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Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton. His remains were, in 1827, transferred to the new Ducal Cemetery at Weimar; and the centenary of his birth, 1859, was signalized by public demonstrations throughout Germany; and statues of him have been erected in several cities in Germany. Schiller died in his forty-sixth year. His career has been eloquently summarized by Carlyle.

CARLYLE UPON SCHILLER.

On the whole, we may pronounce him happy. His days passed in the contemplation of ideal grandeur, he lived among the glories and sublimities of universal Nature; his thoughts were of sages and heroes, and scenes of Elysian beauty. It is true he had no rest, no peace; but he enjoyed the fiery consciousness of his own activity, which stands in place of it for men like him. It is true he was long sickly, but did he not even then conceive and body forth Max Piccolomini, and Thekla and the Maid of Orleans, the scenes of *Wilhelm Tell*? It is true he died early; but the student will exclaim, with Charles XII. in another case, "Was it not enough of life when he had conquered kingdoms?" These kingdoms which Schiller conquered were not for one nation at the expense of suffering to another, they were soiled by no patriot's blood, no widow's, no orphan's tear; they are kingdoms conquered from the barren realms of darkness, to increase the happiness, and dignity, and power of all men; new forms of Truth, new maxims of Wisdom, new images and scenes of Beauty, "won from the void and formless Infinite;" a "possession forever" to all the generations of the Earth.

KING PHILIP II. OF SPAIN AND THE MARQUIS OF POSA.

King.—We've met before, then?

Mar.—

No.

King.—

You did my crown

Some service. Why, then, do you shun my thanks?

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

My memory is thronged with suitors' claims.
One only is Omniscient. 'Twas your duty
To seek your monarch's eye. Why did you not?

Mar.—Two days have scarce elapsed since my return
From foreign travel, Sire.

King.— I would not stand
Indebted to a subject ; ask some favor.

Mar.—I enjoy the laws.

King.— So does the murderer.

Mar.—Then how much more the honest citizen !
My lot contents me, Sire.

King. (Aside.)—By Heavens ! a proud
And dauntless mind ! That was to be expected.
Proud would I have my Spaniards. Better far
The cup should overflow than not be full.—
They say you left my service ?

Mar.— To make way
For some one worthier I withdrew.

King.— 'Tis pity.
When spirits such as yours make holiday,
The State must suffer. But perchance you feared
To miss the post best suited to your merits.

Mar.—Oh, no ! I doubt not that the experienced
judge

In human nature skilled—his proper study—
Will have discerned at a glance wherein
I may be useful, wherein not.

With deepest gratitude I feel the favor
Wherewith by so exalted an opinion,
Your Majesty is loading me ; and yet——

King.—You hesitate ?

Mar.— I am, I must confess,
Sire, at this moment unprepared to clothe
My thoughts, as the world's citizen, in phrase
Becoming to your subject. When I left
The court forever, Sire, I deemed myself
Released from the necessity to give
My reasons for this step.

King.— Are they so weak ?
What do you fear to risk by their disclosure ?

Mar.—My life, at farthest, Sire, were time allowed
For time to weary you ; but this denied,

The Truth itself must suffer. I must choose
'Twixt your displeasure and contempt. And, if
I must decide, I would rather appear
Worthy of punishment than pity.

King.—

Well?

Mar.—I cannot be the servant of a Prince.
I will not cheat the buyer. Should you deem
Me worthy of your service, you prescribe
A course of duty for me ; you command
My arm in battle and my head in council
Then, not my actions, but the applause they meet
At court, becomes the object. But for me
Virtue possesses an intrinsic worth.
I would myself create that happiness,
A Monarch, with my hand, would seek to plant ;
And duty's task would prove an inward joy,
And be my willing choice. Say, like you this?
And in your own creation could you bear
A new creator? For I ne'er could stoop
To be the chisel, where I fain would be
The sculptor's self. I dearly love mankind,
My gracious Liege ; but in a Monarchy
I dare not love another than myself.

King.—This ardor is most laudable. You wish
To do good deeds to others ; how you do them
Is but of small account to patriots
Or to the wise. Choose, then, within these realms,
The office where you best may satisfy
This noble impulse.

Mar.—

'Tis not to be found.

King.—How !

Mar.—What your Majesty would spread abroad
Through these weak hands—is it the good of men ?
Is it the happiness that my pure love
Would to mankind impart? Before such bliss
Monarchs would tremble. No ! Court policy
Has raised up new enjoyments for mankind,
Which she is always rich enough to grant ;
And wakened in the hearts of men new wishes
Which such enjoyments only can content.
In her own merit she coins the Truth—such truth
As she herself can tolerate ; all forms

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

Unlike her own are broken. But is that
Which can content the Court enough for me?
Must my affection for my brother pledge
Itself to work my brother injury?
To call him happy when he dare not think?
Sire, choose not me to spread the happiness
Which you have stamped for us. I must decline
To circulate such coin. I cannot be
The servant of a Prince.

King.— You are, perhaps,
A Protestant?

Mar.—Our creeds, my Liege, are one.
I am misunderstood; I feared as much.
You see the veil torn by my hands aside
From all the mysteries of Majesty.
Who can assure you I shall still regard
As sacred that which ceases to alarm me?
I may seem dangerous because I think
Above myself. The world is yet
Umpire for my ideal; and I live
A citizen of ages yet to come.
But does a fancied picture break your rest,
A breath of yours destroys it.

King.— Say, am I
The first to whom your views are known?

Mar.— You are

King. (Aside.)—This tone at least is new; but flattery

Exhausts itself; and men of talent still
Disdain to imitate. So let us test
Its opposite for once. Why should I not?
There is a charm in novelty. Should we
Be so agreed, I will bethink me now
Of some new State employment, in whose duties
Your powerful mind—

Mar.— Sire, I perceive how small,
How mean, your notions are of manly worth.
Suspecting in an honest man's discourse
Naught but a flatterer's artifice. Methinks
I can explain the cause of this your error.
Mankind compel you to it. With free choice
They have disclaimed their true nobility.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

Lowered themselves to their degraded state.
Before man's inward worth, as from a phantasm,
They fly in terror ; and, contented with
Their poverty, they ornament their chains
With slavish prudence ; and they call it virtue
To bear them with a show of resignation.
Thus did you find the world ; and thus it was
By your great father handed over to you.
In this debased condition, how could you
Respect mankind ?

King.—

Your words contain some truth.

[*The Count Lerma enters, whispers a few words to the King, and withdraws. The King continues to the Marquis.*]

King.—

Proceed ; you had

Yet more to say to me.

Mar.—

Your Majesty,

I lately passed through Flanders and Brabant—
So many rich and blooming provinces,
Filled with a valiant, great, and honest people !
To be the father of a race like this
I thought must be divine indeed ! And then
I stumbled on a heap of dead men's bones.
True, you were forced to act so ; but that you
Could dare fulfil your task—this fills my soul
With shuddering horror. O 'tis pity that
The victim, weltering in his blood, must cease
To chant the praises of his sacrificer ;
And that mere men—not beings loftier far—
Should write the history of the world ! But soon
A milder age will follow that of Philip—
An age of true wisdom. Then the careful State
Will spare her children, and Necessity
No longer glory to be thus inhuman.

King.—When, think you, would that blessed age arrive

If I had shrunk before the curse of this ?
Behold my Spain ! See here the burghers' good
Blooms in eternal and unclouded peace.
A peace like this I will bestow on Flanders.

Mar.—The church-yard's peace ! And do you hope
to end

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

What you have now begun ? Say, do you hope
To check the ripening change of Christendom—
The universal Spring that shall renew
The earth's fair form ? Would you alone in Europe
Fling yourself down before the rapid wheel
Of Destiny, which rolls its ceaseless course,
And seize its spokes with human arms ? Vain thought !
Already thousands have your kingdom fled
In joyful poverty. The honest burgher,
In his faith exiled, was your noblest subject !
See, with a mother's arms, Elizabeth
Welcomes the fugitives ; and Britain blooms
In rich luxuriance from our country's ails.
Bereft of the New Christians' industry,
Granada lies forsaken, and all Europe
Exulting sees its foe oppressed with wounds
By its own hands inflicted.

You would plant
For all eternity, and yet the seeds
You sow around you are the seeds of death !
This hopeless task, with Nature's laws at strife,
Will ne'er survive the spirit of its founder.
You labor for ingratitude. In vain
With Nature you engage in desperate struggle ;
In vain you waste your high and loyal life
In projects of destruction. Man is greater
Than you esteem him. He will burst the chains
Of a long slumber, and reclaim once more
His just and hallowed rights. With Nero's name,
And fell Busiris's will he couple yours—
And, ah ! you once deserved a better fate !

King.—How know you that ?

Mar.— In very truth, you did.

Yes—I repeat it—by the Almighty power !—
Restore us all you have deprived us of ;
And generous, as glorious, let happiness
Flow from your horn-of-plenty ; let man's mind
Ripen in your vast empire. Give us back
All you have taken from us ; and become,
Amidst a thousand kings, a King indeed !
Oh, that the eloquence of all those myriads,
Whose fate depends on this momentous hour,

Could hover on my lips ; and, from the spark
That lights thine eye, into a glorious flame !
Renounce the mimicry of godlike powers
Which levels us to nothing. Be in truth
An image of the Deity Himself !
Never did mortal man possess so much,
For purpose so divine. The kings of Europe
Pay homage to the name of Spain. Be you
The leader of these kings ! One pen-stroke now—
One motion of your hand—can new create
The earth ! But grant us liberty of thought. . . .

King.—I've heard you to the end. Far differently,
I find, than in the minds of other men
The world exists in yours. And you shall not
By foreign laws be judged. I am the first
To whom you have your secret mind disclosed.
I know it. So believe it—for the sake
Of this forbearance—that you have till now
Concealed these sentiments, although embraced
With so much ardor : for this cautious prudence
I will forget, young man, that I have learned them
And how I learned them. Rise ! I will not confute
Your youthful dreams by my matured experience,
Not by my power as King. Such is my will,
And therefore act I thus. Poison itself
May, in a worthy nature, be transformed
To some benignant use. Not to you
Will I become a Nero—not to you !
And you, at least, beneath my very eyes,
May dare continue to remain a Man !

Mar.—And, Sire, my fellow-subjects ?—Not for me,
Nor my own cause, I pleaded. Sire, your subjects—

King.—Nay, if you know so well how future times
Will judge me, let them learn, at least, from you,
That when I found a Man, I could respect him.

Mar.—Oh, let not the most just of kings at once
Be the most unjust ! In your realm of Flanders
There are a thousand better men than I.
But you, Sire—may I dare to say so much—
For the first time, perhaps, see Liberty
In milder form portrayed.

King.—

No more of this,

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

Young man! You would, I know, think otherwise
Had you but learned to understand mankind
As I. But truly; I would not that this meeting
Should prove our last. How can I hope to win you?

Mar.—Pray leave me as I am. What value, Sire,
Should I be to you, were you to corrupt me?

King.—This pride I will not bear. From this day
forth
I hold you in my service.—No remonstrance!
For I will have it so.

—*Don Carlos*; translation of R. D. BOYLAN.

THE DELIVERANCE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

[*Scene: The hollow way at Küssnacht. Among the rocks overhanging the pass appears TELL with his bow.*]

Tell.—Here through the hollow way he'll pass; there
is
No other road to Küssnacht. Here I'll do it! . . .
The opportunity is good; the bushes
Of alder there will hide me; from that point
My arrow hits him; the straight pass prevents
Pursuit. Now, Gessler, balance thy account
With Heaven! Thou must be gone; thy sand is run!

Remote and harmless I have lived; my bow
Ne'er bent save on the wild beast of the forest;
My thoughts were free of murder. Thou hast scared
me

From my peace; to fell asp-poison hast thou
Changed the milk of kindly temper in me;
Thou hast accustomed me to horrors, Gessler!
The archer who could aim at his boy's head
Can send an arrow to his enemy's heart. . . .
Poor little boys! My kind, true wife! I will
Protect them from thee. Landvogt! when I drew
That bowstring, and my hand was quivering,
And with devilish joy thou mad'st me point it
At the child, and I in fainting anguish
Entreated thee in vain; then, with a grim,
Irrevocable oath, deep in my soul,
I vowed to God in Heaven that the next aim

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

I took should be thy heart. The vow I made
In that despairing moment's agony,
Became a holy debt—and I will pay it.

[Various characters gradually appear upon the scene, among them STÜSSI, Frau ARMGART and the members of a wedding procession, who come up the pass; at length GESSLER, the Austrian Landvogt, or Provincial Governor, and RUDOLPH DER HARRAS approach, riding up the pass, while TELL disappears among the rocks.]

Gessler.—Say what you like, I am the Kaiser's servant,
And must think of pleasing him. He sent me,
Not to caress these hinds, to soothe or nurse them.
Obedience is the word! The point at issue is,
Shall Boor or Kaiser here be lord o' th' lands?

Armgart.—Now is the moment! Now for my petition.

Gess.—This Hat at Altdorf, mark you, I set up,
Not for the joke's sake, or to try the hearts
O' th' people—these I know of old—but that
They might be taught to bend their necks to me,
Which are too straight and stiff; and in the way,
Where they are hourly passing I have planted
This offence, so that their eyes may fall on't
And remind them of their lord, whom they forgot.

Rud.—But the people have some rights—

Gess.—Which now
Is not a time for settling or admitting.
Mighty things are on the anvil. The House
Of Hapsburg must wax powerful; what the Father
Gloriously began, the Son must forward.
This people is a stone of stumbling, which
One way or t' other must be put aside.

Arm.—Mercy, gracious Landvogt! Justice! Justice!

Gess.—Why do you plague me here, and stop my way
I' th' open road? Off! Let me pass!

Arm.—My husband
Is in prison; these orphans cry for bread.

Have pity, good your Grace, have pity on us!

Rud.—Who or what are you, then? Who is your husband?

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

Arm.—A poor wild-hayman of the Rigiberg,
Whose trade is, on the brow of the abyss
To mow the common grass from craggy shelves
And nooks to which the cattle dare not climb.

Rud.—By Heavens! a wild and miserable life!
Do now! do let this poor drudge free, I pray you!—
Whatever be his crime, that horrid trade
Is punishment enough. You shall have justice;
In the castle there make your petition;
This is not the place.

Arm.—No, no! I stir not
From the spot till you give up my husband!
'Tis the sixth month he has lain i' th' dungeon,
Waiting for the sentence of some judge, in vain.

Gess.—Woman! Wouldst lay thy hands on me? Be-
gone!

Arm.—Justice, Landvogt! Thou art judge o' th'
land here,
I' th' Kaiser's stead and God's. Perform thy duty!
As thou expectest justice from above,
Show it to us.

Gess.—Off! Take the mutinous rabble
From my sight.

Arm.— No, no! I now have nothing
More to lose. Thou shalt not move a step, Vogt,
Till thou hast done me right. Ay, knit thy brows,
And roll thy eyes as sternly as thou wilt;
We are so wretched, wretched now, we care not
Aught more for thy anger.

Gess.— Woman, make way!
Or else my horse shall crush thee.

Arm.— Let it! there!
Here am I with my children. Let the orphans
Be trodden underneath thy horse's hoofs!
'Tis not the worst that thou hast done.

Rud.—Woman! Art mad?

Arm.—'Tis long that thou hast trodden
The Kaiser's people under foot. Too long!
Oh, I am but a woman! Were I a man,
I should find something else to do than lie
Here crying in the dust.

Gess.— Where are my servants?

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

Quick ! Take her hence ! I may forget myself
And do the thing I shall repent.

Rud.— My lord,
The servants cannot pass ; the place above
Is crowded with a bridal company.

Gess.—I've been too mild a ruler to this people ;
They are not tamed as they should be ; their tongues
Are still at liberty. This shall be altered !
I will break that stubborn humor. Freedom,
With its pert vauntings, shall no more be heard of.
I will enforce a new law in these lands ;
There shall not——

[*An arrow pierces him ; he presses his hand on his heart, and slides from his horse into the arms of RUDOLPH, who has dismounted.*]

Rud.—Herr Landvogt—God ! What is it ? Whence
came it ?

Gess.—'Tis Tell's arrow.

Tell. (*From a rock above.*)—Thou hast found the
archer ;
Seek no other. Free are the cottages,
Secure is innocence from thee ; thou wilt
Torment the land no more.

—*William Tell ; translation of CARLYLE.*

SONG OF THE BELL.

Fastened deep in firmest earth
Stands the mould of well-burnt clay,
Now we'll give the bell its birth.
Quick, my friends, without delay !
From the heated brow
Sweat must freely flow
If to your Master praise be given ;
But the blessing comes from heaven. . . .

With splinters of the driest pine
Now feed the fire below,
Then the rising flame shall shine,
And the melting ore shall flow.
Boils the melting brass within,
Quickly add the tin,

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

That the thick, metallic mass
Rightly to the mould shall pass.

What with the aid of fire's dread power,
We in the dark, deep pit now hide,
Shall on some lofty, sacred tower
Tell of our skill, and form our pride;
And it shall last to days remote;
Shall thrill the ear of many a race;
Shall sound with sonorous, mournful note,
And call to pure devotion's grace.
Whatever to the sons of earth
Their changing destiny brings down,
To the deep, solemn clang gives birth
That rings from out the metal crown. . . .

Now we may begin to cast.
All is right and well prepared;
Yet, ere the anxious moment's past,
A pious hope by all be shared.
Strike the stopper clear;
God preserve us here!
Sparkling to the rounded mould
It rushes hot, like liquid gold.
How useful is the power of flame
If human skill control and tame;
And much of all that man can boast,
Without that child of Heaven were lost.
But frightful is her changing mien
When bursting from her bonds, she's seen
To quit the safe and quiet hearth,
And wander lawless o'er the earth.
Woe to those whom then she meets!
Against her fury who can stand?
Along the thickly peopled streets
She madly hurls her fearful brand.
Then the elements, with joy,
Man's best handiwork destroy.
From the clouds
Falls amain
The blessed rain:
From the clouds alike
Lightnings strike.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

 Ringing loud, the fearful knell
 Sounds the Bell ;
 Dark, blood-red
 Are all the skies ;
 But no dawning light is spread.
 What wild cries
 From the street arise !
 Smoke dims the eyes.

Thicker mounts the fiery glow
Along the street's extended row ;
Fast as the fiercest winds can blow ;
Bright, as with a furnace glare,
And scorching is the heated air,
Beams are falling, children crying,
Windows breaking, mothers flying,
Creatures many, crushed and dying ;
All is uproar, hurry, flight ;
And light as day the dreadful night.
Along the eager, living lane—
Though all in vain—
Speeds the bucket ; the engine's power
Sends the artificial shower.
But see, the heavens threatening lower !
The winds rush roaring to the flame.
Cinders on the storehouse-frame
And the driest stores fall thick ;
While kindling, blazing, mounting quick,
As though it would, at one fell sweep,
All that on earth is found
Scatter wide in ruin round.
Swells the flame to heaven's blue deep,
 With giant size.

 Hope now dies :
 Man must yield to Heaven's decrees :
 Submissive, yet appalled, he sees
His fairest works in ashes sleep. . . .

To the earth it's now committed ;
 With success the mould is filled.
To skill and care alone's permitted
 A perfect work with love to build.
 Is the casting right ?

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

Is the mould yet tight ?
Ah ! while now with hope we wait
Mischance, perhaps, attends its fate.

To the dark lap of Mother Earth
 We now confide what we have made ;
 As in earth, too, the seed is laid,
In hope the seasons will give birth
 To fruits that soon may be displayed.
And yet more precious seed we sow
 With sorrow in the world's wide field ;
And hope, though in the grave laid low,
 A flower of heavenly hue 'twill yield.

Till the Bell is safely cold
 May our heavy labors rest ;
Free as the bird, by none controlled,
 Each may do what pleases best.
 With approaching night
 Twinkling stars are bright.
Vespers call the boys to play ;
The Master's toils end not with day.

Now break up the useless mould,
 Its only purpose is fulfilled.
May our eyes, well pleased, behold
 A work to prove us not unskilled.
 Wield the hammer well
 Till the frame shall yield !
That the Bell to light may rise,
The form in thousand fragments flies. . . .

God has given us joy to-night !
 See, how like the golden grain
From the husk, all smooth and bright,
 The shining metal now is ta'en.
 From lip to well-formed rim,
 Not a spot is dim :
E'en the motto, neatly raised,
Shows a skill may well be praised.

 Around, around,
Companions all, take your ground,

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

And name the bell with joy profound !
Concordia is the word we've found
Most meet to express the harmonious sound
That calls to those in friendship bound.

Be this henceforth the destined end
To which the finished work we send
High over every meaner thing,
 In the blue canopy of heaven,
Near to the thunder let it swing,
 A neighbor to the stars be given.
Let its clear voice above proclaim,
 With brightest troops of distant suns,
The praise of our Creator's name,
 While round each circling season runs.
To solemn thoughts of heartfelt power
 Let its deep note full oft invite,
And tell, with every passing hour,
 Of hastening time's unceasing flight.
Still let it mark the course of fate ;
 Its cold, unsympathizing voice
Attend on every changing state
 Of human passions, griefs, and joys.
And as the mighty sound it gives
 Dies gently on the listening ear,
We feel how quickly all that lives
 Must change, and fade, and disappear.

Now, lads, join your strength around !
 Lift the bell to upper air !
And in the kingdom wide of sound
 Once placed, we'll leave it there.
 All together ! heave !
 Its birthplace see it leave !—
Joy to all within its bound !
Peace its first, its latest sound !

—*Translation of* S. A. ELLIS.

HASTE NOT—REST NOT.

Without haste, without rest :
Bind the motto to thy breast ;

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

Bear it with thee as a spell ;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well ;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom—
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not : Let no reckless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed ;
Ponder well, and know the right ;
Forward, then, with all thy might !
Haste not : Years cannot atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not : Time is sweeping by ;
Do and dare before thou die.
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer Time ;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not—rest not : Calmly wait ;
Meekly bear the storms of fate ;
Duty be thy polar guide ;
Do the right, whate'er betide.
Haste not—rest not : Conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.
—*Translation of C. C. Cox.*

THE DIVISION OF THE EARTH.

“Take the world !” Zeus exclaim'd from his throne in
the skies

To the children of man—“take the world I now give ;
It shall ever remain as your heirloom and prize.
So divide it as brothers, and happily live.”

Then all who had hands sought their share to obtain,
The young and the agèd made haste to appear ;
The husbandman seiz'd on the fruits of the plain,
The youth thro' the forest pursued the fleet deer.

The merchant took all that his warehouse could hold,
The abbot selected the last year's best wine,

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

The king barr'd the bridges, the highways controll'd,
And said, "Now remember, the tithes shall be mine!"

But when the division long settled had been,
The poet drew nigh from a far distant land;
But alas! not a remnant was now to be seen,
Each thing on the earth own'd a master's command.

"Alas! shall then I, of thy sons the most true—
Shall I, 'mongst them all, be forgotten alone?"
Thus loudly he cried in his anguish, and threw
Himself in despair before Jupiter's throne.

"If thou in the region of dreams didst delay,
Complain not of me," the Immortal replied;
"When the world was apportioned, where then wert
thou, pray?"
"I was," said the poet, "I was by thy side!"

"Mine eye was then fixed on thy features so bright,
Mine ear was entranced by thy harmony's power;
Oh, pardon the spirit that, aw'd by thy light,
All things of the earth could forget in that hour!"

"What to do?" Zeus exclaim'd—"for the world has
been given;
The harvest, the market, the chase, are not free;
But if thou with me wilt abide in my heaven,
Whenever thou com'st 'twill be open to thee!"

—*Translation of* BOWRING.

THE LONGING.

From this valley's lowly plain,
Where but chilly mists I see,
Could I but the pathway gain,
Oh, how happy I should be!
Lovely mountains greet mine eye,
Ever verdant, young and fair,
To the mountains I would fly
Had I wings to cleave the air.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

In my ear sweet music rings,
Tones of Heaven's lulled repose ;
Borne upon the zephyr's wings
Balmy odor round me flows.
Golden glows the fruit so fair,
Nodding on the dark green spray,
And the flowers blooming there
Winter marks not for his prey.

To the sun's eternal light
Ah, how sweet it were to flee !
And the air on yonder height
How refreshing must it be !
But a torrent bars my way,
Angrily its billows roll,
And the menace of its spray
With a shudder fills my soul.

Lo ! a boat reels to and fro,
But, alas, the pilot fails !
Bold and fearless in it go !
Life breathes on its swelling sails.
Gods ne'er give a pledge to man.
Strong in faith, then, thou must dare ;
Thee naught but a wonder can
To the Land of Wonders bear.

—*Translation of A. BASKERVILLE.*





SCHLEGEL, AUGUST WILHELM VON, a celebrated German poet, critic, and Oriental scholar, born at Hanover, September 8, 1767; died at Bonn, May 12, 1845. He studied at Göttingen, where he was a pupil of Heyne at the university. Later he became a tutor at Amsterdam. Returning to Germany, he devoted himself wholly to literature, and in 1796 became Professor of Latin and Literature at the University of Jena. In connection with his brother Karl Friedrich, mentioned hereafter, he established the *Athenæum*, a critical journal devoted to the romantic school of literature, and which gained a wide influence. He was an ardent admirer of Shakespeare, and numbered among his intimate friends Schiller and Madame de Staël. In 1801 he left Jena for Berlin, where he delivered a number of lectures on literature which brought him many rich encomiums. In 1808 he delivered a course of lectures in Vienna on "Dramatic Literature and Art," which were much admired both in Germany and foreign countries. They were translated into English by John Black in 1833. After 1804 he travelled extensively in Italy, France, Spain, Sweden, and Switzerland, most of the time in the company of Madame de Staël. He spent some time at her castle at Coppet in Switzerland, acting as an instructor to her and as tutor to her children. While in Sweden he be-

AUGUST WILHELM VON SCHLEGEL

came secretary to the Crown Prince Bernadotte, who conferred upon him an honorable title. In 1818 he was made Professor of Æsthetics and Literature at Bonn, where he continued until his death. He wrote romances, sonnets, odes, elegies, and distiches. His work as a critic and translator is particularly valuable. His first volume of poems appeared in 1800. His tragedy, *Ion* (1803), which was produced at Weimar, was not successful. The principal works published under his name are *Spanish Theatre* (1803-9); *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature* (1809-11); translation of Shakespeare (1797-1810); *Indian Library* (1823-30); *Literary and Historic Essays* (1842). It was not until late in life that he applied himself to the study of Sanskrit, but he soon acquired great proficiency in that language.

SPIRIT OF TRUE CRITICISM.

I wish to say a few words respecting the spirit of criticism, a study to which I have devoted a great part of my life. We see numbers of men, and even whole nations, so much fettered by the habits of their education and modes of living that they cannot shake themselves free from them, even in the enjoyment of the fine arts. Nothing to them appears natural, proper, or beautiful which is foreign to their language, their manners, or their social relations. In this exclusive mode of seeing and feeling it is no doubt possible, by means of cultivation, to attain a great nicety of discrimination in the narrow circle within which they are limited and circumscribed. But no man can be a true critic or connoisseur who does not possess a universality of mind, who does not possess the flexibility which, throwing aside all personal predilections and blind habits, enables him to transport himself into the peculiarities of other ages and nations, to feel them, as it were, from their

proper central point ; and what enables human nature to recognize and respect whatever is beautiful and grand under those external modifications which are necessary to their existence, and which sometimes even seem to disguise them? There is no monopoly of poetry for certain ages and nations ; and consequently that despotism in taste by which it is attempted to make those rules universal which were at first, perhaps, arbitrarily established, is a pretension which ought never to be allowed. Poetry, taken in its widest acceptation as the power of creating what is beautiful, and representing it to the eye or the ear, is a universal gift of heaven, which is even shared to a certain extent by those whom we call barbarians and savages. Internal excellence is alone decisive, and where this exists we must not allow ourselves to be repelled by external appearances. Everything must be traced up to the root of our existence : if it has sprung from thence, it must possess an undoubted worth ; but if, without possessing a living germ, it is merely an external appendage, it can never thrive nor acquire a proper growth. Many productions which appear at first sight dazzling phenomena in the province of the fine arts, and which, as a whole, have been honored with the appellation of works of a golden age, resemble the mimic gardens of children : impatient to witness the work of their hands, they break off here and there branches and flowers and plant them in the earth ; everything at first assumes a noble appearance ; the childish gardener struts proudly up and down among his elegant beds, till the rootless plants begin to droop and hang down their withered leaves and flowers, and nothing soon remains but the bare twigs, while the dark forest, on which no art or care was ever bestowed, and which towered up toward heaven long before human remembrance, bears every blast unshaken, and fills the solitary beholder with religious awe.

Let us now think of applying the idea which we have been developing, of the universality of true criticism, to the history of poetry and the fine arts. We generally limit it (although there may be much which deserves to be known beyond this circle) as we limit what we call uni-

AUGUST WILHELM VON SCHLEGEL

versal history to whatever has had a nearer or more remote influence on the present cultivation of Europe: consequently to the works of the Greeks and Romans, and of those of the modern European nations, who first and chiefly distinguished themselves in art and literature. It is well known that, three centuries and a half ago, the study of ancient literature, by the diffusion of the Grecian language (for the Latin was never extinct), received a new life; the classical authors were sought after with avidity, and made accessible by means of the press; and the monuments of ancient art were carefully dug up and preserved. All this excited the human mind in a powerful manner, and formed a decided epoch in the history of our cultivation; the fruits have extended to our times, and will extend to a period beyond the power of our calculation. . . .

The genuine followers of the ancients, those who attempted to rival them, who from a similarity of disposition and cultivation proceeded in their track, and acted in their spirit, were at all times as few as their mechanical, spiritless imitators were numerous. The great body of critics, reduced by external appearance, have been always but too indulgent even to these imitators. They held them up as correct modern classics, while those animated poets who had become the favorites of their respective nations, and to whose sublimity it was impossible to be altogether blind, were at most but tolerated by them as rude and wild natural geniuses. But the unqualified separation of genius and taste which they assume is altogether untenable. Genius is the almost unconscious choice of the highest degree of excellence, and consequently it is taste in its greatest perfection.—*From JOHN BLACK'S translation.*



SCHLEGEL, KARL WILHELM FRIEDRICH, a German historian and critic, born at Hanover, March 10, 1772 ; died at Dresden, January 12, 1829. He studied at Göttingen and Leipsic, and in 1797 published *The Greeks and Romans*, followed the next year by his *History of the Poetry of the Greeks and Romans*. He afterward went to Jena, became a private teacher, lectured upon philosophy, and edited the *Athenæum*. From Jena he went to Dresden, and thence to Paris, where he edited *Europa*, a monthly journal, and studied Sanskrit and the languages of Southern Europe. In 1808 he became a Roman Catholic and went to Vienna. Here he lectured and wrote history, philosophy, and the history of literature. His works, other than historical, include *Lucinda*, an early novel of questionable character ; *Alareos*, a tragedy, and numerous *Essays* and *Poems*. Most of his writings have been translated into English ; among these are *Lectures on Modern History* (1811), translated by Purcell ; *Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern* (1815), translated by Lockhart ; *Lectures on the Philosophy of Life and the Philosophy of Language* (1828), translated by Morison ; *Lectures on the Philosophy of History* (1829), translated by Robertson ; *Æsthetic and Miscellaneous Works*, translated by Millington.

KARL WILHELM FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL

BACON AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

The sixteenth century was the age of ferment and of strife, and it was not until the close of it that the human mind began to recover from the violent shock it had sustained. With the seventeenth century new paths of thinking and investigation were opened, owing to the revival of classical learning, the extension given to the natural sciences and geography, and the general commotion and difference in religious belief occasioned by Protestantism. The first name suggested by the mention of these several features is Bacon. This mighty genius ranks as the father of modern physics, inasmuch as he brought back the spirit of investigation from the barren verbal subtleties of the schools to nature and experience. He made and completed many important discoveries himself, and seems to have had a dim and imperfect foresight of others. Stimulated by his capacious and stirring intellect, experimental science extended her boundaries in every direction; intellectual culture—nay, the social organization of modern Europe generally—assumed new shape and complexion.

The ulterior consequences of this mighty change became objectionable, dangerous, and even terrible in their tendency, at the time when Bacon's followers and admirers in the eighteenth century attempted to wrest from mere experience and the senses what he had never assumed them to possess—namely, the law of life and conduct, and the essentials of faith and hope, while they rejected with cool contempt as fanaticism every exalted hope and soothing affection which could not be practically proved. All this was quite contrary, however, to the spirit and aim of the founder of this philosophy. In illustration, I would only refer here to that well-known sentence of his, deservedly remembered by all: "A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth man's mind about to religion."

Both in religion and in natural philosophy this great thinker believed many things that would have been regarded as mere superstition by his partisans and ad-

mirers in later times. Neither is it to be supposed that this was a mere conventional acquiescence in an established belief, or some prejudice not yet overcome of his education and age. His declarations on these very topics relating to a supernatural world are, most of all, stamped with the characteristics of his clear and penetrating spirit. He was a man of feeling, as well as of invention, and though the world of experience had appeared to him in quite a new light, the higher and divine region of the spiritual world, situated far above common sensible experience, was not viewed by him obscurely or remotely. How little he partook, I will not say of the crude materialism of some of his followers, but even of the more refined deification of nature which, during the eighteenth century, was transported from France to Germany, like some dark offshoot of natural philosophy, is proved by his views of the substantial essence of a correct physical system.

The natural philosophy of the ancients was, according to a judgment pronounced by himself, open to the following censure: "They held nature to constitute an image of Divinity, whereas it is in conformity with truth, as well as Christianity, to regard man as the sole image and likeness of his Creator, and to look upon nature as His handiwork."

In the term Natural Philosophy of the Ancients, Bacon evidently includes—as may be seen from the general results attributed to it—no mere individual theory or system, but altogether the best and most excellent fruits of their research within the boundaries not only of physical science, but also of mythology and natural religion. And when he claims for man exclusively the high privilege, according to the Christian doctrine, of being the likeness and image of God, he is not to be understood as deriving this dignity purely from the high position of constituting the most glorious and most complex of all natural productions; but, in the literal sense of the Bible, that this likeness and image is the gift of God's love and inspiration. The figurative expression that nature is not a mirror or image of the Godhead, but his handiwork—if comprehended in all its profundity—will be seen to convey a perfect explanation

of the relation of the sensible and supersensible world of nature and of divinity. It pre-eminently declares the fact that nature has not an independent self-existence, but was created by God for an especial purpose. In a word—Bacon's plain and easy discrimination between ancient philosophy and his own Christian ideas is an intelligible and clear rule for fixing the right medium between profane and nature worship on the one hand, and gloomy hatred of nature on the other—to which latter one-sided reason is peculiarly prone; when intent only upon morality, it is perplexed in its apprehensions of nature, and has only imperfect and confused notions of divinity.

But a right appreciation of the difference between nature and God is the most important point, both of thought and belief, of life and conduct. Bacon's views on this head are the more fittingly introduced here because the philosophy of our own time is for the most part distracted between the two extremes indicated above; the reprehensible nature-worship of some, who do not distinguish between the Creator and His works—God and the world; or, on the other, the hatred and blindness of those despisers of nature whose reason is exclusively directed to their personal destiny. The just medium between the opposite errors—that is to say, the only correct consideration of nature—is that involved in a sense of intimate connection, of our immeasurable superiority morally, and to a proper awe of those of her elements that significantly point to matters of higher import than herself. All such vestiges, exciting either love or fear, as a silent awe, or a prophetic declaration, reveal the hand that formed them and the purpose they are designed to accomplish.—*Lectures on the History of Literature.*



SCHLEIERMACHER, FRIEDRICH DANIEL, a German theologian, born at Breslau, November 21, 1768; died in Berlin, February 12, 1834. His father was a Reformed minister and chaplain of a Prussian regiment in Silesia. He was educated in Moravian institutions and at the University of Halle. In 1794 he took orders, and from 1796 to 1802 was chaplain at the Charité Hospital in Berlin. From 1804-6 he was Professor of Theology in Halle, and when the University of Berlin was founded in 1810 he was made Professor of Theology and pastor of Trinity Church in that city. He retained these posts until his death. His influence was strong, and he stirred all classes to patriotism, and effected a union between the Lutheran and Reformed Churches in Prussia. He was a close student of Spinoza and Fichte, whose influence is seen in his writings. Wilhelm von Humboldt says that his strength lay in the "deeply penetrative character of his words, which were free from art, and the persuasive effusion of feeling moving in perfect unison with one of the rarest intellects." His productions include lectures and essays on church history, philosophy, psychology, politics, and theology. His books are *Reden über die Religion an die Gebildeten unter ihren Verächtern* (1799; new edition, 1867); *Monologen* (1800); *Translation of Plato* (6 vols., 1804-28),

FRIEDRICH DANIEL SCHLEIERMACHER

and *Grundlinien einer Kritik der bisherigen Sittenlehre* (1803). His MSS. were given to his pupil, Dr. Jonas, who published them in three divisions: *Zur Theologie, Predigten, und zur Philosophie* (1862). His complete works embrace thirty-one volumes (1835-64). His autobiography, extending to 1794, was published in Nieder's *Zeitschrift für Historische Theologie* (1851). His biography has been written by Auberlen (1859), by K. Schwartz (1861), by Elisa Maier (1863), by Dilthey (1867), and by Schenkel (1868).

GORGAS.

The intuition of the true and perfectly existent, in other words, of the eternal and unalterable, with which, as we have seen, every exposition of Plato's philosophy commenced, has its opposite pole in the equally general, and, to common thought and being, no less original and underived, intuition of the imperfectly existent, ever flowing and mutable, which yet holds bound under its form all action and thought as they can be apprehended in actual, tangible reality. Therefore the highest and most general problem of philosophy is exclusively this—to apprehend and fix the *essential* in that fleeting chaos, to display it as the essential and good therein, and so, drawing forth to the full light of consciousness the apparent contradiction between those two intuitions, to reconcile it at the same time. This harmonizing process necessarily resolves itself into two factors, upon whose different relation to each other rests the difference of the methods. Setting out from the intuition of the perfectly existent to advance in the exposition up to the semblance, and thus, simultaneously with its solution, for the first time to awaken and explain the consciousness of this contradiction; this is, in relation to philosophy, the immediate way of proceeding. On the other hand, starting from the consciousness of the contradiction as a thing given to advance to the primary intuition as the means of its solution, and to

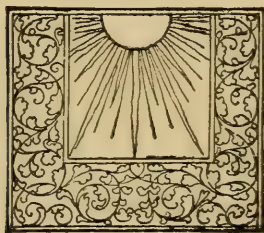
lead up by force of the very necessity of such a mean toward it, this is the method which we have named the indirect or mediate, and which, being for many reasons especially suited to one who commences on ethical ground, is here placed by Plato in the centre, as the true mean of connection and progressive formation from the original intuition, his elementary starting-post, to the constructive exposition, the goal of his systematic conclusion.

Now the relation which, in the sphere of nature, being and semblance or sensation bear to one another in this antithesis, is the same as that which in ethics exists between good and pleasure or feeling. Therefore the principal object for the second part of Plato's works, and their common problem, will be to show, that science and art cannot be discovered, but only a deceitful semblance of both must be ever predominant, so long as these two are exchanged with each other—being with appearance, and good with pleasure. And advances are made to the solution of this problem naturally in a twofold way, yet without holding each course entirely apart in different writings: on the one hand, namely, that which hitherto had passed for science and art is laid bare in its utter worthlessness; on the other, attempts are made, from the very position of knowing and acknowledging that antithesis to develop rightly the essence of science and art and their fundamental outlines. The *Gorgias* stands at the head of this class, because it rather limits itself as preparatory to the former task, than ventures upon the latter; and starting entirely from the ethical side, attacks at both ends the confusion existing herein, fixing on its inmost spirit, as the root, and its openly displayed, as the fruits. The remaining dialogues observe this general distinction: they partly go farther back in the observation of the scientific in mere seeming, partly farther forward in the idea of true science, and partly contain other later consequences of what is here first advanced in preparation.

From this point, then, we observe a natural connection between the two main positions demonstrated to the interlocutors with Socrates in this dialogue. The

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first, that their pretensions to this possession of an art properly so called in their art of speaking are entirely unfounded ; and the second, that they are involved in a profound mistake in their confusion of the good with the pleasant. And, from the same point likewise, the particular manner in which each is proved, and the arrangement of the whole, may be explained. For when it is the good that is under consideration, and the ethical object is predominant, Truth must be considered more in reference to art than science, if, that is, unity is to be preserved in the work generally. And, moreover, it is art in its most general and comprehensive form that is here discussed, for the dialogue embraces everything connected with it, from its greatest object, the state, to its least, the embellishment of sensuous existence. Only, as his custom is, Plato is most fond of using the greater form as the scheme and representation of the general, and the less, on the other hand, as an example and illustration of the greater ; that no one may lose himself, contrary to Plato's purpose, in the object of the latter, which can never be anything but a particular.—*Introductions to the Dialogues of Plato; translation of WILLIAM DOBSON.*





SCHLIEMANN, HEINRICH, a German archæologist, born in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, January 6, 1822; died at Naples, December 27, 1890. His father was poor, and placed him at an early age in a grocer's shop. He afterward became a clerk for a mercantile house in Amsterdam, devoting his leisure to languages. In 1846 he went to St. Petersburg, where he engaged in business which brought him wealth. He then travelled around the world, and spent much time in Greece. In 1869 he settled in Paris, where he wrote accounts of his travels and explorations in Greece, and in 1870 he returned to the Troad, accompanied by his wife, a Greek, who greatly assisted him in examining the plateau of Hissarlik, which he regards as the site of Troy. Subsequently the Archæological Society of Athens aided him in his excavations. In the autumn of 1889 Dr. Schliemann set out upon another expedition into Asia Minor. His books are *Ithaque, le Péloponnèse et Troie* (1869); *Trojanische Alterthümer* (1874), translated into English by Dr. Philip Smith, under the title *Troy and its Remains*; *Atlas Trojanische Alterthümer* (1876); *Mycenæ* (1877); *Orchomenos* (1881); *Troja* (1883); *Tiryns* (1886). To Schliemann is due the honor of some of the most remarkable discoveries of the remains of early civilization.

HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN

EXTENT OF TROY.

But Troy was not large. I have altogether made twenty borings down to the rock, on the west, southwest, south, southeast, and east of the Pergamus, directly at its foot, or at some distance from it, on the plateau of the Ilium of the Greek colony. As I find in these borings no trace either of fragments of Trojan pottery or of Trojan house-walls, and nothing but fragments of Hellenic pottery and Hellenic house-walls, and as, moreover, the hill of the Pergamus has a very steep slope toward the northeast and the northwest, facing the Hellespont, and is also very steep toward the Plain, the city could not possibly have extended in any one of these directions. I now most emphatically declare that the city of Priam cannot have extended on any one side beyond the primeval plateau of this fortress, the circumference of which is indicated to the south and southwest by the Great Tower and the Scæan Gate, and to the northwest, northeast, and east by the surrounding wall of Troy. The city was so strongly fortified by nature on the north side, that the wall there consisted only of those large blocks of stone, loosely piled one upon another in the form of a wall, which, last year, gave me such immense trouble to remove. This wall can be recognized at once, immediately to the right, in the northern entrance of my large cutting which runs through the entire hill.

I am extremely disappointed at being obliged to make so small a plan of Troy ; nay, I had wished to be able to make it a thousand times larger, but I value truth above everything, and I rejoice that my three years' excavations have laid open the Homeric Troy, even though on a diminished scale, and that I have proved the *Iliad* to be based on real facts.

Homer is an epic poet, and not an historian : so it is quite natural that he should have exaggerated everything with poetic license. Moreover, the events which he describes are so marvellous that many scholars have long doubted the very existence of Troy, and have considered the city to be a mere invention of the poet's

fancy. I venture to hope that the civilized world will not only be disappointed that the city of Priam has shown itself to be scarcely a twentieth part as large as was to be expected from the statements of the Iliad, but that, on the contrary, it will accept with delight and enthusiasm the certainty that Ilium did really exist, that a large portion of it has now been brought to light, and that Homer, even although he exaggerates, nevertheless sings of events that actually happened. Besides, it ought to be remembered that the area of Troy, now reduced to this small hill, is still as large as, or even larger than, the royal city of Athens, which was confined to the Acropolis, and did not extend beyond it, till the time when Theseus added the twelve villages, and the city was consequently named in the plural 'Αθήναι. It is very likely that the same happened to the town of Mycenæ (Μυκῆναι), which Homer describes as being rich in gold, and which is also spoken of in the singular, εὐπράγνια Μυκῆνη.

But this little Troy was immensely rich for the circumstances of those times, since I find here a treasure of gold and silver articles, such as is now scarcely to be found in an emperor's palace; and, as the town was wealthy, so was it also powerful, and ruled over a large territory.—*Troy and its Remains; translation of DR. PHILIP SMITH.*





SCHOOLCRAFT, HENRY ROWE, an American traveller and ethnologist, born at Guilderland, Watervliet, N. Y., March 28, 1793 ; died in Washington, D. C., December 10, 1864. He commenced writing for newspapers at the age of fifteen. In 1818 he made a journey to the lead-mines of Missouri, and published an account of his observations. In 1820 he accompanied General Cass upon a survey of the copper region of the Upper Mississippi. In 1822 he was appointed Agent of Indian Affairs on the Northwest frontier. He took up his residence at Michilimackinack, where he remained for nearly twenty years, occupying himself in studying the language and history of the Indian tribes. One result of these investigations was his *Algic Researches*, published in 1839. In 1832 he was appointed to conduct a second expedition into the region of the Upper Mississippi. He published an account of this journey under the title *Narrative of an Expedition to Itasca Lake, the Actual Source of the Mississippi River* (1834). In 1841 he removed to New York, and in 1848 put forth a collection of Indian tales and legends, under the title *The Indian in His Wigwam*. In 1851 he published *Personal Memoirs of a Residence of Thirty Years with the Indian Tribes on the American Frontiers*. Under a resolution of Congress he was subsequently appointed to pre-

pare a series of five quarto volumes, printed in magnificent style, with numerous illustrations by Lieutenant Eastman, who also furnished a small portion of the text. This work was entitled *Ethnological Researches Respecting the Red Men of America*. In addition to the foregoing and several volumes of poetry, among them *The Rise of the West*, *Geehale, an Indian Lament*, and *Indian Melodies*, Mr. Schoolcraft wrote numerous papers in periodicals, mostly upon his favorite class of subjects.

Griswold says: "Mr. Schoolcraft's writings are among the most important contributions that have been made to the literature of this country. His works abound in materials for the future artist and man of letters, and will on this account continue to be read when the greater portion of the popular literature of the day is forgotten."

THE LEGEND OF THE LAND OF SOULS.

There was once a very beautiful young girl, who died suddenly on the day she was to have been married to a handsome young man. He was also brave, but his heart was not proof against this loss. From the hour she was buried there was no more joy or peace for him. He went often to visit the spot where the women had buried her, and sat musing there, when, as was thought by some of his friends, he would have done better to try to amuse himself in the chase or by diverting his thoughts in the war-path. But war and hunting had both lost their charms for him. His heart was already dead within him. He pushed aside both his war-club and his bow and arrows.

He had heard the old people say that there was a path that led to the Land of Souls, and he determined to follow it. He accordingly set out one morning, after having completed his preparations for the journey. At first he hardly knew which way to go. He was only

HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT

guided by the tradition that he must go south. For a while he could see no change in the face of the country. Forests, and hills, and valleys, and streams had the same looks which they wore in his native place. There was snow on the ground when he set out, and it was sometimes seen to be piled and matted on the thick trees and bushes. At length it began to diminish, and finally disappeared. The forest assumed a more cheerful appearance, the leaves put forth their buds; and, before he was aware of the completeness of the change, he found himself surrounded by spring. He had left behind him the land of snow and ice. The air became mild; the dark clouds of winter had rolled away from the sky; a pure field of blue was above him, and as he went he saw flowers beside his path, and heard the song of birds. By these signs he knew that he was going the right way, for they agreed with the traditions of his tribe.

At length he spied a path. It led him through a grove, then up a long and elevated ridge, on the very top of which he came to a lodge. At the door stood an old man, with white hair, whose eyes, though deeply sunk, had a fiery brilliancy. He had a long robe of skins thrown loosely around his shoulders, and a staff in his hand. The young Chippewayan began to tell his story; but the venerable chief arrested him before he had proceeded to speak ten words.

"I have expected you," he replied, "and had just risen to bid you welcome to my abode. She whom you seek passed here but a few days since, and, being fatigued with her journey, rested herself here. Enter my lodge and be seated, and I will satisfy your inquiries, and give you directions from this point." Having done this, they both issued forth to the lodge door. "You see yonder gulf," said he, "and the wide-stretching blue plains beyond. It is the Land of Souls. You stand upon its borders, and my lodge is the gate of entrance. But you cannot take your body along. Leave it here, with your bow and arrows, your bundle, and your dog. You will find them safe on your return."

So saying, he re-entered the lodge, and the freed traveller bounded forward, as if his feet had suddenly

been endowed with the power of wings. But all things retained their natural colors and shapes. The woods and leaves and streams and lakes were only more bright and comely than he had ever witnessed. Animals bounded across his path with a freedom and confidence which seemed to tell him there was no bloodshed there. Birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves, and sported in the waters. There was but one thing in which he saw a very unusual effect. He noticed that his passage was not stopped by trees or other objects. He appeared to walk directly through them. They were, in fact, but the souls or shadows of material trees. He became sensible that he was in a land of shadows.

When he had travelled half a day's journey through a country which was continually becoming more attractive, he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the centre of which was a large and beautiful island. He found a canoe of shining white stone tied to the shore. He was now sure that he had come to the right path, for the aged man had told him of this. There were also shining paddles. He immediately entered the canoe, and took the paddles in his hands, when, to his joy and surprise, on turning round he beheld the object of his search in another canoe, exactly its counterpart in everything. She had exactly imitated his motions, and they were side by side. They at once pushed out from the shore, and began to cross the lake. Its waves seemed to be rising, and at a distance looked ready to swallow them up ; but just as they entered the whitened edge of them they seemed to melt away, as if they were but the images of waves. But no sooner was one wreath of foam passed than another, more threatening still, rose up. Thus they were in perpetual fear ; and what added to it was the clearness of the water, through which they could see heaps of beings who had perished before, and whose bones lay strewn on the bottom of the lake. The Master of Life had, however, decreed to let them pass, for the actions of neither of them had been bad. But they saw many others struggling and sinking in the waves. Old men and young men, males and females of all ages and ranks were there ; some passed, and some sank ; it was

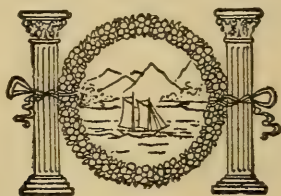
HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT

only the little children whose canoes seemed to meet no waves.

At length every difficulty was gone, as in a moment, and they both leaped out on the Happy Island. They felt that the very air was food ; it strengthened and nourished them. They wandered together over the blissful fields, where everything was formed to please the eye and the ear. There were no tempests ; there was no ice, no chilly wind ; no one shivered for the want of warm clothes ; no one suffered from hunger ; no one mourned for the dead. They saw no graves ; they heard of no wars. There was no hunting of animals ; for the air itself was food. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there forever ; but he was obliged to go back for his body.

He did not see the Master of Life ; but he heard his voice in a soft breeze—"Go back," said the voice, "to the land whence you came. Your time has not yet come. The duties for which I made you, and which you are to perform, are not yet finished. Return to your people, and accomplish the duties of a good man. You will be the ruler of your people for many days. The rules you must observe will be told you by my messenger who keeps the gate. When he surrenders back your body, he will tell you what to do. Listen to him, and you shall afterward rejoin the Spirit which you must now leave behind. She is accepted, and will be ever here, as young and happy as she was when I first called her from the land of snows."

When his voice ceased the narrator awoke. It was the fancy-work of a dream, and he was still in the bitter land of snows, and hunger, and tears.—*The Indian in His Wigwam.*



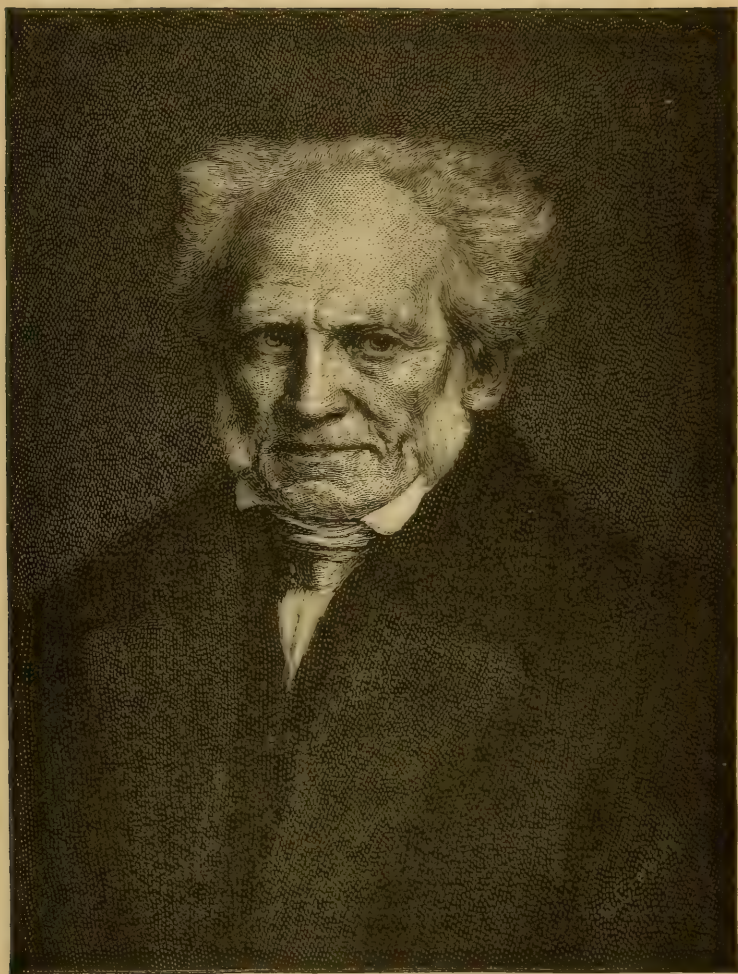


SCHOPENHAUER, ARTHUR, a German philosopher, born at Dantzic, February 22, 1788; died at Frankfort, September 21, 1860. While a youth he spent some months at an English school; then studied at Göttingen and Berlin; resided awhile at Weimar, where he is described by Goethe as "a young man not understood." His first work was *On the Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason* (1813). After travelling in Italy he returned to Berlin; then, about 1831, he took up his residence at Frankfort, where for his last thirty years he led the life of a gloomy recluse. His principal work, *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* (The World considered as Will, 1819), was written before he was thirty. He published nothing more for sixteen years, after which he wrote *The Will in Nature* (1836); *The Two Fundamental Problems of Ethics* (1841); *Parerga and Paralipomena* (1851), and other treatises.

Schopenhauer is a pronounced type of the pessimistic school of philosophy. He held, among other absurd theories, that the world is essentially and radically wrong.

THE EGOISTIC WILL.

Our inductive science ends with the questions, "Whence?" "Wherefore?" We observe facts and classify them, but then follows a question respecting the Substance that lies behind the Facts. What do they



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express? What is the Will of which they are the Representation? If we were isolated from the world around us, we could not answer the question. But we are not so isolated. We belong to Nature, and Nature is included in ourselves. We have in ourselves the law of the world around us. We find in our own bodies the mechanical laws and those of the organic life manifested in plants and animals. We have the same understanding which we find working around us in the system of Nature. If we consisted only of Body and Understanding, we could not distinguish ourselves from Nature. If we know ourselves, we know what is in Nature.

Now what do we find the facts controlling our own natural life? An impulse which we may call the Will to live. We often use the word Will in a complex sense as implying both Thought and Choice; but in its purest, simplest sense, as the word is used here it means the impulse or force which is the cause of a phenomenon. In this sense there is a Will from which the movements within the earth or upon its surface derive their origin. It works continuously upward from the form of crystals, through the forms of zoöphytes, mollusca, anelids, insecta, arachnoids, crustacea, pisces, reptilia, aves, and mammalia. There is one Will manifested in the growth of all plants and animals. That which we call a purpose when viewed as associated with intellect, is, when regarded most simply, or in itself, a force or impulse—the natural Will of which we are now speaking. It is the Will to live—the mighty impulse by which every creature is impelled to maintain its own existence, and without any care for the existence of others. It is an unconscious Egoism. Nature is apparently a collection of many wills; but all are reducible to one—the will to live. Its whole life is a never-ending warfare. It is forever at strife *with itself*; for it asserts itself in one form to deny itself as asserted in other forms. It is everywhere furnished with means for working out its purpose. Where the Will of the lion is found, we find the powerful limbs, the claws, the teeth, necessary for supporting the life to which the animal is urged by his Will. The will is found in man united with an Understanding, but it is not subservient

to that Understanding. On the contrary, the Understanding, or Intellect, is subservient. The Will is the moving power ; the Understanding is the instrument.

This one Will in Nature and in ourselves serves to explain a great part of all the movements of human society. Hence arise the collisions of interests that excite envy, strife, and hatred between individuals or classes. Society differs from an unsocial state of life in the forms imposed by Intelligence on the egoistic Will, but not in any radical change made in that Will. Thus, etiquette is the convenience of egoism, and the law is a fixing of boundaries within which egoism may conveniently pursue its objects. The world around us—including what is called the social or civilized world—may seem fair, when it is viewed only as a stage, and without any reference to the tragedy that is enacted upon it. But, viewed in its reality, it is an arena for gladiators, or an amphitheatre where all who would be at peace have to defend themselves. As Voltaire says, it is with the sword in hand that we must live and die. The man who expects to find peace and safety here is like the traveller, told of in one of Gracian's stories, who, entering a district where he hoped to meet his fellow-men, found it peopled only by wolves and bears, while men had escaped to caves in a neighboring forest.

The same egoistic Will that manifests itself dimly in the lowest stages of life, and becomes more and more clearly pronounced, as we ascend to creatures of higher organization, attains its highest energy in man, and is here modified, but not essentially changed, by a superior intelligence. The insect world is full of slaughter ; the sea hides from us frightful scenes of cruel rapacity ; the tyrannical and destructive instinct marks the so-called king of birds, and rages in the feline tribes. In human society some mitigation of this strife takes place as the results of experience and culture. By the use of the Understanding, the Will makes laws for itself, so that the natural *bellum omnium contra omnes* is modified, and leaves to the few victors some opportunities of enjoying the results of their victory. Law is a means of reducing the evils of social strife to their most convenient form, and politics must be regarded in the same way. The

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strength of all law and government lies in our dread of the anarchy Will that lies couched behind the barriers of society, and is ready to spring forth when they are broken down.—*The Will in Nature.*

SOCIETY AND MORAL CULTURE.

Society is nothing more than a continuation of the conflict of Nature under the guidance of Intelligence. It is vain to hope for any amelioration of society from the prevalence of an intellectual education. Culture of the intellect supplies new weapons for use in the conflict, and may render it less rude in appearance, but cannot change its nature. Therefore no change of human nature can ever be affected by the spread of moral doctrines. A man at rest will argue with you by way of pastime, just as he would play at draughts; but let his Will be roused; then appeal to his logical notions, and you will find how much he really cares for them. Tell the theoretical Democrat or Leveller, when he acts as a tyrant, that his conduct is "inconsequent." He will laugh at you. He always was at heart a tyrant; he now can show it, and does so. Doctrines and creeds are forms; the Will supplies their contents. Just as a vehicle may convey substances having wholesome or injurious or indifferent properties, so any system of thinking—theological, social, or political—may be made to bear any purport, good or bad. To try to shape opinions so that they may not be made subservient to any evil purpose is all labor in vain.—*The Will in Nature.*





SCHREINER, OLIVE, an English novelist, born in South Africa about 1863. Her father was a German, who went to Africa as a missionary, and her mother is English. She early began to write stories, among which was *The Story of an African Farm*. She went to England in 1882 and published this book, under the pseudonym "Ralph Iron." Owing to its originality, the book met with much success. Her more recent works include *Dreams* (1890-93), and *Dream Life and Real Life* (1893).

"Olive Schreiner," says the *New York Tribune*, "has shown us the Cape Colony before it became the talk of politicians, not to tell us of the introspection of a farmer-boy in the sheep-pastures nor the romance of a wild, spirited girl, but to reveal to the public the real spirit of colonial life on either side of the Vaal—the hidden springs of emotion which go farther to maintain independence on one side and loyalty on the other than do treaties or Chartered Company troops."

"When *The Story of an African Farm* was first submitted for publication," says *The Bookman*, "it was much longer than it is now. It was read by Mr. George Meredith, who recommended large omissions, which were reluctantly made before its presentation to the public."

OLIVE SCHREINER

IN THE AFRICAN MOONLIGHT.

The full African moon poured down its light from the blue sky into the wide, lonely plain. The dry, sandy earth, with its coating of stunted "karroo" bushes a few inches high, the low hills that skirted the plain, the milk-bushes with their long, finger-like leaves, all were touched by a weird and almost oppressive beauty as they lay in the white light.

In one spot only was the solemn monotony of the plain broken. Near the centre a small solitary "kopje" rose. Alone it lay there, a heap of round ironstones piled one upon the other, as over some giant's grave. Here and there a few tufts of grass or small succulent plants had sprung up among its stones, and on the very summit a clump of prickly-pears lifted their thorny arms, and reflected, as from mirrors, the moonlight on their broad, fleshy leaves. At the foot of the "kopje" lay the homestead. First, the stone-walled "sheep kraals" and Kaffir huts; beyond them the dwelling-house—a square, red-brick building with thatched roof. Even on its bare, red walls, and the wooden ladder that led up to the loft, the moonlight cast a kind of dreamy beauty, and quite etherealized the low brick wall that ran before the house, and which enclosed a bare patch of sand and two straggling sunflowers. On the zinc roof of the great, open wagon-house, on the roofs of the outbuildings that jutted from its side, the moonlight glinted with a quite peculiar brightness, till it seemed that every rib in the metal was of burnished silver.

Sleep ruled everywhere, and the homestead was not less quiet than the solitary plain.

In the farm-house, on her great, wooden bedstead, Tant' Sannie, the Boer-woman, rolled heavily in her sleep. She had gone to bed, as she always did, in her clothes, and she dreamed bad dreams. Not of the ghosts and devils that so haunted her waking thoughts; not of her second husband, the consumptive Englishman, whose grave lay away beyond the ostrich-camps, nor of her first, the young Boer; but only of the sheep's

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trotters she had eaten for supper that night. She dreamed that one stuck fast in her throat, and she rolled her huge form from side to side, and snorted horribly.

In the next room, where the maid had forgotten to close the shutter, the white moonlight fell in a flood, and made it light as day. There were two small beds against the wall. In one lay a yellow-haired child, with a low forehead and a face of freckles; but the loving moonlight hid defects here as elsewhere, and showed only the innocent face of a child in its first sweet sleep.

The figure in the companion bed belonged of right to the moonlight, for it was of quite elfin-like beauty. The child had dropped her cover on the floor, and the moonlight looked in at the naked little limbs. Presently she opened her eyes and looked at the moonlight that was bathing her.

"Em!" she called to the sleeper in the other bed; but received no answer. Then she drew the cover from the floor, turned her pillow and, pulling the sheet over her head, went to sleep again.—*The Story of an African Farm*





SCHURZ, CARL, a German-American statesman, journalist, and general, born at Liblar, near Cologne, Prussia, March 22, 1829. He entered the University of Bonn in 1846, but at the beginning of the revolution of 1848 became associated in the publication of a Liberal newspaper, and in 1849 entered the revolutionary army. On the surrender of Rastadt he fled to Switzerland. He lived for a while in Paris and London, acting as correspondent for German journals, and teaching. In 1852 he came to America. He first resided in Philadelphia. In 1854 he removed to Watertown, Wis. During the contest between Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln for the office of United States Senator from Illinois he delivered his first speech in the English language, which was published. Subsequently he practised law in Milwaukee, lectured in New England, supported Lincoln in the Republican National Convention of 1860, and was appointed Minister to Spain in 1861. He resigned to serve in the Union army, was commissioned brigadier-general of volunteers in 1862, and major-general of volunteers in 1863. In 1865-66 he was Washington correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, and in 1866 founded the *Post* in Detroit. In 1867 he became editor of the *Westliche Post* in St. Louis, and in 1869 was chosen United States Senator from Missouri, serving till

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1875. In 1877 he was appointed Secretary of the Interior. He introduced competitive examinations for appointments in the Interior, made reforms in the Indian service, and adopted measures to protect forests on public lands. From 1880 to 1884 he was editor of the New York *Evening Post*. Among his celebrated speeches are *The Irrepressible Conflict* (1858); *The Doom of Slavery* (1860); *The Abolition of Slavery as a War Measure* (1862), and *Eulogy on Charles Sumner* (1874). His speeches were published collectively in 1865. He is the author of a *Life of Henry Clay* (2 vols., 1887), in the *American Statesmen Series*.

CLAY AS ORATOR AND AS LEADER.

His most potent faculty has left the most imperfect monuments behind it. He was without question the greatest parliamentary orator and one of the greatest popular speakers America has ever had. Webster excelled him in breadth of knowledge, in keenness of reasoning, in weight of argument, and in purity of diction. But Clay possessed in a far higher degree the true oratorical temperament—that force of nervous exaltation which makes the orator feel himself, and appear to others, a superior being, and almost irresistibly transfuses his thoughts, his passions, and his will into the mind and heart of the listener. Webster would instruct and convince and elevate, but Clay would overcome his audience. There could scarcely be a more striking proof of his power than the immediate effect we know his speeches to have produced upon those who heard them, compared with the impression of heavy tameness we receive when merely reading the printed reports.

In the elements, too, which make a man a leader, Clay was greatly the superior of Webster, as well as of all other contemporaries, excepting Andrew Jackson. He had not only in rare development the faculty of

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winning the affectionate devotion of men, but his personality imposed itself, without an effort, so forcibly upon others that they involuntarily looked to him for direction, waited for his decisive word before making up their minds, and not seldom yielded their better judgment to his will-power.

While this made him a very strong leader, he was not a safe guide. The rare brightness of his intellect and his fertile fancy served, indeed, to make himself and others forget his lack of accurate knowledge and studious thought; but these brilliant qualities could not compensate for his deficiency in that prudence and forecast which are required for the successful direction of political forces. His impulses were vehement, and his mind was not well fitted for the patient analysis of complicated problems and of difficult political situations. His imagination frequently ran away with his understanding. His statesmanship had occasionally something of the oratorical character. Now and then he appeared to consider it as important whether a conception or a measure would sound well, as whether, if put into practice, it would work well. He disliked advice which differed from his preconceived opinions; and, with his imperious temper, and ardent combativeness, he was apt, as in the struggle about the United States Bank, to put himself, and to hurry his party, into positions of great disadvantage. It is a remarkable fact that during his long career in Congress he was in more or less pronounced opposition to all administrations, even those of his own party, save that of Jefferson, under which he served only one short session in the Senate, and that of John Quincy Adams, of which he was a member. . . .

Whatever Clay's weaknesses of character and errors in statesmanship may have been, almost everything he said or did was illumined by a grand conception of the destinies of his country, a glowing national spirit, a lofty patriotism. Whether he thundered against British tyranny on the seas, or urged the recognition of the South American sister republics, or attacked the high-handed conduct of the military chieftain in the Florida war, or advocated protection and internal improvements, or assailed the one-man power and spoils politics in the

person of Andrew Jackson, or entreated for compromise and conciliation regarding the tariff or slavery ; whether what he advocated was wise or unwise, right or wrong—there was always ringing through his words a fervid plea for his country, a zealous appeal in behalf of the honor and the future greatness and glory of the Republic, or an anxious warning lest the Union, and with it the greatness and glory of the American people, be put in jeopardy. It was a just judgment which he pronounced upon himself when he wrote : “ If anyone desires to know the leading and paramount object of my public life, the preservation of this Union will furnish him the key.”—*Life of Henry Clay*.

THE DOOM OF SLAVERY.

Let us for a moment judge the people of the Free States by the meanest criterion we can think of ; let us apply a supposition to them, which, if applied to ourselves, we would consider an insult. If the people of the Free States were so devoid of moral sense as not to distinguish between right and wrong ; so devoid of generous impulses as not to sympathize with the downtrodden and degraded ; so devoid of manly pride as to be naturally inclined to submit to everybody who is impudent enough to assume the command ; tell me, even in this worst, this most disgusting of all contingencies, could free labor quietly submit to the demands of the slave power so long as it has a just appreciation of its own interests ? If we cared neither for other people's rights nor for our own dignity, could we submit as long as we cared for our own pockets ?

Surrender the privilege of discussing our social problems without restraint ? Be narrowed down to a given circle of ideas, which we shall not transgress ! Do we not owe our growth and prosperity and power to that freedom of inquiry which is the source of all progress and improvement ? Surrender the national Territories to Slavery ! Do we not owe growth and prosperity to the successful labor of our neighbors, just as well as to our own ? Shall we consent to be surrounded and hemmed in with thriftless communities whose institutions retard

their growth, and thereby retard our own? Abandon all laws, like the Homestead Bill, tending to establish free labor on our national domain! Shall we thus give up the rights of labor, and destroy the inheritance of our children? Give up our opposition to the extension of slavery by the conquest of foreign countries! Shall we squander the blood of our sons and the marrow of the land in destructive wars for the profit of the enemies of free labor, while it is a peaceful development to which we owe our power in the world? Adopt the exclusive economical policy of the planting interest! Shall our mineral wealth sleep undeveloped in the soil? Shall our water-powers run idle, and the bustle of our factories cease? Shall the immense laboring force in our increasing population be deprived of the advantage of a harmonious development of all the branches of human labor? Shall we give up our industrial and commercial independence of the world abroad?

And what price do they offer to pay us for all our sacrifices, if we submit? Why, slavery can then be preserved! How can we hesitate? Impossible! It cannot be thought of! Even the most debased and submissive of our dough-faces cannot submit to it, as soon as the matter comes to a practical test; and, therefore, the success of the Southern programme will never bring about a final decision of the conflict. Suppose we were beaten in the present electoral contest, would that decide the conflict of interests forever? No! Thanks to the nobler impulses of human nature, our consciences would not let us sleep; thanks to the good sense of the people, their progressive interests would not suffer them to give up the struggle. The power of resistance, the elasticity of free society, cannot be exhausted by one, cannot be annihilated by a hundred, defeats. Why? Because it receives new impulses, new inspirations, from every day's work; it marches on in harmony with the spirit of the age.—*Speeches.*



SCHUYLER, EUGENE, American traveller and diplomatist, born at Ithaca, N. Y., February 26, 1840; died at Cairo, Egypt, July 18, 1890. He was graduated at Yale in 1859, at Columbia Law School in 1863, and practised his profession for several years, devoting his leisure to literature. In 1867-69 he was United States Consul at Moscow, in 1869-70 at Revel, and in 1870-76 at St. Petersburg. In 1876 he became Consul-General and Secretary of Legation at Constantinople, and was sent to investigate the Turkish massacres in Bulgaria. He was Consul at Birmingham in 1878; at Rome in 1879; at Bucharest in 1880, and in 1881 signed treaties with Roumania and Servia. In 1882-84 he was Minister and Consul-General to Greece, Servia, and Roumania, and in 1889 was appointed Consul-General at Cairo, after which he returned to the United States. Williams gave him the degree of LL.D. in 1882, and Yale in 1885. He contributed to English and American reviews and magazines, and edited John A. Porter's *Selections from the Kalevala* (1867); and translated Ivan Turgénieff's *Fathers and Sons* (1867), and Tolstoï's *The Cossacks* (1878). His books include *Turkistan: Notes of a Journey in Russian Turkistan, Khokand, Bokhara, and Kuldja* (1876); *Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer* (2 vols., 1884), and *American Diplomacy and the Furtherance of Commerce* (1886).

EUGENE SCHUYLER

THE WAR IN LITHUANIA.

In the spring of 1707, four months before Charles actually left Saxony, there was a rumor that he was about to march through Poland and invade Russia. Peter immediately sent detachments into Great Poland, toward the Silesian frontier, in order to devastate the country, and thus render the Swedish march more difficult. Towns like Rawicz and Lissa were burned and destroyed, bridges were broken down, and wells filled up. Colonel Schultz, with his band of Tartars and Kalmuks, was most active in this kind of work.

The danger seemed so pressing that the engineer Iván Kortchmin was sent to Moscow, to put the fortifications of that city, and especially of the Kremlin, into thorough repair. He arrived there in the middle of June, and in ten days the work began. But even before his arrival, the report of Charles's march had reached Moscow, and according to Pleyer, "the Moscovites were greatly terrified. Nobody spoke of anything except of flight or death. Many of the merchants, under pretext of going to the fair, took their wives and children to Archangel, where they had usually gone alone. The great foreign merchants and capitalists hastened to go to Hamburg with their families and their properties, while the mechanics and artisans went into their service." The foreigners, not only of Moscow, but of all the neighboring towns, applied to their Ministers for protection, "as they feared not only the harshness and rapacity of the Swedes, but, even more, a general rising and massacre in Moscow, where people were already embittered by the immeasurable increase of the taxes." "The terror here has still more increased," he wrote, in a subsequent despatch, "since the order has arrived to repair all the walls around the town and fortify the Kremlin. An engineer has come here who studied fortifications for two years in Berlin, and has drawn up a plan of the works. The beautiful old church of Jerusalem, or the Trinity, is to be pulled down. The Hospital row of shops, famous from old times, the Foundry Court, the Red and White walls, with all the churches,

houses, monasteries—all he proposes to pull down, otherwise it will be impossible to shoot. Five thousand men are at work every day. The people are so enraged that the engineer does not dare to show himself without a guard." The Jerusalem Church referred to by Pleyer is just outside of the Kremlin, and is that commonly known by the name of the Church of St. Basil the Beatified, with its eleven domes, each of different color and design. Fortunately for the beauty of Moscow, this plan of wholesale destruction was not carried out, and this church, the towers and walls of the Kremlin, and the other antiquities, were preserved. The news of the disorders at Moscow reached the army, and an official proclamation was sent back, deriding the fears of the Moscovites when the enemy was not as near as he had been previously, but saying that precaution was better than negligence, and quoting the old Roman proverb: "A wild beast cannot harm a cautious horse." Meanwhile, two men were taken from every house, to work on the fortifications, or three rubles had to be paid every month; and so strict were the demands that children were taken from the houses as pledges for the appearance of the workmen. In November, the fortifications were inspected by the Tsarévitch Alexis, who had just returned from the army, and Pleyer writes: "In the last six months the fortifications have made great progress. Guns will soon be placed on many of them, and fire can be opened. The engineer demands 10,000 cannon." The Tróitsa Monastery and the towns of Mozháisk, Sérpukhóf, Tver, and others were fortified in the same way.—*Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer.*





SCHWATKA, FREDERICK, an American explorer, born at Galena, Ill., September 29, 1849; died at Portland, Ore., November 2, 1892. After graduation at the United States Military Academy, in 1871, he served on garrison and frontier duty until 1877. He also studied medicine and law, receiving his medical degree at the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, in 1876, and being admitted to the bar of Nebraska in 1875. He determined to search for traces of Sir John Franklin's party, and accompanied William H. Gilder as second in command of the *Eothen*, which sailed for King William's Land on June 19, 1878. The party returned in 1880, having found and buried many of the skeletons of Sir John Franklin's party, and discovered much of the mystery which had so long enveloped it. Lieutenant Schwatka found many interesting relics, among which was a paper containing the record of Sir John Franklin's death on June 7, 1847. This expedition was marked by the longest sledge-journey on record—3,251 statute miles, during which a branch of Back's River was discovered, which Lieutenant Schwatka named for President Hayes. He explored the Yukon River in Alaska, and rejoined his regiment in 1884, but resigned in that year the commission of first lieutenant of the Third Cavalry, to which he had been assigned in

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1879. In 1886 he commanded the Alaskan exploring expedition of the *New York Times*. Lieutenant Schwatka received the Roquette Arctic Medal from the Geographical Society of Paris, and a medal from the Imperial Geographical Society of Russia. He was the author of *Along Alaska's Great River* (1885); *Nimrod in the North* (1885), and *The Children of the Cold*, contributed to the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, and published in book-form (1886).

LITTLE ESKIMO AT PLAY.

There is one kind of play in which the Eskimo boys seem always ready to indulge—a roll downhill. They select a small but steep hill, or incline, well covered with snow, and, seating themselves on the top of the ridge, thrust their heads between their legs, pass their clinched, gloved hands over their ankles, pressing their legs as closely against their bodies as possible. They thus really make themselves into big balls covered with reindeer hair, and then away they go on a rolling race downhill, suddenly spreading themselves out at full length, and stopping instantly at the bottom of the hill. Every now and then, when a playful mood strikes a boy, he will double himself up and roll downhill without waiting for the rivalry of a race, but it is violent exercise, and it bumps the little urchin severely.

Another athletic amusement in which the boys indulge, and which requires a great deal of strength, is a peculiar kind of short race on the hands and feet. The boys lean forward on their hands and feet, with their arms and legs held as stiffly as possible, and under no circumstances must they bend either the elbows or knees. In this stiff and rigid position, resting only on their feet and on the knuckles of their clinched fists, they jump or hitch forward a couple of inches by a quick, convulsive movement of the whole body. These movements are rapidly repeated, perhaps once or twice in a second, until the contestants have covered two or three yards along the hard snowdrifts. Then they become exhausted,

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for, as I have already said, this exercise calls for considerable strength, and is indeed a very fatiguing amusement; so that by the time a boy has played quite energetically in this way, if only for a minute, he feels very tired, and is willing to take a breathing-spell. It is not a very graceful game, and if you were to take a carpenter's wooden horse and to jog it along by sharp jerks over the floor, you would have a tolerably fair representation of this awkward game of the Eskimo children. The best part of it all is the exercise it gives them, and often one will see a single boy jumping along in this stiff-legged fashion as if he were practising for a race, a slight downhill grade being preferred.

Another method of racing, somewhat similar to the above, is also practised; folding the arms across the breast, and holding the knees rigid, with the feet close together, the contestants paddle along as fast as possible by short jumps of an inch or two. It is a severe strain on the feet, and one cannot go very far in so awkward a way. The little girls, standing in a row of from three to five, often jump up and down in the same manner, keeping a sort of time with the thumping of their heels to the rude songs that they are spluttering out in jerks and gasps as unmusical as the hammering of their heels. A lot of these little damsels would favor us with a short version of this stiff-jumping, spluttering melody whenever they were particularly grateful for some small gift we had presented to them.

A capital game played by the little girls, and by some of the smaller boys, is a rude sort of ball-game. Thick sealskin leather is made into a ball about the size of our common base-ball, and then filled about two-thirds full with sand. If completely filled it would be as hard and unyielding as a stone, and the singular *sliding* way it has of yielding because of its being only partially filled, makes it much harder to catch and retain in the hands than our common ball. The game is a very simple one, much like our play with bean-bags, and consists simply in striking at the ball with the open palm of the hand, and, when there is a crowd of players, in keeping the ball constantly in the air. This is a favorite summer game when the snow is off the ground and the people

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are living in sealskin tents. No doubt it affords considerable exercise. Whenever the ball drops to the ground, or the players fail to keep it flying, it is a signal for a rest. Simple as is the game, the little Eskimo manage to gain much fun and excitement from it, and whenever you hear an unusual amount of shouting and loud and boisterous merriment out-of-doors, you may be almost certain of finding, when you go to your tent door, that all the children of the village are engaged in a game of "sand-bag-ball."

Another Eskimo out-of-door amusement much resembles the old Indian game of "lacrosse." It is played on the smooth lake ice, with three or four small, round balls of quartz or granite, about the size of an English walnut. These are kicked and knocked about the lake with plenty of fun and shouting, but utterly without any rules to govern the game.

It takes a long time to grind one of these irregular pieces of stone into a round ball, but the Eskimo people are very patient and untiring in their routine work, and with them, as with the Indians, time is of hardly any consequence whatever. The number of years that they will spend in plodding away at the most simple things shows them to be probably the most patient people in the world.—*Children of the Cold.*





SCOLLARD, CLINTON, an American poet, born at Clinton, Oneida County, N. Y., September 18, 1860. After graduation at Hamilton College, in 1881, he studied for two years in Harvard, and travelled in Europe in 1886-87, spending several months in Cambridge University, before visiting Egypt, Greece, and Palestine. In 1888 he became Assistant Professor of Rhetoric at Hamilton College. He has published three volumes of poems, *Pictures in Songs* (1884); *With Reed and Lyre* (1886); *Old and New Lyrics* (1888); *Giovio and Giulia* (1891); *Songs of Sunrise Lands* (1892), and an edition of Ford's *Broken Heart* (1895).

GRASS.

It trembles round me like a sea
O'er which the south wind softly blows,
Deep green and dense and billowy,
And odorous with the wild primrose.

From its dim aisles the crickets cry,
In jocund measure, long and loud,
To swift-winged swallows soaring high
To gain the opal-hearted cloud.

Deep in its hollows, dusky sweet,
The bee his honeyed plunder hides;
Above it, saffron Psyche meet,
Borne down the air in perfumed tides.

A potent power, subtly strong,
Controls my senses as I lie;
The morn is eloquent with song,
And earth seems yearning to the sky.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

My heart is glad with life, and yet
These emerald spears that gently wave
(Alas! why can I not forget?)
Will one day nod above my grave.

THE DRYAD.

Within these dells
A Dryad dwells
Amid the wind-blown pimpernels;
Yet none have seen
Her trip between
The glimmering vistas, silvery green,
Though many feel her mystic spells.

May it be mine
Some morn divine
To see her fluttering garments shine!
And hear the beat
Of hurrying feet
Upon the ferns and grasses sweet,
And catch her laughter, airy fine.

For whoso sees
Amid the trees
Her form that like a phantom flees,
To him alone
There shall be shown
Deep secrets to no mortal known,
All nature's subtle mysteries.

What rushes say
At dusk of day,
The perfect prayer that lilies pray,
The amorous art
To win a heart
Unfolding rose-buds might impart,
Where hides the will-o'-the-wisp away;

Why fire-flies light
Their lanterns bright
On each serene midsummer night,
The words that float
On every note

CLINTON SCOLLARD

That wells out from a feathered throat,
Where insect armies take their flight.

 All this and more
 Shall be his store
Who sees her foot the forest floor :
 Then be it mine
 Some morn divine
To meet her 'neath a hoary pine,
And learn the symbols of her lore.

AS I CAME DOWN FROM LEBANON.

As I came down from Lebanon,
Came winding, wandering, slowly down
Through mountain-passes, bleak and brown,
The cloudless day was wellnigh done.
The city like an opal set
In emerald, showed each minaret
Afire with radiant beams of sun,
And glistened orange, fig, and lime,
Where song-birds made melodious chime,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
Like lava in the dying glow,
Through olive orchards, far below,
I saw the murmuring river run ;
And 'neath the wall upon the sand
Swart sheiks from distant Samarcand,
With precious spices they had won,
Lay long and languidly in wait
Till they might pass the guarded gate,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
I saw strange men from lands afar
In mosque and square and gay bazaar,
The Magi that the Moslem shun,
And grave Effendi from Stamboul
Who sherbet sipped in corners cool
And, from the balconies o'errun
With roses, gleamed the eyes of those

CLINTON SCOLLARD

Who dwelt in still seraglios,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon
The flaming flower of daytime died,
And Night, arrayed as is a bride
Of some great king in garments spun
Of purple and the finest gold,
Outbloomed in glories manifold ;
Until the moon, above the dun
And darkening desert, void of shade,
Shone like a keen Damascus blade,
As I came down from Lebanon.

IN THE LIBRARY.

From the oriels one by one
Slowly fades the setting sun ;
On the marge of afternoon
Stands the new-born crescent moon ;
In the twilight's crimson glow
Dim the quiet alcoves grow.
Drowsy-lidded Silence smiles
On the long, deserted aisles ;
Out of every shadowy nook
Spirit faces seem to look,
Some with smiling eyes, and some
With a sad entreaty dumb ;
He who shepherded his sheep
On the wild Sicilian steep ;
He above whose grave are set
Sprays of Roman violet ;
Poet, sages—all who wrought
In the crucible of thought
Day by day as seasons glide
On the great, eternal tide,
Noiselessly they gather thus
In the twilight beauteous,
Hold communion each with each,
Closer than our earthly speech,
Till within the East are born
Premonitions of the morn.

—*With Reed and Lyre.*



SCOTT, MICHAEL, a Scottish descriptive writer, born in Glasgow, October 30, 1789; died in 1835. He was educated at the high school and at the university of his native city. In 1806, at the age of seventeen, he was sent to Jamaica, where he was employed in the management of several estates until 1810, when he joined a mercantile house in Kingston. With the exception of a visit to his native country in 1817-18, when he married, he remained in Jamaica until 1822, when he finally returned home and became permanently resident in his native city, where he died at the age of forty-six. He is known to the literary world as the author of *Tom Cringle's Log*, a series of clever fugitive papers commenced in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1829, and afterward published as a separate work in two volumes. This work was published *incognito* "by a native of Glasgow;" and it was not until after his death that the secret was fully made known even to his publishers. During his residence in Jamaica his business had led him often to visit the adjacent islands and the Spanish Main; and it was in this way that he had acquired that knowledge of West Indian scenery and character, as well as sea-life, which are so powerfully delineated in the brilliant tale with which his name is identified. It seems needless to say—though it has been said—that Michael Scott of

Tom Cringle's Log is not to be confounded with Sir Michael Scott, or Scot, the schoolman and reputed wizard of the thirteenth century, who, according to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, is buried in Melrose Abbey.

THE SINKING OF THE SLAVE-SHIP.

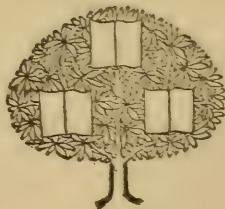
"Let fall the foresail, men—down with the foretack—cheerily now—get way on the brig, and overhaul the *Wave* promptly, or we are lost," cried I. It was done with all the coolness of desperate men. I took the helm, and presently we were once more alongside of our own vessel. Time we were so, for about one hundred and fifty of the slaves, whose shackles had been knocked off, now scrambled up the fore-hatchway, and we had only time to jump overboard when they made a rush aft; and no doubt, exhausted as we were, they would have massacred us on the spot, frantic and furious as they had become from the murderous fire of grape that had been directed down the hatchway.

But the fire was quicker than they. The smouldering smoke, that was rising like a pillar of cloud from the fore-hatchway, was now streaked with tongues of red flame, which, licking the masts and spars, ran up and caught the sails and rigging. In an instant the fire spread to every part of the gear aloft, while the other element, the sea, was also striving for the mastery in the destruction of the doomed vessel; for our shot, or the fall of the canonnade into the hold, had started some of the bottom planks, and she was fast settling down by the head. We could hear the water rushing in like a mill-stream. The fire increased—she gave a sudden heel—and while five hundred human beings, pent up in her noisome hold, split the heavens with their piercing death-yells, down she went, with a heavy lurch, head foremost, right in the wake of the setting sun, whose level rays made the thick, dun wreaths that burst from her as she disappeared glow with the hue of the amethyst; and while the whirling clouds, gilded by his dying radiance, curled up into the blue sky in rolling masses, growing

MICHAEL SCOTT

thinner and thinner, until they vanished away, even like the wreck whereout they arose, and the circling eddies created by her sinking no longer sparkled and flashed in the red light, and the stilled waters where she had gone down, as if oil had been cast on them, were spread out like polished silver, shining like a mirror, while all around was dark-blue ripple—a puff of fat, black smoke, denser than any we had yet seen, suddenly emerged, with a loud, gurgling noise, from out the deep bosom of the calmed sea, and rose like a balloon, rolling slowly upward, until it reached a little way above our mast-heads, where it melted and spread out into a dark pall, that overhung the scene of death, as if the incense of such a horrible and polluted sacrifice could not ascend into the pure heaven, but had been again crushed back upon our devoted heads, as a palpable manifestation of the wrath of Him who hath said, "Thou shalt not kill."

Soon all was quiet : a wounded black here and there was shrieking in his great agony, and struggling before he sank into his watery grave ; a few pieces of wreck were floating and sparkling on the surface of the deep in the blood-red sunbeams, which streamed in a flood of glorious light on the bloody deck, shattered hull, and torn sails and rigging of the *Wave*, and on the dead bodies and mangled limbs of those who had fallen ; while some heavy, scattering drops of rain fell sparkling from a passing cloud, as if nature had wept in pity over the dismal scene ; or as if they had been blessed tears, shed by an angel in his heavenward course, as he hovered for a moment and looked down in pity on the fantastic tricks played by the worm of a day—by weak man, in his little moment of power and ferocity.—*From Tom Cringle's Log.*





SCOTT, SIR WALTER, a famous Scottish poet, novelist, and historian, born at Edinburgh, August 15, 1771; died at Abbotsford, September 21, 1832. His father was a reputable attorney (*Scot.*, Writer to the Signet), and the son, after studying at the Edinburgh High School and the University, entered his father's office as a clerk, and was called to the bar in 1792. Owing to an accident in infancy he was rendered lame for life; but by the aid of a stout staff he grew up to be a good pedestrian, and was of uncommon physical strength and endurance. In 1799 he was made Sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire, a position worth £300 a year. He had already made his appearance as an author in several translations from the German, among which were Bürger's *Lenore* and Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*. He now abandoned strictly professional practice and devoted himself to poetical composition. The *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* appeared in 1802; this was followed by *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805); *Marmion* (1808); *The Lady of the Lake* (1810), all of which were received with favor hitherto without example. Less meritorious were *The Vision of Don Roderick* (1813); *Rokeby*, and *The Bridal of Triermain* (1814), but *The Lord of the Isles* (1815) deserves to rank with the earlier poems. Scattered through the "Waverley Novels," the first of which appeared in 1814, are

songs and mottoes, some of which are of great beauty.

In 1812 Scott came into possession of the emoluments of the position of Clerk of the Court of Sessions, the reversion of which had previously been settled upon him. The post was practically a sinecure, the emoluments for life being £1,300 a year, and the duties merely nominal. Soon, however, the income from his works became enormous, and to him and those about him the source from which they flowed seemed inexhaustible. He bought a hundred acres of wild moorland some thirty miles from Edinburgh; purchase after purchase followed, amounting in all to more than £40,000. Here he proceeded to erect a mansion of Gothic architecture, at an expense of £30,000. The original name of the place, "Clarty Hole," was changed for Abbotsford, the designation for a portion of the Tweed hard by. Here he kept open house, and poured forth the constant stream of the "Waverley Novels." Perhaps the one proudest day of Scott's life was that on which, in 1820, he was made a baronet by George IV., who had just come to the throne, and was on a visit to Scotland.

In the meanwhile, Scott had entered into a partnership with his old school-fellows, the Ballantynes, who were apparently flourishing as printers. This led to a kind of partnership with Archibald Constable, the great bookseller, who became his publisher. Constable was apparently a most prosperous man when the financial crisis of 1825 overtook him. He went down, dragging the Ballantynes; and, what with partnership debts and paper which

WALTER SCOTT

he had endorsed, Scott was found a debtor to the amount of nearly £150,000. This he undertook to pay off with his pen. Abbotsford was closed up; Scott retired to lodgings at Edinburgh, and set himself resolutely to work with such zeal that in four years he had paid off nearly a half of what he owed. He wrote the *Life of Napoleon*, the *Tales of a Grandfather*, being scenes from Scottish history, *Letters on Demonology*, two or three novels, and several dramatic pieces.

Under this stress of work he broke down. In February, 1830, he had a slight stroke of paralysis, but he still kept on working. A severer attack in the following April gave warning that he must have rest. A visit to Italy was resolved upon, and the British Government sent him out in a man-of-war. This visit lasted fifteen months. On his return he had scarcely reached London when he had an apoplectic attack, combined with almost total paralysis. With difficulty the almost unconscious man was conveyed to Abbotsford, where he lingered for six weeks, and died on September 21, 1832. With him were his two sons, two daughters, and several grandchildren. In twoscore years all these had passed away, leaving none behind.

THE PENITENTIAL PROCESSION.

Naught of the bridal will I tell,
Which after in short space befell.
More meet it were to mark the day
Of penitence and prayer divine,
When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,
Sought Melrose's holy shrine :
With naked foot and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,

WALTER SCOTT

Did every pilgrim go.
The standers-by might hear uneath
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
Through all the lengthened row.
No lordly look nor martial stride ;
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
Forgotten their renown.
Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide
To the high altar's hallowed side,
And there they knelt them down.
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave ;
Beneath the lettered stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers, dead ;
From many a garnished niche around
Stern saints and tortured martyrs frowned.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, in order due,
The holy Fathers, two and two,
In long procession, came ;
Taper and Host, and book they bare,
And holy banner flourished fair
With the Redeemer's name.
Above the prostrate pilgrim band
The mitred Abbot stretched his hand,
And blessed them as they kneeled.
With holy cross he signed them all,
And prayed they might be sage in hall
And fortunate in field.
Then the mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead ;
And bells tolled out their mighty peal
For the departed spirits' weal.
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose ;
And far the echoing aisles prolong,
The awful burthen of the song :

*Dies Iræ, Dies illa.
Solvat sæclum in favilla.*

WALTER SCOTT

While the pealing organ rung,
Thus the holy fathers sung :

“ That Day of Wrath, that dreadful day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner’s stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?
When shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead :
Oh ! on that day, that dreadful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner’s stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.”

—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

THE PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array

To Surrey’s camp to ride ;
He had safe conduct for his band
Beneath the royal seal and hand,

And Douglas gave a guide :
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered, in an undertone,
“ Let the hawk stoop, his prey has flown.”
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu.

“ Though something I might ’plain,” he said,
“ Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king’s behest,

While in Tantallon’s towers I stayed ;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand.”
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :
“ My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open at my sovereign’s will,

WALTER SCOTT

To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own ;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire
And shook his very frame for ire,

And—"This to me !" he said—
"An' 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared

To cleave the Douglas' head !
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate.
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

E'en in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword !)

I tell thee, thou'rt defied !
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord of Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou lied !"

On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age :
Fierce he broke forth, "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall ?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go ?
No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no !
Up drawbridge, grooms !—What, warder ; ho !
Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turned—well was his need,
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung :
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume.

WALTER SCOTT

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise ;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim :
And when Lord Marmion reached his band
He halts, and turns with clinchèd hand,
And shouts of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers,
"Horse ! horse !" the Douglas cried, "and chase !"
But soon he reined his fury's pace.
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.
St. Mary mend my fiery mood !
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him, too," he cried :
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride.
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

—*Marmion.*

FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapped in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell ;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the craig and threads the brake ;
And not the summer solstice there
Tempered the midnight mountain-air ;
But every breeze that swept the wold
Benumbed his drenchèd limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished, and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on ;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.

WALTER SCOTT

Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer ;
And up he sprang, with sword in hand :
"Thy name and purpose? Saxon, stand!"
"A stranger." "What dost thou require?"
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire ;
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."
"Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "No."
"Thou dar'st not call thyself a foe?"
"I dare! To him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand."
"Bold words! but though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend
Ere hound we slip or bow we bend,
Who ever recked where, how, or when
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts: yet sure they lie,
Who say thou camest a secret spy?"
"They do! By Heaven! Come Roderick Dhu
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest!"
"If by the light I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."
"Then by these tokens thou may'st know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe!"
"Enough, enough! Sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."
He gave him of his Highland cheer
The hardened flesh of mountain-deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid;
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addrest:
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more—upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.

WALTER SCOTT

It rests with me to wind my horn,
Thou art with numbers overborne ;
It rests with me, here, hand to hand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand ;
But not for clan nor kindred's cause
Will I depart from honor's laws ;
To assail a weary man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name ;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day,
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and guards
As far as Coilantogle's ford ;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."
"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given !"
"Well, rest thee ; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath ;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down, like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

—*The Lady of the Lake.*

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

Now onward, and in open view,
The countless ranks of England drew,
Dark rolling like the ocean tide
When the rough west hath chafed his pride,
And his deep roar sends challenge wide
To all that bars his way.
In front the gallant archers trode,
The men-at-arms behind them rode,
And midmost of the phalanx broad
The monarch held his sway.
Beside him many a war-horse fumes,
Around him wave a sea of plumes,
Where many a knight in battle known,



THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

“And closing dark on every side,
Raged the full contest far and wide.
Then was the strength of Douglas tried.”

Drawing by A. de Neuville.

WALTER SCOTT

And some who spurs had first braced on,
And deemed that fight should see them won,
 King Edward's 'hest obey.
De Argentine attends his side
With stout De Valence—Pembroke's pride—
Selected champions from the train
To wait upon his bridle-rein.
Upon the Scottish foe he gazed ;
At once before his sight amazed
 Sunk banner, spear, and shield ;
Each weapon-point is downward bent.
"The rebels, Argentine, repent !
 For pardon they have kneeled."
"Ay ! but they bend to other powers,
And other pardon sue than ours.
See where yon barefoot Abbot stands,
And blesses them with lifted hands.
Upon the spot where they have kneeled
These men will die, or win the field."
"Then prove we, if they die or win !
Bid Gloster's Earl the fight begin."

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high,
 Just as the Northern ranks arose,
Signal for England's archery
 To halt and bend their bows.
Then stepped each yeoman forth a pace,
Glanced at the intervening space,
 And raised his left hand high ;
To the right ear the cords they bring ;
At once ten thousand bowstrings ring,
 Ten thousand arrows fly.
Nor paused on the devoted Scot
The ceaseless fury of their shot ;
 As fiercely and as fast
Forth whistling came the gray-goose wing
As the wild hailstones pelt and sing
 Adown December's blast.
Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide,
Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide ;
Woe, woe, to Scotland's bannered pride,
 If the fell shower may last.

WALTER SCOTT

Upon the right, behind the wood,
Each by his steed, dismounted, stood
The Scottish chivalry ;
With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,
Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain
His own keen heart, his eager train,
Until the archers gained the plain ;

Then, "Mount, ye gallants free !"
He cried ; and, vaulting from the ground,
His saddle every horseman found.
On high their glittering crests they toss,
As springs the wild-fire from the moss ;
The shield hangs down on every breast,
Each ready lance is in its rest.

And loud shouts Edward Bruce—
"Forth, Marshal, on the peasant foe !
We'll tame the terrors of their bow
And cut the bowstrings loose !"

Then spurs were dashed in chargers' flanks
They rushed among the archer ranks ;
No spears were there the shock to let,
No stakes to turn the charge were set ;
And how shall yeoman's armor light
Stand the long lance and mace of might ?
Or what may their short swords avail
'Gainst barbèd horse and shirt of mail ?
Amid their ranks the chargers sprung,
High o'er their heads the weapons rung,
And shriek and groan and vengeful shout
Give note of triumph and of rout.
Awhile with stubborn hardihood
Their English hearts the fight made good ;
Borne down at length on every side,
Compelled to fight, they scatter wide.
Let Stags of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee !
The broken bows of Bannock's shore
Shall in the greenwood sing no more !
Round Wakefield's merry May-pole now
The maids may twine the summer bough,
May northward look with longing glance

WALTER SCOTT

For those that wont to lead the dance,
For the blithe archers look in vain !
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,
Pierced through, trod down, by thousands slain
They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

The king with scorn beheld their flight :
"Are these," he said, "our yeomen wight ?
Each braggart churl could boast before
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore !
Fitter to plunder chase or park,
Than make a manly foe their mark :
Forward, each gentleman and knight !
Let gentle blood show generous might,
And chivalry redeem the fight."

But in mid-space the Bruce's care
Had bored the ground with many a pit
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,
That formed a ghastly snare.

Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,
With spears in rest and hearts on flame,
That panted for the shock.

With blazing crests and banners spread,
And trumpet clang and clamor dread,
The wide plain thunders to their tread,
As far as Stirling Rock.

Down, down, in headlong overthrow,
Horseman and horse, the foemen go,
Wild floundering on the field.

The first are in destruction's gorge,
Their followers wildly o'er them urge ;

The knightly helm and shield,
The mail, the acton, and the spear,
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here !
Loud from the mass confused the cry
Of dying warriors swells on high,
And steeds that shriek in agony.
They came like mountain torrent red
That thunders o'er its rocky bed ;
They broke like that same torrent's wave
When swallowed by a darksome cave,
Billows on billows burst and boil,

WALTER SCOTT

Maintaining still the stern turmoil,
And to their wild and tortured groan
Each adds new terrors of its own.

Too strong in courage and in might
Was England yet to yield the fight.
Her noblest all are here,
Names that to fear were never known :
Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,
And Oxford's famed De Vere ;
There Gloster plied the bloody sword,
And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford,
Bottetourt and Sanzavere ;
Ross, Montague, and Mattley came,
And Courteney's pride, and Percy's fame—
Names too well known in Scotland's war,
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar ;
Blazed broader yet in after years
At Cressy red and fell Poitiers.
Pembroke with these, and Argentine
Brought up the rearward battle-line.
With caution o'er the ground they tread,
Slippery with blood and piled with dead,
Till hand to hand in battle set,
The bills with spears and axes met,
And—closing dark on every side
Raged the full contest far and wide.
Then was the strength of Douglas tried,
Then proved was Randolph's generous pride,
And well did Stewart's actions grace
The sire of Scotland's royal race.
Firmly they kept their ground ;
As firmly England onward pressed,
And down went many a noble crest,
And rent was many a valiant breast,
And slaughter revelled round. . . .

The tug of strife to flag begins,
Though neither loses yet nor wins.
High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,
And feeble speeds the blow and thrust.

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Douglas leans on his war-sword now,
And Randolph wipes his bloody brow.
Nor less had toiled each Southern knight
From morn till mid-day in the fight.
Strong Egremont for air must gasp,
Beauchamp undoes his visor-clasp,
And Montague must quit his spear,
And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere ;
The blows of Berkley fall less fast,
And gallant Pembroke's bugle-blast
Hath lost its lively tone ;
Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word,
And Percy's shout was fainter heard—
“My merry men, fight on !”

Bruce, with the pilot's wary eye,
The slackening of the storm could spy ;
“One effort more, and Scotland's free !
Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
Is firm as Ailsa Rock ;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe.
I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge ;
Now, forward to the shock !”
At once the spears were forward thrown,
Against the sun the broadswords shone ;
The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
And loud King Robert's voice was known—
“Carrick, press on !—They fail, they fail !
Press on, brave sons of Innisfail !
The foe is fainting fast !
Each strike for parent, child, and wife ;
For Scotland, liberty, and life ;
The battle cannot last !”

—*The Lord of the Isles.*

DEATH CHANT.

Viewless essence, thin and bare,
Wellnigh melted into air ;
Still with fondness hovering near,
The earthly form thou once didst wear :

Pause upon thy pinion's flight,
Be thy course to left or right ;

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Be thou doomed to soar or sink,
Pause upon the awful brink.

To avenge the deed expelling
The untimely from thy dwelling,
Mystic force shalt thou retain
O'er the blood and o'er the brain.

When the form thou shalt espy
That darkened on thy closing eye—
When the footstep thou shalt hear,
That thrilled upon thy dying ear—

Then strange sympathies shall wake,
The flesh shall thrill, the nerves shall quake,
The wounds renew their clotted flood,
And every drop cry—"Blood for blood!"
—*In The Fair Maid of Perth.*

MADGE WILDFIRE'S DYING SNATCHES.

I.

Our work is over—over now,
The goodman wipes his weary brow,
The last long wain wends slow away,
And we are free to sport and play.
The night comes on when sets the sun,
And labor ends when day is done ;
When Autumn's gone and Winter's come,
We hold our jovial harvest-home.

II.

When the fight of grace is fought,
When the marriage-vest is wrought,
When Faith has chased cold Doubt away,
And Hope but sickens at delay—
When Charity, imprisoned here,
Longs for a more expanded sphere—
Doff thy robe of sin and clay ;
Christian, rise, and come away.

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III.

Proud Maisie is in the wood, walking so early ;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush, singing so rarely.
“ Tell me, thou bonny bird, when shall I marry me ? ”
“ When six braw gentlemen, kirkward shall carry ye.”
“ Who makes the bridal bed, birdie, say truly ? ”—
“ The gray-headed sexton that delves the grave duly ;
The glow-worm o’er grave and stone shall light thee
steady ;
The owl from the steeple sing, ‘ Welcome, proud lady ! ’ ”
—*In The Heart of Midlothian.*

CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow—
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no to-morrow !
The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.

The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.
Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage council in cumber,
Red hand in the foray
How sound is thy slumber !
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone and forever !

—*In The Lady of the Lake.*

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Scott's career as a poet lasted from his thirty-second year to his forty-fourth; his career as a novelist, from his forty-third to his fifty-fourth. *Waverley*, his first novel, had been commenced as early as 1805; a few chapters were written and then thrown aside. In 1813, by accident, he came across the discarded manuscript, completed it, and sent it to the press, in the same year (1814) in which *The Lord of the Isles*, the last of his great poems, appeared. It was published anonymously, and gave rise to much conjecture as to its authorship. The "Waverley Novels," as the whole series came to be called, are *Waverley* (1814); *Guy Mannering* (1815); *The Antiquary*, *The Black Dwarf*, and *Old Mortality* (1816); *Rob Roy* and *The Heart of Midlothian* (1818); *The Bride of Lammermoor* and the *Legend of Montrose* (1819); *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery*, and *The Abbot* (1820); *Kenilworth* and *The Pirate* (1821); *The Fortunes of Nigel* (1822); *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, and *St. Ronan's Well* (1823); *Red Gauntlet* (1824); *The Betrothed* and *The Talisman* (1825); *Woodstock* (1826); *The Two Drovers*, *The Highland Widow*, and *The Surgeon's Daughter* (1827); *The Fair Maid of Perth* (1828); *Anne of Geierstein, or the Maid of the Mist* (1829); *Count Robert of Paris*, and *Castle Dangerous* (1831).

A BOUT AT LUCKIE MACLEARY'S.

In full expectation of her distinguished guests, Luckie Macleary had swept her house for the first time this fortnight, tempered her turf-fire to such a heat as the season required in her damp house even at midsummer, set forth her deal table newly washed, propped up

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its lame foot with a fragment of turf, arranged four or five stools of huge and clumsy form upon the sides which best suited the inequalities of her clay floor; and having, moreover, put on her clean toy, rokelay, and scarlet plaid, gravely awaited the arrival of the company, in full hope of custom and profit. When they were seated under the sooty roof of Luckie Macleary's only apartment, thickly tapestried with cobwebs, their hostess, who had already taken her cue from the Laird of Balmawhapple, appeared with a huge measuring-pot, containing at least three English quarts, familiarly denominated *a Tappit Hen*, and which, in the language of the hostess, "reamed" with excellent claret, just drawn from the cask.

It was soon plain that what crumbs of reason the Bear had not devoured were to be picked up by the Hen; but the confusion which appeared to prevail favored Edward Waverley's resolution to evade the gayly circling glass. The others began to talk thick and at once, each performing his own part in the conversation, without the least respect to his neighbor. The Baron of Bradwardine sung French *chansons-à-boire*, and spouted pieces of Latin; Killancureit talked in a steady, unalterable, dull key, of top-dressing and bottom dressing, and year-olds and gimmers, and dinmons, and stots, and runts, and kyloes, and a proposed turnpike-act; while Balmawhapple, in notes exalted above both, extolled his horse, his hawks, and a grayhound called Whistler.

In the middle of this din the Baron repeatedly explored silence; and when the instinct of polite discipline so far prevailed that for a moment he obtained it, he hastened to beseech their attention "unto a military ariette which was a particular favorite of the Marechal de Berwick;" then, imitating as well as he could the manner and tone of a French mousquetaire, he immediately commenced—

"Mon cœur volage, dit elle,
N'est pas pour vous, garçon;
Est pour un homme de guerre,
Qui a barbe au menton.
Lon, Lon, Laridon."

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“ Qui port chapeau à plume,
Souliez à rouge talon,
Qui joue de la flute,
Aussi de violon.
Lon, Lon, Laridon.”

Balmawhapple could hold no longer, but broke in with what he called “a d—d good song, composed by Gibby Gaethroughwi’t, the piper of Cupar ;” and, without wasting more time, struck up—

“ It’s up Glenbarchan’s braes I gaed,
And o’er the bent of Killiebraid,
And mony a weary cast I made
To cuittle the muir-fowl’s tail.”

The Baron, whose voice was drowned by the louder and more obstreperous strains of Balmawhapple, now dropped the competition, but continued to hum “Lon, Lon, Laridon,” and to regard the successful candidate for the attention of the company with an eye of disdain, while Balmawhapple proceeded—

“ If up a bonny black-cock should spring,
To whistle him down wi’ a slug in his wing
And strap him on to my lunzie string
Right seldom would I fail.”

After an ineffective attempt to recover the second verse, he sang the first over again, and in prosecution of his triumph declared there was “mair sense in that than in all the *derry-dongs* of France and Fifeshire to the boot of it.” The Baron only answered with a long pinch of snuff and a glance of infinite contempt. But those noble allies, the Bear and the Hen, had emancipated the young Laird from the habitual reverence in which he held Bradwardine at other times. He pronounced the claret *shilpit*, and demanded brandy, with great vociferation. It was brought. And now the Demon of Politics envied even the harmony arising from the Dutch conceits, merely because there was not a wrathful note in the strange compound of sounds which it produced. Inspired by her, the Laird of Balmawhapple—now superior to the nods and winks with which the Baron of Brad-

wardine, in delicacy to Edward, had hitherto checked his entering upon political discussion—demanded a bumper, with the lungs of a Stentor, “to the little gentleman in black velvet, who did such service in 1702; and may the white horse break his neck over a mound of his raising!”

Edward was not at that moment clear-headed enough to remember that King William’s fall, which occasioned his death, was said to be owing to his horse stumbling over a mole-hill; yet he felt inclined to take umbrage at a toast which seemed, from the glance of Balmawhapple’s eye, to have a peculiar and uncivil reference to the government which he served. But ere he could interfere, the Baron of Bradwardine had taken up the quarrel.

“Sir,” said he, “whatever my sentiments, *tanquam privatus*, may be in such matters, I shall not tamely endure your saying anything which may impinge upon the honorable feelings of a gentleman under my roof. Sir, if you have no respect for the laws of urbanity, do ye not respect the military oath—the *sacramentum militare*—by which every officer is bound to the standard under which he is enrolled? Look at Titus Livius, what he says of those Roman soldiers who were so unhappy, as *exuere sacramentum*—to renounce their legionary oath. But you are ignorant, sir, alike of ancient history and modern courtesy.”

“Not so ignorant as ye would pronounce me,” roared Balmawhapple. “I ken weel that you mean the Solemn Oath and Covenant; but if a’ the Whigs in hell had taken the——”

Here the Baron and Waverley both spoke at once; the former calling out, “Be silent, sir. Ye not only show your ignorance, but disgrace your native country before a stranger and an Englishman;” and Waverley entreating Bradwardine, at the same moment, to permit him to reply to an affront which seemed levelled at him personally. But the Baron was exalted by wine, wrath, and scorn, above all sublunary considerations.

“I crave you to be hushed, Captain Waverley; you are elsewhere, peradventure, *sui generis*—forisfamiliated, that is, and entitled, it may be, to think and resent for

yourself ; but in my domain, in this poor Barony of Bradwardine, and under this roof, which is *quasi* mine, being held by tacit relocation by a tenant-at-will, I am *in loco parentis* to you, and bound to see you scathless. And for you, Mr. Falconer of Balmawhapple, I warn ye, let me see no more aberrations from the path of good manners."

"And I tell you, Mr. Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan," retorted the sportsman in huge disdain, "that I'll make a moor-cock of the man that refuses my toast, whether it be a crop-eared Whig wi' a black riband at his lug, or ane wha deserts his ain friends to claw favor wi' the rats of Hanover."

In an instant both rapiers were brandished, and some desperate passes interchanged. Balmawhapple was young, stout, and active ; but the Baron, infinitely more master of his weapon, would, like Sir Soby Belch, have tickled his opponent other gates than he did, had he not been under the influence of Ursa Major.

Edward rushed forward to interfere between the combatants ; but the prostrate bulk of the Laird of Killancureit, over which he stumbled, intercepted his passage. How Killancureit happened to be in this recumbent posture at so interesting a moment was never accurately known. Some thought he was about to ensconce himself under the table ; he himself alleged that he stumbled in the act of lifting a joint-stool to prevent mischief by knocking down Balmawhapple. Be that as it may, if readier aid than either his or Waverley's had not interposed, there would certainly have been bloodshed.

But the well-known clash of swords, which was no stranger to her dwelling, aroused Luckie Macleary as she sat quietly beyond the *hallan*, or earthen partition of the cottage, with her eyes employed on Boston's *Crook in the Lot*, while her ideas were engaged in summing up the reckoning. She boldly rushed in, with the shrill exclamation : "Wad their honors slay one another here, and bring discredit on an honest widow-woman's house, when there was a' the lee-land in the country to fight upon?"—a remonstrance which she seconded by flinging her plaid with great dexterity over the weapons of the combatants.

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The servants by this time rushed in ; and being, by great chance, tolerably sober, separated the incensed opponents, with the assistance of Edward and Killan-cureit. The latter led off Balmawhapple, cursing, and vowing revenge against every Whig, Presbyterian, and fanatic in England and Scotland, from John-o'-Groat's to the Land's-End, and with difficulty got him to horse. Our hero, with the assistance of Saunders Saunderson, escorted the Baron of Bradwardine to his own dwelling ; but could not prevail upon him to retire to bed until he had made a long and learned apology for the events of the evening, of which there was not a word intelligible except something about the Centaurs and the Lapithæ.
—*Waverley*.

THE FISHERMAN'S FUNERAL.

Mr. Oldbuck soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Mussel-Crag. They now had, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach ; and though the day was fine and the season favorable, the chant which is used by the fishers when at sea was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother as she sits mending her nets at the door. A few of the neighbors—some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected—stood gathered around the door of Mucklebackit's cottage, waiting "till the body was lifted." As the Laird of Monkbarns approached they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets as he passed, with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

Inside the cottage the body was laid within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged, weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind, with that stony feeling of painful grief peculiar to

harsh and rough characters which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world and all that remain in it after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had been withheld only by main force from renewing them at a moment when, without any possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong toward the coffin, as an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the questions which were occasionally put to him were brief, harsh and almost fierce.

His family had not yet dared to address to him a word either of sympathy or consolation. His masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolutely mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself, on all ordinary occasions, was by this great loss terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring to approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favorite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to push it from him with an angry violence that frightened the child; his next was to snatch up the boy and devour him with kisses. "Ye'll be a braw fellow an' ye be spared, Patie; but ye'll never—never can be—what he was to me! He has sailed his coble wi' me since he was ten years auld, and there was na the like o' him drew a net betwixt this and Buchan-ness. They say folks maun submit; I will try." And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer necessary questions.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron which she had flung over it, sat the mother, the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands, and the convulsive agitation of her bosom, which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavoring to stem

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the grief which they could not console. The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unwonted display of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant or fisher offers to his guests on these mournful occasions ; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendor of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle ; then to look toward her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside. She would then cast her eyes about, as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appeared struck at the black color of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded. Then finally she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word, neither had she shed a tear ; nor did one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her. There she sat among the funeral assembly like a link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed—a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death.

At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage. He had no sooner received the mute and melancholy salutation of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself toward the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavor to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation. But the old man was as yet incapable of receiving either. He nodded, however,

gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgment of his good intentions ; but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply. The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually as if he was afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell, and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean abyss. The tenor of what he had said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as, half-stifled by sobs ill-repressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered at each pause in his speech—

“ Yes, sir, yes !—Ye're very gude—ye're very gude ! —nae doubt, nae doubt ! It's our duty to submit ! But, Oh, dear ! My poor Steenie ! the pride o' my very heart, that was sae handsome and comely ; and a help to his family and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookit on him. Oh, my bairn ! my bairn ! my bairn ! what for is thou lying there ? and eh ! what for am I left to greet for ye ! ”

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldbuck had recourse to his snuff-box to conceal the tears which, despite his caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female attendants whispered, and the men held their bonnets to their faces, and spoke apart with each other. . . .

Mr. Oldbuck observed to the clergyman that it was time to proceed with the ceremony. The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relatives of the family made a sign to the carpenter—who in such cases goes through the duty of the undertaker—to proceed with his office. The creak of the screw-nails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant. . . .

The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon hand-spikes by the nearest relatives, now only awaited the father to support the head, as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he answered only by shaking his hand and his head in



THE STORMING OF FRONT-DE-BOEUF'S CASTLE

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token of refusal. With better intention than judgment the friends, who considered this an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency toward the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request, had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed them that he himself, landlord and master to the deceased, would "carry his head to the grave." . . .

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by beadles or saulies, with their batons, miserable-looking old men, tottering as if on the edge of the grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with threadbare black coats and hunting-caps decorated with rusty crape. The procession to the church-yard, at about half a mile distance, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions. The body was consigned to its parent earth; and when the labor of the grave-diggers had filled up the trench, and covered it with fresh sod, Mr. Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants, who had stood by in mournful silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners.—*The Antiquary*.

THE STORMING OF FRONT-DE-BŒUF'S CASTLE.

"And I must lie here like a bed-ridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press

not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is so will the followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades, they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush on—they are thrust back! Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again; there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth and almost immediately exclaimed—"Holy Prophets of the Law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand in the breach amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with those who strike for the cause of the oppressed and the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed—"He is down! he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted, with joyful eagerness—"But no—but no! the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is

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broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls !”

“Front-de-Bœuf?” exclaimed Ivanhoe.

“Front-de-Bœuf !” answered the Jewess. “His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar ; their united force compels the champion to pause. They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls.”

“The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?” said Ivanhoe.

“They have—they have !” exclaimed Rebecca ; “and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall. Some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulder of each other. . . . Down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads ; and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God ! hast thou given men thine own image that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren !”

“Think not of that,” said Ivanhoe ; “this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield ? Who push them away ?”

“The ladders are thrown down,” replied Rebecca, shuddering ; “the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have the better.”

“Saint George strike for us !” exclaimed the knight. “Do the false yeomen give way ?”

“No !” exclaimed Rebecca ; “they bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals you may hear above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down upon the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers.”

“By Saint John of Acre,” said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, “methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed !”

“The postern-gate shakes,” continued Rebecca ; “it crashes—it is splintered by his blows ; they rush in—the out-work is won. O God ! they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat !

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O men—if indeed ye be men—spare them that can resist no longer !”

“The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass ?” exclaimed Ivanhoe.

“No,” replied Rebecca, “the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed. Few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle ; the shrieks and the cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas ! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle.”—*Ivanhoe*.





SCRIBE, AUGUSTIN EUGÈNE, a French dramatist, born in Paris, December 24, 1791; died there, February 20, 1861. After studying law, which he abandoned, he devoted himself to literature. His early plays were unsuccessful, but in collaboration with Delestre Poirson he wrote *Une Nuit de la Garde Nationale*, which succeeded. In 1816 he brought out *Le Nouveau Pourceaugnac* and *Le Solliciteur*, which brought him fame; and in 1820 he was engaged by Poirson to write exclusively for his theatre. Here Scribe's masterpieces were produced, including *Le Mariage Enfantin*, *La Loge du Portier*, *La Reine de Seize Ans*, *La Marseillaise*, *Le Mariage de Raison*, etc. In 1822 he brought out the drama of *Valérie*, in which Mlle. Mars appeared. Scribe wrote many plays with Legouv  , including *Adrienne Lecouvreur* (1849); *La Bataille de Dames* (1851); *Mon   toile* (1853), and *Les Doigts de Fee* (1858). He wrote in collaboration with several other authors, composed the libretti of a great number of operas, among which were *Les V  pres Siciliennes* for Verdi; *Les Huguenots*, *Le Proph  te*, *L'  toile du Nord*, and *L'Africaine* for Meyerbeer; wrote several novels, including *Carlo Broschi*, *Une Ma  trese Anonyme*, and *Piquillo Alliaga*. He was elected to the Acad  mie Fran  aise in 1836. The whole number of his plays is estimated at four hundred.

AUGUSTIN EUGÈNE SCRIBE

LAST MOMENTS.

[ADRIENNE'S apartments. Enter MAURICE.]

Mau. [*Heard outside.*—She will be at home for me, I tell you. [*Runs to ADR.*] Adrienne! Adrienne!

Adr.—Maurice! Ah! What have I done! Leave me! Leave me!

Mau.—No! I come to throw myself at your feet! I come to implore your pardon! If I did not follow you when you bade me to—it was because my duty—my honor—compelled me to remain; because of an act of kindness, whereof the weight bore me down: I thought so at least! and I could not suffer the day to end without saying to the Princess, I cannot accept your gold, because I love you not, because my heart is another's! But judge of my surprise when at the first words I address to her, crying out: "I know all! I know all!" trembling, wild, she who never trembles, falls at my feet, and with tears, real or feigned, confesses that love and jealousy have turned her brain; and that she herself has been the cause of my imprisonment! She dared confess this—and to me, who fondly deemed I owed to her my liberation!—

Adr.—O heavens!

Mau.—To me she confessed this—to me, who, downcast and ashamed of having received her benefits, came only to implore of her a few days' delay, that I might repay her, were it at the sacrifice of my blood and my life! And I was free!—free to despise, to hate, to abandon her!—free to hasten to you and seek a refuge at your feet. My protectress! my guardian angel! behold me here. Ah! spurn me not!.

Adr.—Can I believe you?

Mau.—By heaven!—by mine honor, I swear I have told you the truth—difficult though it be to explain. Hurlled from the pinnacle of my hopes, arrested, thrown into prison, I still am ignorant as to whose hand set me free. Search as I may, I cannot discover who has returned to me my liberty, my sword, and, perhaps, a glorious future! Do you know? Can you help me discover this?

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Adr.—I know not ; I cannot tell. . . .

Mau.—Then, Adrienne, it was you ?

Adr.—And he, my best friend, who assisted me ; but we will talk no more of this. You have accepted.

Mau.—On one condition : that on your part you will refuse naught from me ! I know not the future that awaits me ; I know not whether I am to win or to lose on the battle-field the ducal crown which the states of Courland have bestowed upon me ; but should I prove victorious, I swear to share with you the dukedom which you have aided me to obtain, and confer upon you the name which you have helped me to immortalize !

Adr.—Your wife ? I !

Mau.—Yes, you ! You are a queen at heart, and worthy to reign over all ! Who was it enlarged my intellect ?—You ! Who purified my thoughts ?—You ! Who breathed into my soul the spirit of the great men whose interpreter you are ?—You, ever you ! But heaven ! you turn pale !

Adr.—Fear not ! So much joy after so much grief has exhausted my strength.

Mau.—You totter !

Adr.—In truth, a strange uneasiness, an unknown pain has taken possession of me—for a few minutes past—since I pressed that bouquet to my lips.

Mau.—What bouquet ?

Adr.—Ungrateful woman that I am ! I took it for a token of farewell, and it was a message of return.

Mau.—What do you mean ?

Adr.—The flowers sent by you in yonder casket——

Mau.—I sent you naught. Where is the bouquet ?

Adr.—I burned it ! I thought you had disdained and spurned us both. The flowers were like myself—they could not live longer.

Mau.—Adrienne ! But your hand trembles—you are in great pain !

Adr.—No—no ! the pain is no longer here—but here. It is strange ! very strange ! a thousand wild, fantastic objects pass before my eyes, succeeding each other in confusion and without order ! [*To MAU.*] What were we saying ? What did I tell you ? I know not. It seems

to me that my imagination wanders, and that my reason, which I seek to retain, is about to abandon me. It shall not be, for, if I lose it, I lose my happiness. No ! no ! I will not suffer it ; for Maurice, first of all, and then for this evening. They have just opened the doors and the theatre is full. I understand their curiosity and their impatience : the *Psyche* of the great Corneille has so long been promised them ; oh ! ever since the first days when I first saw Maurice. They would not revise the piece ; they said it was too old ; but I desired it—an idea possessed me. Maurice has not yet said to me, I love you ! Nor have I said it to him—I dare not. And in the piece are verses which I should be so happy to address to him, before them all, and none of them would suspect !

Mau.—Beloved, be yourself once more !

Adr.—Hush ! Here is my entrance. Oh ! what a numerous, what a brilliant audience ! How they all bend their looks on me and follow my every movement ! How kind they are to love me so well ! Ah ! he is in his box. It is he ! He smiles on me. *Psyche*, it is your cue.

“ Turn not away those eyes which rend my heart—
Those tender, piercing eyes, so full of love !
They seem to share th’ uneasiness I feel.
Alas ! the more dangerous they are,
The more delight I have their gaze to meet.
By what decree of Heaven, which fathom I cannot,
Do I say more than meet it is to say,
I, from whom modesty should await
Till love explains your much perturb’d condition ?
You sigh, my lord, e’en as I sigh myself ;
Like mine, your senses much confused are.
I should silent be, and you should speak,
And yet ’tis I that speak.”

Mau.—Adrienne ! Adrienne ! She sees me not—
hears me not. Oh, heavens ! fear chills my blood !
What is to be done ? [*Rings : enter Maid.*] Your
mistress is in danger—run for help. I will not leave
her. [*Exit Maid.*] My presence and care may restore
her to tranquillity. [*Taking her hand.*] Hear me ; in
pity, hear me !

Adr. [*Wildly.*]—See ! see ! who is it enters his box ?

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—who seats herself at his side? I recognize her, although she conceals her features. It is she! he speaks to her. [*Despairingly.*] Maurice! he will not look at me! Maurice!

Mau.—He is at your side.

Adr.—Ah! their eyes meet, their hands are clasped! She tells him. Stay! And he forgets me! he spurns me!—alas! he sees not that I am dying.

Mau.—Adrienne! for pity's sake!

Adr.—Pity!

Mau.—Has then my voice no power over your heart?

Adr.—What would you of me?

Mau.—That you would hear me, for an instant—that you would look upon me, your Maurice!

Adr.—Maurice—no—he is at her side—he forgets me—Go! get ye hence. [*Recognizes MAURICE.*] Ah! Maurice. [*Falls into his arms.*]

Mau.—Oh! heavens grant me aid! And no help near—not a friend! [*Perceives MICHONNET.*] Ah! I am wrong, here comes one.

Enter MICHONNET.

Mic.—Is what they tell me true? Is Adrienne in danger?

Mau.—Adrienne is dying!

Mic.—No—no; she breathes still. All hope is not lost.

Mau.—She opens her eyes!

Adr.—Ah! what torture is this! who is near?—Maurice. [*Sees Mic.*] And you, too! So soon as I was suffering, you were to be here. It is no longer my head, but my chest that burns—there is here a furnace, a devouring flame, that consumes me.

Mic.—Everything proves it. See you not, as I do, the effects of a poison—of a poison active and terrible?

Mau.—What do you suspect?

Mic.—I suspect everybody—and that rival—that noble lady.

Mau.—Hush! hush!

Adr.—Ah! the pain increases. You who love me dearly, save me, help me! I will not die! Just now

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I should have welcomed death as a benefactor ; but now—no ! I will not die ! He loves me ; he called me his wife !

Mic.—His wife !

Adr.—Oh, heaven ! grant my prayer ! Oh, heaven ! let me but live a few days more—a few days at his side. I am so young ; and life opened so fair for me !

Mau.—Ah ! horrible !

Adr.—Life ! life ! Vain are my efforts ! vain my prayers ! My days are numbered ! My strength, my life, are ebbing fast ! [*To MAU.*] Do not leave me ! Soon my eyes will no longer see you. Soon my hand will no longer grasp yours !

Mau.—Adrienne ! Adrienne !

Adr.—Oh ! triumphs of the stage, my heart will throb no more with your ardent emotions ! And ye, long studies of an art I loved so well, nothing will remain of you, after me—nothing save memories. [*To those around her.*] In your memories they will live, will they not ? Farewell, Maurice ! farewell, my two friends ! [*Dies.*]

Mic.—Dead ! dead ! .

—*Adrienne Lecouvreur ; translation of* FREDERICK A. SCHWAB.





SCUDDER, HORACE ELISHA, an American miscellaneous writer, born in Boston, Mass., October 16, 1838. After graduation at Williams College, Mass., in 1858, he went to New York City, where he taught until 1861. On the death of his father, David Coit Scudder, a missionary of some note, he returned to Boston, and devoted himself to literature. He was the editor of *The Riverside Magazine for Young People* during the four years of its existence (1867-70), and afterward became connected with the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for whom he edited the *American Commonwealth Series*, *American Poems* (1879), and *American Prose* (1880). He contributed to Justin Winsor's *Memorial History of Boston* (1880-81), and was joint author with Mrs. Bayard Taylor of the *Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor* (1884). In 1890 he succeeded Thomas Bailey Aldrich as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. His books are *Seven Little People and Their Friends* (1862); *Dream Children* (1863); *The Life and Letters of David Coit Scudder* (1864); *Stories from My Attic* (1869); *The Bodley Books*, a series of books for children (8 vols., 1875-87); *The Dwellers in Five-Sisters Court* (1876); *Men and Manners in America* (1876); *Stories and Romances* (1880); *The Children's Book* (1881); *Boston Town* (1881); *Noah Webster* in the *American Men of Letters* series (1882); *History of the United States* (1884), and *Men and Letters* (1885).

HORACE ELISHA SCUDDER

A HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT.

As the circles moved round the room, Holcroft had caught sight of a maiden, dressed like others of her age, in a fabric which was neither clear white nor gray, but of a soft, pearly tint, which symbolized the innocence of youth and the ripening wisdom of older years. Her dark hair was closely confined beneath the stiff cap which all wore, but in the dance a single lock had escaped, unknown to the wearer, and peeped forth in a half-timid, half-daring manner. A snow-white kerchief was folded over her shoulders and bosom, and her carriage was so erect, her movements so lithe, that as she came stepping lightly forward, her little hands rising and falling before her, or moving tremulously at her side, she seemed the soul of the whole body, pulsating visibly there before the reverent Holcroft. Once, in a pause of the dance, she stood directly before him, and he found it impossible to raise his eyes to her face, while a deep flush spread over his own. But when the dance began again, his eyes followed her, as she passed beyond and then returned, still with the sweet grace and unconscious purity which made the whole worship centre in her.

The dancing ceased finally, and the worshippers took their places on the wooden benches, which had been placed on one side. There were addresses made by one and another, passages from book, pamphlet, or paper were read, and then they all rose to sing once more; this over, an elder came forward, added a few words, and said: "The meeting is closed," when the outside attendants took their leave, and stood in knots by the meeting-house watching the Shakers as they came out after them and passed into the several houses where they belonged. Holcroft, standing apart, watched for the young girl who had so attracted him, and saw her cross the road and enter one of the houses of the community. Then he turned and walked toward his own house.

The vision which he had had this Sunday morning came, like many such, to shatter a fabric which he had

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long been constructing. The solitary life which he had led, with its fancies made solid and its careful foundation of possibilities, was suddenly invaded by an enemy which disclosed its shining metal as only fool's gold after all. When he turned the key in his door and entered what had hitherto seemed his castle; he could think of nothing but opening the gate of a tomb and locking himself within. The unreality of his life stared him in the face. "For what have I been building this house of cards?" he cried to himself, as he looked about upon all the contrivances and decoration which his ingenuity and art had devised. "What a mockery is this! How complacently I have been setting my house in order, with all its frippery of earthly taste, when so near me move people who have shattered all these walls that separate us from the divine! I have deluded myself with the notion that I had but to build my nest, and the bird would fly to it, when I find the bird to be a bird-of-paradise, that makes its nest in the clouds, if anywhere."

There is in despair sometimes an energetic force which is quite as available as the stimulus which hope gives, and Alden Holcroft, amid the ruins of his fancies, was by no means disposed to sit down in a listless acquiescence in the inevitable. Every Sunday found him at Shaker meeting, fascinated by the spell which the worship cast over him, and still, as at first, seeing in the graceful girl the very spirit of the society and its aims. He began, also, to listen attentively to expositions of the Shaker life which fell from the lips of the speakers.—*Stories and Romances.*

THE GROWTH OF INDEPENDENCE.

The ease with which Webster walked about the Jericho of English lexicography, blowing his trumpet of destruction, was an American ease, born of a sense that America was a continent and not a province. He transferred the capital of literature from London to Boston, or New York, or Hartford—he was indifferent so long as it was in the United States. He thought Washington as good an authority on spelling as Dr. Johnson, and much better than King George. He took the

Bible as the book to be used, not as a piece of antiquity to be sheltered in a museum, and with an American practicality set about making it more serviceable in his own way. He foresaw the vast crowds of American children ; he knew that the integrity of the country was conditioned on the intelligibility of their votes, and he turned on England less with indifference to her than with an absorption in his own country. He made a Speller which has sown votes and muskets ; he made alone a Dictionary, which has grown, under the impulse he gave it, into a national encyclopædia, possessing an irresistible momentum. Indeed, is not the very existence of that book in its current form a witness to the same Americanism which Webster displayed, only now in a firmer, finer, and more complex form ?

In the high walks of scholarship, where Nationality would seem to be effaced, we have had very recently a capital illustration of the inevitable tendency of national traits to seek expression. The Appendix to the "Revised Version of the New Testament" contains the variations proposed by the American company from the text as otherwise determined. There were in the English company men of radical temperament and of conservative, there were in the American company like distinctions ; nevertheless the final separation between the two companies is largely on this line ; and one can easily see how much sympathy Webster, for example, would have expressed with the position which the American company took, a position not of dissent but of independent assertion.

The separation between England and America, which was so effectual in Webster's conception, and thus determined much of his thought, was really incipient and not complete. The two countries are more widely separate to-day than they were then, while the outward signs of separation are in many ways less conspicuous. The forces of national life have been diverging, and the resultant in character and literature is more sure and ineffaceable.

It should be observed that the individualism which characterizes American life was more marked in the first years of the republic than it is now. After we

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have reasoned away all we will of a revolutionary cataclysmal element in the separation of the United States from the British Empire, there still remains a sharp determination of individual life, historically evident, and very influential in the formation of national character. In the earliest years the centripetal force for union was barely superior to the centrifugal force for state independence ; but the political thought which justified state sovereignty had its logical issue in an isolated individuality. Common-sense and prudence, to be sure, are always defeating logic ; but the logical conception helps us to understand tendencies, and it is not difficult to see that the word independence, which was on every one's lips at the close of the last century, was not the sign of a political thought only, but expressed the habit of mind with which persons everywhere regarded life in its varied relations. The breaking up of old political connections not only unsettled the social fabric, it affected necessarily all the relations which the persons held to society ; and it was only as a profounder political unity disclosed itself in the nation that each man put forth more confidently his hand to his fellow. The historian of the Union will not fail to observe how with the growth of that Union there began to spring up societies and corporations of every kind, the interdependence of the States extending itself to the interdependence of all interests involved in the State, and the whole fabric of society feeling its web and woof grow firmer and denser.—*Noah Webster.*





SEALSFIELD, CHARLES (CARL POSTL), a German novelist, born in Poppitz, Moravia, March 3, 1793; died at Solothurn, Switzerland, May 26, 1864. Postl entered the Church at an early age, but fled in 1823 from the monastery in Prague, Bohemia, of whose community he was a member. All traces of him vanished, and it was not known until the death of Charles Sealsfield, traveller and man of letters, forty-one years later, that he and Carl Postl, the refugee monk, were identical. Sealsfield travelled extensively in the United States, Mexico, and Central America, finally settling in Solothurn, Switzerland, where he embodied the fruits of his observations of men and countries in several books, the more important of which are *The United States of North America as They Are*, *Transatlantic Travelling Sketches*, *Pictures of Life in Both Hemispheres, North and South*, *The Viceroy and the Aristocracy*. In 1829-30 he was editor of the *Courrier des États Unis* in New York City. English translations of his works were once widely read, but are now almost forgotten. But the man and his writings deserve a renaissance of reputation and popularity in America as thorough as the posthumous fame that has come to George Borrow and his *Lavengro* in England; for "He deserves to be named with Bret Harte, Cooper, and Hawthorne for his vivid and faithful portrayals of American types now vanishing or

CHARLES SEALSFIELD

quite extinct, which represent certain stages in the history of our civilization. The fearless squatter, the sturdy pioneer, the patriarchal Southern planter, the New York dandy (who is known to this generation chiefly through the stiff fashion-plates of half a century ago), all still live in Sealsfield's pages," observes the New York *Evening Post*.

PICTURES OF HENRY CLAY AND JOHN RANDOLPH.

Clay has a nervous, a natural, and a practical eloquence—*ad hominem*. A quick penetration and a self-possession which scarcely anything can disturb, procures him influence, and a daring presumption, common to the Kentuckians, gives him preponderance. . . . Clay has in his person very little that is attractive; a disagreeable face, gray, piercing eyes, full of a wild, impetuous fire, distinguish the shrewd and impetuous politician, who knows no delicacy in the choice of his means. To the nation Mr. Randolph is truly a valuable citizen. . . . His eloquence is full of sarcasm, combined with good humor, with occasional flashes of genius, and he excels in hitting a point. His characteristic descriptions are true, but exhibit neither delicacy nor forbearance. Like all old bachelors, he is rather fond of painting in shadows, which he enlivens with lighter hues, and in this he may be said to be an adept, being more than sufficiently versed in the *Chronique Scandaleuse* of the Union. His independent fortune and the character of eccentricity which he has acquired are circumstances of which he well knows how to avail himself. With a meagre figure six feet in height, with long arms, on which the best spectacles could hardly discern an ounce of flesh, an arched forehead, a squeaking voice, at the sound of which one is inclined to close the offended organ, he is animated with a certain life and spirit which amply compensate for these defects. As a Senator of the United States, he is very popular, and deservedly enjoys the regard paid to him by the unprejudiced majority of his fellow-citizens.



SEARS, EDMUND HAMILTON, an American clergyman, religious writer, and poet, born in Sandisfield, Mass., in 1810; died at Weston, Mass., January 14, 1876. He was graduated at Union College in 1834, and at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1837. He was minister of the Unitarian Society at Wayland, Mass., in 1839-40, and in Lancaster from 1840 to 1847. For several years thereafter he edited, conjointly with Rev. Rufus Ellis, the *Monthly Religious Magazine*. In 1865 he accepted a pastorate at Weston, and continued there until his death.

He wrote *Regeneration* (1853); *Pictures of the Olden Time* and *Athanasia* (1857); *Christian Lyrics* (1860); *The Fourth Gospel: The Heart of Christ* (1872); *Foregleams and Foresplendors of Immortality* (an enlargement of *Athanasia*) (1873); *Sermons and Songs of the Christian Life* (1875); *That Glorious Song of Old* (posthumous) (1883).

Of *Pictures of the Olden Time*, *The North American Review* (April, 1857) says: "This, if not the most scientific form of genealogical writing, is at any rate the form in which we prefer to receive and read the investigation of family history. We prefer the art which can bid the dry bones live to the industry which merely collects the dry bones from their graves. Mr. Sears is an artist and a poet, and is, moreover, fortunate in having an-

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS

cestors who give material for such sketches, . . . all drawn with a taste and enthusiasm, a reverence and a moral earnestness, which mark the union of genius and faith."

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Calm on the listening ear of night
Come Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels with their sparkling lyres
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The day-spring from on high.
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From Heaven's eternal King!" . . .

This day shall Christian lips be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?—
Oh, catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled!
When nightly burst from seraph-harps
The high and solemn lay—
"Glory to God! on earth be peace;
Salvation comes to-day!"

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS

THE ANGELS' SONG.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From Heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven sky they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing! . . .

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the Age of Gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.



SEDGWICK, CATHARINE MARIA, an American novelist, born at Stockbridge, Mass., December 28, 1789; died near Roxbury, July 31, 1867. She was the daughter of the Hon. Theodore Sedgwick, of Stockbridge, who served his country with distinguished reputation in various stations, and particularly in the Congress of the United States as Speaker of the House of Representatives, and afterward as Senator, and who, at the time of his death, was one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of his own State. Her brothers, Henry and Theodore, have both been distinguished as lawyers and as political writers.

Miss Sedgwick's first publication was *The New England Tale* (1822). The author informs us in the preface that the story was commenced as a religious tract, and that it gradually grew in her hands beyond the proper limits of such a work. Finding this to be the case, she abandoned all design of publication, but finished the tale for her own amusement. Once finished, however, the opinions and solicitations of her friends prevailed over her own earnest wishes, and the volume was given to the world in 1822. The original intention of this book led the author to give special prominence to topics of a questionable character for a professed novel, and the unfavorable portraiture which she gives, both here and elsewhere, of New

England Puritanism, has naturally brought upon her some censure. *Redwood* followed in 1824. It was received at once with a degree of favor that caused the author's name to be associated, and on equal terms, with that of Cooper, who was then at the height of his popularity; and, indeed, in a French translation of the book, which then appeared, Cooper is given on the title-page as the author. *Redwood* was also translated into the Italian, besides being reprinted in England. The reputation of the author was extended by the appearance, in 1827, of *Hope Leslie*, the most decided favorite of all her novels. She wrote other things afterward that, in the opinion of some of the critics, are superior to either *Redwood* or *Hope Leslie*. But these later writings had to jostle their way among a crowd of competitors, both domestic and foreign. Her earlier works stood alone, and *Hope Leslie*, especially, became firmly associated in the public mind with the rising glories of a native literature. It was not only read with lively satisfaction, but familiarly quoted and applauded as a source of national pride. *Clarence, a Tale of our Own Times*, was published in 1830; *Le Bossu*, one of the tales of the Glauber Spa, in 1832; *The Linwoods, or Sixty Years Since in America*, in 1835; and, lastly, after an interval of twenty-two years, *Married or Single*, in 1857.

In 1836 she commenced writing in quite a new vein, giving a series of illustrations of common life called *The Poor Rich Man* and *The Rich Poor Man*. These were followed, in 1837, by *Live and Let Live*, and afterward by *Means and Ends*, a

CATHARINE MARIA SEDGWICK

Love Token for Children, and Stories for Young Persons.

In 1839 Miss Sedgwick went to Europe, and while there wrote *Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home*, published in two volumes. She wrote also a *Life of Lucretia M. Davidson*, and contributed numerous articles to the annuals and magazines. Most of her later publications were prepared expressly for children and young persons. The titles of some of her small volumes are *Facts and Fancies*, *Morals and Manners*, *Wilton Harvey*, *Boy of Mount Rhigi*, etc.

"The quality of mind which is most apparent in Miss Sedgwick's writings," said Professor Hart, "is that of strength. The reader feels at every step that he has to do with a vigorous and active intellect. Another quality, resulting from this possession of power, is the entire absence of affectation of every kind. There is no straining for effect, no mere verbal prettiness. The discourse proceeds with the utmost simplicity and directness, as though the author were more intent upon what she is saying than how she says it. And yet, the mountain springs of her own Housatonic do not send up a more limpid stream than is the apparently spontaneous flow of her pure English. As a novelist, Miss Sedgwick for the most part, and wisely, chose American subjects. The local traditions, scenery, manners, and costume, being thus entirely familiar, she had greater freedom in the exercise of the creative faculty, on which, after all, real eminence in the art mainly depends. Her characters are conceived with distinctness,

and are minutely individual and consistent, while her plot always shows a mind fertile in resources and a happy adaptation of means to ends."

A SABBATH IN NEW ENGLAND.

The observance of the Sabbath began with the Puritans, as it still does with a great portion of their descendants, on Saturday night. At the going down of the sun on Saturday, all temporal affairs were suspended; and so zealously did our fathers maintain the letter as well as the spirit of the law, that—according to a vulgar tradition—in Connecticut no beer was brewed in the latter part of the week, lest it should presume to "work" on Sunday.

On Saturday afternoon an uncommon bustle is apparent. The great class of procrastinators are hurrying to and fro to complete the lagging business of the week; the good mothers, like Burns's matron, are plying their needles, making "auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new;" while the domestics, or "help," are wielding, with might and main, their brooms and mops, to make all tidy for the Sabbath. As the day declines, the hum of labor dies away, and after the sun is set perfect stillness reigns in every well-ordered household, and not a footfall is heard in the village street. It cannot be denied that even the most scriptural, missing the excitement of their ordinary occupations, anticipate their usual bedtime. The obvious inference from this fact is skilfully avoided by certain ingenious reasoners, who allege that the constitution was originally so organized as to require an extra quantity of sleep on every seventh night.

The Sabbath morning is as peaceful as the first halowed day. Not a human sound is heard without the dwellings; and but for the lowing of the herds, the crowing of the cocks, and the gossiping of the birds, animal life would seem to be extinct, till at the bidding of the church-going bell the old and young issue from their habitations, and with solemn demeanor bend their measured steps to the "meeting-house;" the families of the minister, the doctor, the merchant—the modest

gentry of the village—and the mechanic and laborer, all arrayed in their best, all meeting on even ground, and all with that consciousness of independence and equality which breaks down the pride of the rich and rescues the poor from servility, envy, and discontent. If a morning salutation is reciprocated, it is in a suppressed voice ; and if perchance nature, in some reckless urchin, burst forth in laughter, “ My dear, you forget it’s Sunday ! ” is the ever-ready reproof. . . .

The farmer’s ample wagon, and the little one-horse vehicle, bring in all who reside at an inconvenient walking distance—that is to say, in our riding community, half a mile from the church. It is a pleasant sight, to those who love to note the happy peculiarities of their own land, to see the farmers’ daughters—blooming, intelligent, well-bred—pouring out of these homely coaches, with their nice white gowns, prunella shoes, leghorn hats, fans and parasols ; and the spruce young men with their plaited ruffles, blue coats, and yellow buttons. The whole community meet, as one religious family, to offer their devotions at the common altar. If there is an outlaw from the society—a luckless wight whose vagrant taste has never been subdued—he may be seen stealing along the margin of some little brook, far away from the condemning observation and troublesome admonitions of his fellows.

Toward the close of the day (or, to borrow a phrase descriptive of his feelings who first used it), when “ the Sabbath begins to *abate*,” the children cluster about the windows. Their eyes wander from their catechism to the western sky ; and though it seems to them as if the sun would never disappear, his broad disc does slowly sink behind the mountain ; and while his last ray still lingers on the eastern summits, merry voices break forth, and the ground resounds with bounding footsteps. The village belle arrays herself for her twilight walk ; the boys gather on “ the green ; ” the lads and girls throng to the “ singing-school ; ” while some coy maiden lingers at home, awaiting her expected suitor ; and all enter upon the pleasure of the evening with as keen a relish as if the day had been a preparatory penance.—*A New England Tale*.

CATHARINE MARIA SEDGWICK

MAPLETON.

Mapleton is, or was—our to-days are very unlike our yesterdays—a secluded village in New England. It lies in a hill and lake country with the intervening valleys and meadows, that are enriched by the spring *freshets* with alluvial soil. A railroad now skirts the valley, but at the epoch of our story the simplicity of rural life was in no way invaded. There was no monster hotel; only a two-storied inn, with its traditions of “the Revolution,” “Shays’s war,” and a flaming ghost that once haunted its precincts.

The “dollar” was not yet “almighty” in Mapleton, but such things as contentment, mental accomplishment, social respect, and self-respect were there held superior to it and independent of it. No city-earned fortunes ruffled its quiet surface, and—oh, blissful days!—no city bees broke the silence of its summer shades.

The village street runs parallel to Lily Pond, a bit of water some six or seven miles in circumference. Lily Pond may it remain, in spite of its ambitious rechristening as Lake *Bona Vista*, by Colonel Donalphonso Hart, a return-volunteer from the Mexican war, who illustrated Mapleton by his nativity. The indigenous name of this lovely bit of water indicates the lotus that profusely adorns its bosom in the month of August, shooting up its long, flexile stems, unfolding its white petals, with a pink tint as delicate as an infant’s blush, and breathing out the rich odors it seems to have inhaled from the voluptuous sweets of summer.

Mapleton is the oldest village in the county. The beauty of its position was accidental, for its founders being true sons of the Pilgrim Fathers, like them eschewed the quality of beauty as if it were a device of the wicked one. Throughout New England the Puritans turned their backs upon the sweet South and its cheerful sunshine, facing their houses to the cold blasts of the North, as they did their tempers to the rigors of life. So it came, that the shores of Lily Pond that looked to the east and south, with their charming variety of rock and woodland, and flowery turf, were

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abandoned to unseemly barns, and slovenly yards into which kitchens and sheds opened, and that the houses were built haphazard on either side of a wide street winding in parallel line with the winding shore; the west side being preferred for building, as highest and driest, and as commanding wider fields of pasture, grain, and woodland, intervening between it and the mountain barrier of the township. Civilization had, however, begun its work in Mapleton. The native taste of some of its people was cultivated; a few had travelled, and they were beginning to adorn their rural homes with filial love and reverence, the reverence attaching itself to old things, the love creating new beauties. Creeping roses sheltered and adorned the bared trunks of old trees, Virginia creepers shot over old barns, and honeysuckles and the native clematis perfumed and graced old porches. Fences were removed, yards became "lawns," shrubberies were set, patches of flowers bloomed out from the greensward, gravel-walks were laid out, piazzas erected, and the whole screened from the cold north and envious east wind by thick plantings of our native hemlock.

All honor be to the women of Mapleton, who, by their "Married Ladies' Cemetery Association," and their "Young Ladies' Flower Committee," hastened on this rural millennium.—*Married or Single.*





SEDLEY, SIR CHARLES, an English wit and dramatist, born at Aylesford, Kent, about 1639; died August 20, 1701. He was the youngest son of Sir John Sedley, and *An Epitaph on Lady Sedley's Death*, by the poet Waller, was written in memory of his mother. He was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, repaired to Court at the Restoration, and soon became notorious at once for debauchery and wit. Later he sat in Parliament for New Romney, retired from Court, and joined the party of William at the Revolution. In his youth Sedley entered Wadham College, Oxford, as a fellow-commoner, March 22, 1655-1656 [O. S.], but took no degrees. Chief-Justice Foster is said to have observed upon the occasion of one of Sedley's many orgies, "that it was for Sedley and such wicked wretches as he was that God's anger and judgments hung over us," calling him "Sirrah!" many times. The earliest of Sedley's prose papers was entitled *Reflections Upon Our Late and Present Proceedings in England*. This contribution to the pamphlet literature of the period furnishes a good example of Sedley's clear and facile prose style. The Parliamentary speeches attributed to him bear largely upon the advantages of retrenchment, and in general reflect the opinions of a moderate Tory. Notwithstanding the continued interest in public affairs exhibited in these speeches,

Sedley is said to have withdrawn from London as much as possible after the death of Charles II. In January, 1680, his skull was fractured by the fall of the roof of the tennis-court in the Haymarket, and he narrowly escaped with his life. The literary reputation of Sedley among his contemporaries equalled his notoriety in the world of fashion and scandal. Flatteries were lavished on him by Rochester, Buckingham, and Shadwell, and Dryden introduced him as one of the personages of the dialogue published in 1688 as *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, and dedicated to him *The Assignment* (1673). When the literary remains of Sedley are examined, they are found very imperfectly to warrant their contemporary reputation. His prose writings consist, besides the pieces already mentioned, of a commonplace *Essay on Entertainments*, and a prose version of Cicero's oration *Pro M. Marcello*. The burlesque *Speech and Last Will and Testament* of the Earl of Pembroke may be his or Butler's. Sedley's non-dramatic verse comprises little that is noticeable; he has, however, occasionally, very felicitous turns of diction, the effect of which is enhanced by the unstudied simplicity of his manner. The pretty song, *Phyllis Is My Only Joy*, and its companion, *Song à la Mode*, survive chiefly because of their setting as madrigals. Another lyric of merit is *Love Still Has Something of the Sea*. In his non-dramatic productions Sedley, although a licentious, is not, as a rule, an obscene, writer. He has also left a series of translations and adaptations, including versions in heroic couplets of *Vergil's Fourth Georgic*, and

Eclogues, and an adaptation, under the sub-title of *Court Characters*, of a series of epigrams from Martial. His plays are *Antony and Cleopatra* (1677); *The Tyrant King of Crete*, merely an adaptation of Henry Killigrew's *Conspiracy*, which was printed in 1638; *The Mulberry Garden* (1668); *Bellamira, or The Mistress* (1687), and *The Grumbler*. His poems were collected in 1701; and were published with his speeches in 1707.

The Mulberry Garden is an example, composed partly in easy prose and partly in rhymed couplets, of what may be called the "rambling" comedy of the age. It is a worthless piece, partly founded on Molière's *École des Maris*. Its action is supposed to take place just about the time of Monk's declaration in favor of the Restoration.

THE GROWTH OF LOVE.

Ah, Chloris! that I now could sit
As unconcerned, as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
Like metals in the mine;
Age from no face took more away
Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection pressed,
Fond love as unperceived did fly,
And in my bosom rest.

CHARLES SEDLEY

My passion with your beauty grew,
And Cupid at my heart,
Still, as his mother favored you,
Threw a new, flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part ;
To make a lover, he
Employed the utmost of his art—
To make a beauty she.

Though now I slowly bend to love,
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
At first disordered be ;
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they must see.

—*From The Mulberry Garden.*





SEELYE, JULIUS HAWLEY, an American educator and religious writer, born at Bethel, Conn., September 14, 1824; died May 12, 1895. He was graduated at Amherst in 1849, studied theology at Auburn, N. Y., and at Halle, Germany, and in 1853 became pastor of the First Reformed Dutch Church in Schenectady, where he remained until 1858. From 1858 till 1875 he was Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy at Amherst. In 1875-77 he served in Congress as a delegate from Massachusetts. From 1877 to 1890 he was President of Amherst College. In 1872 he visited India, and delivered a course of lectures. He received the degree of D.D. from Union College in 1862, and that of LL.D. from Columbia in 1876. In addition to reviews, sermons, and addresses, he published a translation of Dr. Albert Schweigler's *History of Philosophy* (1856); *Lectures to Educated Hindus* (Bombay, 1873), republished under the title, *The Way, the Truth, and the Life* (Boston, 1873); *Christian Missions* (1875), and *Citizenship* (1894). In 1880 he published a revised edition of Hickok's *Moral Science*.

"As a teacher of philosophy," says the *New York Tribune* of May 13, 1895, "Dr. Seelye was unexcelled, and was universally recognized as such. To cite an instance of his deep philosophic insight, more than ten years ago he declared that the

course of national events would inevitably lead to such financial troubles as have existed of late, a statement that called forth at the time ridicule from the press."

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

Theism speaks of God as a living spirit, to whom human souls may come and worship; but it presents no living motive thus to do. Much as we might wish it otherwise, the lamentable fact remains that men do not spontaneously come to God. Left to themselves, they seek their own ends, and turn away from Him. Simple theism has nothing to reverse this tendency. Its thought of God is too vague to have personal power over men. As the sunlight, all glorious though it be, does not warm the atmosphere through which it passes till its beams have been reflected from the earth; so the light of the knowledge of God may shine resplendent through all our thoughts, without any vivifying warmth, till our thoughts receive it through some living reflection of Him. Herein is the fitness of Jesus Christ to inspire and save men. He appears before us as the living God in human form. It is claimed of Him that He is the eternal Word, which was in the beginning with God, and which was God; by whom all things were made, and without whom there was not anything made that was made. He repeatedly makes the same claim for Himself. He supports this claim by His own words not only, but by a power over Nature which bore witness to His words. He showed himself to be Lord of things created; and thus He manifested forth His glory, and His disciples believed in Him. Nature appears as His servant, which hears His voice, and does His will. He turns the water into wine. He speaks to the winds and waves, and they obey Him. The trees of the field and the fish of the sea do His bidding. He heals diseases of every sort. He makes the blind to see and the deaf to hear and the dead to live. Through the three years in which His public life was manifested, Nature is seen to move as responsive to His will as the pulse beats with the throbbing of the

heart ; and, when He was crucified, dead and buried, He rose from the sepulchre, as the lord of life, with power over death and the grave.—*The Way, the Truth, and the Life.*

THE DESIRABLE END OF PROGRESS.

Notice now the living inspiration which this truth gives to men. God's love to man, thus revealed, begets man's love to God ; for "we love Him because He first loved us ;" and man's love to God kindles man's love to man, "for he that loveth God will love his brother also." This living germ is capable of evolving the perfect life for the individual, and the perfect social state. All the requirements of individual perfection are met in that soul where every duty and every moral precept are revealed as the righteous will of a loving Lord, in whose love the soul finds its life, and in whose service it rejoices in the liberty of the perfect love which casteth out fear. The perfect social state surely exists when society, kindled by this divine inspiration, becomes knit together by that charity which seeketh not her own, and where the new life of love and purity in individual hearts works everywhere in peace and good-will. These blessings, which no other religion even proposes, and which surpass the ideal dreams of poetry or philosophy, it is not only the aim of Christianity to secure, but these are the actual results of this religion, in exactly the degree in which men have yielded to its sway. If it could only be everywhere accepted, if all men were true and loyal disciples of Jesus Christ, wars would cease, oppression and slavery would be no more, vice and crime of every sort would disappear ; there would be purity and love universal among men, and the spiritual life which the Christian faith enkindles would furnish the unfailing impulse to all intellectual growth and all industrial activity. Not only righteousness, but knowledge, should then flow through all the earth, while the wilderness and the solitary place should be glad thereof, and the desert should rejoice and blossom as the rose. The wise man, therefore, who loves his race, will be content with nothing less than the effort to bring all nations and every heart under the living sway of Jesus Christ and his word.—*The Way, the Truth, and the Life,*



SENECA, LUCIUS ANNÆUS, celebrated Roman philosopher and moralist, second son of the rhetorician, Marcus Annæus Seneca, was born at Corduba, Spain, about the year 3 B.C.; died by his own hand, at his villa near Rome, in A.D. 65. He was taken by his parents to Rome to be educated, and became a devoted student of rhetoric, philosophy, and law, and soon gained distinction at the bar. His political career was suddenly interrupted in A.D. 41 by his banishment to Corsica, by Claudius. The eight years of his banishment were spent in study and writing. It was during this exile that he wrote his *Consolatio ad Helviam*. In A.D. 48 the Empress, Agrippina, had him recalled, and he was appointed prætor and tutor to her son, L. Domitius (Nero), then eleven years old. He became Agrippina's confidential adviser, and at the accession of Nero, A.D. 54, his influence increased. Under this influence and that of the prætorian prefect, the first five years of Nero's reign were wise and just. In A.D. 56 Seneca wrote a treatise on clemency addressed to Nero, *De Clementia ad Neronem*. When the rupture between Nero and his mother came, Seneca sided with Nero, consented to her death, and wrote the letter which Nero addressed to the Senate in its justification. He was finally supplanted in the favor of Nero by Tigellinus and Rufus, and when

he was accused of being an accomplice of Piso, in a conspiracy against the Emperor, he was compelled to commit suicide. This he did by opening his veins while in a warm bath. Some of his works are *On Anger*, *A Book on Providence*, *On Tranquillity of Mind*, *On the Brevity of Life*, essays on natural science, and numerous letters.

“BE SLOW UNTO WRATH.”

The greatest remedy for anger is delay : beg anger to grant you this at the first, not in order that it may pardon the offence, but that it may form a right judgment about it : if it delay, it will come to an end. Do not attempt to quell it all at once, for its first impulses are fierce ; by plucking away its parts we shall remove the whole. We are made angry by some things which we learn at second-hand, and by some which we ourselves hear or see. Now, we ought to be slow to believe what is told us. Many tell lies in order to deceive us, and many because they are themselves deceived. Some seek to win our favor by false accusations, and invent wrongs in order that they may appear angry at our having suffered them. One man lies out of spite, that he may set trusting friends at variance ; some because they are suspicious, and wish to see sport, and watch from a safe distance those whom they have set by the ears. If you were about to give sentence in court about ever so small a sum of money, you would take nothing as proved without a witness, and a witness would count for nothing except on his oath. You would allow both sides to be heard : you would allow them time : you would not despatch the matter at one sitting, because the oftener it is handled the more distinctly the truth appears. And do you condemn your friend off-hand ? Are you angry with him before you hear his story, before you have cross-examined him, before he can know either who is his accuser or with what he is charged ?—*On Anger ; translated by* AUBREY STEWART, M.A.



SÉVIGNÉ, MARIE DE RABUTIN CHANTAL DE, a French writer of charming letters, born in Paris, February 6, 1626; died at Grignan, April 18, 1696. Left an orphan in early childhood, she was tenderly reared by her maternal uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, was carefully educated, and at the age of eighteen was married to the Marquis Henri de Sévigné. This marriage was terminated, at the end of seven years, by the death of her husband, and Madame de Sévigné devoted herself to the education of her young son and daughter. On her return to Paris, in 1654, she became, in virtue of her wit, her beauty, her tact, and her sweet disposition, the centre of a brilliant society. She was sought in marriage by several distinguished men, but her intense affection for her children led her to reject all suitors. The marriage of her daughter to the Count de Grignan, Governor of Provence, and the consequent separation from her, was the grief of Madame de Sévigné's life. She took refuge in long letters, in which she described all of the persons she met, and detailed all the events of the life around her. These *Letters*, scarcely equalled in their combination of wit, sympathy, and graceful expression, form, with letters to other friends, the foundation of Madame de Sévigné's fame. She died of small-pox while on a visit to her daughter.

TO HER DAUGHTER.

PARIS, March 3, 1671.

If you were here, my dear child, you would certainly laugh at me. I am set down to write beforehand, but from a very different reason to that which I once gave you, for writing to a person two days before I could send my letter : it was a matter of indifference to me, when I wrote, as I knew I should have no more to say to him at the two days' end than I had then. But here the case is otherwise. I do it now from the regard I have for you, and to satisfy the pleasure I take in writing to you every moment, which is the sole comfort I have now left. To-day I am shut up by myself in my room, through excess of ill-humor. I am weary of everything. . . .

I assure you, my dear child, I am continually thinking of you : and I experience every day the truth of what you once told me, that there are certain thoughts which are not to be dwelt upon, but passed over as lightly as possible, unless we would be forever in tears. This is my case ; for there is not a place in the house which does not give a stab to my heart when I see it ; but your room especially deals a deadly blow from every part of it. I have placed a screen in the middle of it, that I may at least take something from the prospect. As for the window from which I saw you get into D'Hacqueville's coach, and then called you back again, I shudder every time I think how near I was throwing myself out of it after you. I was likely enough to have done it, for at times I am not in my senses. The closet where I held you last in my arms, without knowing what I did ; the Capuchins, where I used to go to mass ; the tears that fell so fast from my eyes that they wetted the ground, as if water had been thrown on it ; Saint Mary's, Madame de la Fayette, my return to the house, your room, that night, the next morning, your first letter, and every one since, and still every day, and every conversation of those who feel with me, are so many remembrancers of my loss. Poor D'Hacqueville holds the first rank ; I shall never

forget the compassion he showed me. These are the thoughts incessantly uppermost ; yet these are to be passed over, it seems ; we are not to abandon ourselves to our thoughts, and the emotions of our heart. I had rather, however, continue my reveries on the kind of life you are leading. It occasions a sort of diversion, without making me abandon my principal, my beloved object. I do then think of you. I am always wishing for letters from you. One wish of this nature, when gratified, is followed by another continually. I am in this state of expectation now, and shall go on with my letter when I have received one from you.

TO M. DE COULANGES.

PARIS, Dec. 15, 1670.

I am going to tell you a thing the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most magnificent, the most confounding, the most unheard of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unforeseen, the greatest, the least, the rarest, the most common, the most public, the most private till to-day, the most brilliant, the most enviable ; in short, a thing of which there is but one example in past ages, and that not an exact one either ; a thing that we cannot believe at Paris ; how, then, will it gain credit at Lyons ? A thing which makes everybody cry, " Lord, have mercy upon us ! " a thing which causes the greatest joy to Madame de Rohan and Madame de Hauterive ; a thing, in fine, which is to happen on Sunday next, when those who are present will doubt the evidence of their senses ; a thing which is to be done on Sunday, yet perhaps will not be finished on Monday. I cannot bring myself to tell it you ; guess what it is. I give you three times to do it in. What, not a word to throw at a dog ? Well, then, I find I must tell you. Monsieur de Lauzun is to be married next Sunday at the Louvre, to—pray guess to whom ! I give you four times to do it in, I give you six, I give you a hundred. Says Madame de Coulanges, " It is really very hard to guess ; perhaps it is Madame de la Vallière." Indeed, madame, it is not. " It is Made-

moiselle de Retz, then." No, nor she, neither ; you are extremely provincial. "Lord bless me," say you, "what stupid wretches we are ! it is Mademoiselle de Colbert all the while." Nay, now you are still farther from the mark. "Why then it must certainly be Mademoiselle de Crequy." You have it not yet. Well, I find I must tell you at last. He is to be married next Sunday, at the Louvre, with the king's leave, to Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de—Mademoiselle—guess, pray guess, her name ; he is to be married to Mademoiselle, the great Mademoiselle ; Mademoiselle, daughter to the late Monsieur [Gaston of France, Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIII.] ; Mademoiselle, granddaughter of Henri IV. ; Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orléans, Mademoiselle, the king's cousin-german, Mademoiselle, destined to the throne, Mademoiselle, the only match in France that was worthy of Monsieur. What glorious matter for talk ! If you should burst forth like a bed-lamite, say we have told you a lie, that it is false, that we are making a jest of you, and that a pretty jest it is without wit or invention ; in short, if you abuse us, we shall think you quite in the right ; for we have done just the same things ourselves. Farewell, you will find by the letters you receive this post whether we tell you truth or not.

TO THE SAME.

PARIS, Dec. 19, 1670.

What is called "falling from the clouds," happened last night at the Tuileries ; but I must go farther back. You have already shared in the joy, the transport, the ecstasies of the princess and her happy lover. It was just as I told you, the affair was made public on Monday. Tuesday was passed in talking, astonishment, and compliments. Wednesday, Mademoiselle made a deed of gift to Monsieur de Lauzun, investing him with certain titles, names, and dignities, necessary to be inserted in the marriage-contract, which was drawn up that day. She gave him them, till she could give him something better, four duchies ; the first was that of Count d'Eu, which entitles him to rank as first peer of France ; the Duke-

dom of Montpensier, which title he bore all that day; the Dukedom de Saint Fargeau; and the Dukedom de Châtelrault, the whole valued at twenty-two millions of livres. The contract was then drawn up, and he took the name of Montpensier. Thursday morning, which was yesterday, Mademoiselle was in expectation of the king's signing the contract, as he had said that he would do; but, about seven o'clock in the evening, the queen, monsieur, and several old dotards that were about him, had so persuaded his majesty that his reputation would suffer in this affair, that, sending for Mademoiselle and Monsieur de Lauzun, he announced to them before the prince that he forbade them to think any further of this marriage. Monsieur de Lauzun received the prohibition with all the respect, submission, firmness, and, at the same time despair, that could be expected in so great a reverse of fortune. As for Mademoiselle, she gave a loose to her feelings, and burst into tears, cries, lamentations, and the most violent expressions of grief; she keeps her bed all day long, and takes nothing within her lips but a little broth. What a fine dream is here! what a glorious subject for a tragedy or romance, but especially talking and reasoning eternally! This is what we do day and night, morning and evening, without end, and without intermission; we hope you do the same, *E fra tanto vi bacio le mani*; "and with this I kiss your hand."

TO THE SAME.

PARIS, Dec. 24, 1670.

You are now perfectly acquainted with the romantic story of Mademoiselle and of Monsieur de Lauzun. It is a story well adapted for a tragedy, and in all the rules of the theatre; we laid out the acts and scenes the other day. We took four days instead of four and twenty hours, and the piece was complete. Never was such a change seen in so short a time; never was there known so general an emotion. You certainly never received so extraordinary a piece of intelligence before. M. de Lauzun behaved admirably; he supported his misfortune with such courage and intrepidity, and at the same time showed so deep a sorrow, mixed with such

profound respect, that he has gained the admiration of everybody. His loss is doubtless great, but then the king's favor, which he has by this means preserved, is likewise great; so that, upon the whole, his condition does not seem so very deplorable. Mademoiselle, too, has behaved extremely well on her side. She has wept much and bitterly; but yesterday, for the first time, she returned to pay her duty at the Louvre, after having received the visits of everyone there; so the affair is all over.





SEWARD, WILLIAM HENRY, an American statesman and general writer, born at Florida, N. Y., May 16, 1801; died at Auburn, N. Y., October 10, 1872. He entered Union College at fifteen, and after his graduation went to the South, and was for several months teacher of an academy in Georgia. Returning to the North, he studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1822, and soon after entered upon practice at Auburn, N. Y., which was thereafter his residence. He soon began to take an active part in politics. About 1828 the "anti-Masonic" excitement reached its height, and Mr. Seward was elected to the State Senate as an "Anti-Mason." In 1834 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the office of Governor of New York. In 1838 he was elected Governor by the "Whig" party. He was re-elected in 1840, but declining a renomination in 1842, he resumed his large legal practice at Auburn. In 1849 he was elected to the Senate of the United States, and was re-elected in 1855. He soon became a recognized leader of the political party opposed to the extension of slavery which finally assumed the name of "Republican." In a speech, in 1849, on the admission of California as a State of the Union, he formulated what is known as "the Higher Law Doctrine." "There is," said he, "a higher law than the Constitution, which regulates

the authority of Congress—the law of God, and the interests of humanity.”

In the Republican National Convention of 1860 Mr. Seward was apparently the foremost candidate for the presidency; but it being found impossible to concentrate upon him the votes of a majority of the delegates, the nomination was given to Abraham Lincoln, who was elected. President Lincoln invited to his Cabinet the men who had been prominent competitors for the Presidential nomination—Mr. Seward accepting the position of Secretary of State, fulfilling its duties during Mr. Lincoln's administration. On April 14, 1865, the President was assassinated at Washington. The plot for that purpose included the assassination of Mr. Seward, who was temporarily confined to his room. The assassin penetrated the apartment, and inflicted stabs which were at first thought to be fatal, at the same time seriously wounding his son. Mr. Seward, however, recovered; and discharged the duties of Secretary of State during the administration of Andrew Johnson.

In 1870 he set out upon a journey round the world, which occupied fourteen months. Crossing the continent to the Pacific Ocean, he visited China, Japan, portions of British India, Egypt, and Palestine, returning by way of Europe. He had already put forth four volumes of his *Works* containing public speeches, diplomatic correspondence, several biographical sketches, and various literary addresses. He now set himself down to record the results of his observations during his

recent journey. This work, entitled *William H. Seward's Travels Around the World*, edited by his niece, Olive Risley Seward, was published soon after his death. He was also engaged upon a *History of Our Own Times*, which he left incomplete.

THE MORAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Reasoning *a priori*, it is only just to infer in favor of the United States an improvement of morals from their established progress in knowledge and power; otherwise the philosophy of society is misunderstood, and we must change all our courses, and henceforth seek safety in imbecility, and virtue in superstition and ignorance. What shall be the test of national morals? Shall it be the eccentricity of crimes? Certainly not; for then we must compare the criminal eccentricity of to-day with that of yesterday. The result of the comparison would be only this—that the crimes of society change with changing circumstances.

Loyalty to the State is a public virtue. Was it ever deeper-toned or more universal than now? I know there are ebullitions of passion and discontent, sometimes breaking out into disorder and violence; but was ever faction more disarmed and harmless than it is now? There is a loyalty which springs from affection that we bear to our native soil. This we have as strong as any people. But it is not the soil alone nor yet the soil beneath our feet and the skies over our heads, that constitute our country. It is its freedom, equality, justice, greatness, and glory. Who among us is so low as to be insensible of an interest in them? Four hundred thousand natives of other lands every year voluntarily renounce their own sovereigns, and swear fealty to our own. Who has ever known an American to transfer his allegiance permanently to a foreign power?

The spirit of the laws, in any country, is a true index to the morals of a people, just in proportion to the power they exercise in making them. Who complains, here or elsewhere, that crime or immorality blots our statute-books with licentious enactments? The charac-

ter of a country's magistrates, legislators, and captains, chosen by its people, reflects their own. It is true that in the earnest canvassing which so frequently recurring elections require suspicion often follows the magistrate, and scandal follows in the footsteps of the statesman. Yet when his course has been finished, what magistrate has left a name tarnished by corruption, or what statesman has left an act or an opinion so erroneous that decent charity cannot excuse, though it may disapprove? What chieftain ever tempered military triumph with so much moderation as he who, when he had placed our standard on the battlements of the capital of Mexico, not only received an offer of supreme authority from the conquered nation, but declined it?

The manners of a nation are the outward form of its inner life. Where is woman held in so chivalrous respect, and where does she deserve that eminence better? Where is property more safe, commercial honor better sustained, or human life more sacred? Moderation is a virtue in public and private life. Has not the great increase of private wealth manifested itself chiefly in widening the circle of education and elevating the standard of popular intelligence? With forces which, if combined and directed by ambition, would subjugate this continent at once, we have only made two very short wars: the one confessedly a war of defence, and the other ended by paying for peace, and for a domain already conquered.

Where lies the secret of the increase of virtue which has thus been established? I think it will be found in the entire emancipation of the consciences of men from either direct or indirect control by established ecclesiastical or political systems. Religious classes, like political parties, have been left to compete in the great work of moral education, and to entitle themselves to the confidence and affection of society by the purity of their faith and of their morals.—*Address at Yale College, 1854.*

THE PRESENT STATUS OF THE CHINESE RACE.

The Chinese, though not of the Caucasian race, have all its political, social, and moral capabilities. Long ago

they reached a higher place of civilization than most of the European states attained until a much later period. The Western nations have since risen above that plane. The whole world is anxiously inquiring whether China is to retrieve the advantages she has lost, and if she is to come within the family of modern civilized states. Mr. Burlingame's sanguine temperament and charitable disposition led him to form too favorable an opinion of the present condition of China. In his anxiety to secure a more liberal policy on the part of the Western nations toward the ancient empire, he gave us to understand that while China has much to learn from the Western nations, she is not without some peculiar institutions which they may advantageously adopt. This is not quite true. Although China is far from being a barbarous state, yet every system and institution there is inferior to its corresponding one in the West. . . .

The long isolation of the empire, and the extirpation of native invention, have ended in reversing the position of China. From being self-sustaining and independent, as she was when found by the European states, she has become imbecile, dependent, and helpless. Without military science and art, she is at the mercy of Western nations; without the science of political economy, the Government is incapable of maintaining an adequate system of revenue; and without the science of Western laws and morals, it is equally incapable of maintaining an impartial and effective administration of justice. Having refused to adopt Western arts and sciences, the Government is incapable of establishing and maintaining a beneficial domestic administration. Insurrections and revolutions are therefore unavoidable, nor can the Government repress them without the aid of the Western Powers. Though China would now willingly leave all the world alone, other nations cannot afford to leave her alone. . . .

Now for the question of the prospects of China. Before attempting to answer this, it will be well to define intelligently the present political position of China. Certainly it is no longer an absolutely sovereign and independent empire; nor has it become a protectorate of any other empire. It is, in short, a state under the con-

stant and active surveillance of the Western maritime nations. This surveillance is exercised by their diplomatic representatives, and by their naval forces, backed by the menace of military intervention.

In determining whether this precarious condition of China is likely to continue, and whether its endurance is desirable, it would be well to consider what are the possible alternatives. There are only three: First, absolute subjection by some foreign state; second, the establishment of a protectorate by some foreign state; third, a complete popular revolution, overthrowing not only the present dynasty, but the present forms of government, and establishing one which shall be in harmony with the interests of China and the spirit of the age.

The Chinese people, inflated with national pride and contempt for Western sciences, arts, religions, morals, and manners, are not prepared to accept the latter alternative. The rivalry of the Western nations, with the fluctuations of the balance of their political powers, render it dangerous for any foreign state to assume a protectorate. The second alternative is therefore out of the question. We have already expressed the opinion that mankind have outlived the theory of universal empire, and certainly the absolute subjugation of China by any Western state would be a nearer approach to universal empire than Greek, or Roman, or Corsican, or Cossack ever dreamed of.

The exercise of sovereignty in China by a national dynasty, under the surveillance and protection of the maritime powers, is the condition most favorable to the country, and most desirable. The maintenance of it seems practicable so far as it depends upon the consent of the maritime surveillant powers; but how long the four hundred millions of people within the empire will submit to its continuance is a question which baffles all penetration. The present government [1871] favors, and does all it can to maintain it. Prince Kung and Wan-Sang are progressive and renovating statesmen; but a year or two hence a new emperor will come to the throne. The *literati*, now less bigoted than heretofore, have an unshaken prestige among the people; and,

for aught anyone can judge, the first decree of the new emperor may be the appointment of a reactionary ministry, with the decapitation of the present advisers of the throne. Let it then be the policy of the Western nations to encourage and sustain the sagacious reformers of China, and in dealing with that extraordinary people to practise in all things justice, moderation, kindness, and sympathy.—*Travels Around the World.*

LOYALTY TO THE UNION.

The Union is, not because merely that men choose that it shall be, but because some government must exist here, and no other government than this can. If it could be dashed to atoms by the whirlwind, the lightning or the earthquake, to-day, it would rise again in all its just and magnificent proportions to-morrow. This nation is a globe, still accumulating upon accumulation, not a dissolving sphere.

I have heard somewhat here, and almost for the first time in my life, of divided allegiance—of allegiance to the South and to the Union—of allegiance to States severally and to the Union. . . .

But for all this I know only one country and one sovereign—the United States of America and the American people. And such as my allegiance is, is the loyalty of every other citizen of the United States. As I speak he will speak when his time arrives. He knows no other country and no other sovereign.—*Speech on the Admission of California, 1850.*





SEWELL, ELIZABETH MISSING, an English writer of religious novels, born on the Isle of Wight in 1815; died in 1894. She is best known by her religious novels and sketches, the special aim of which is to set forth the distinctive teachings of the Anglican Church. Among these are *Amy Herbert* (1844); *Gertrude* (1847); *Katherine Ashton* (1854); *Ursula* (1857); *Margaret Percival* (1858). At a later date she wrote many books of devotion, sketches of foreign travel, and histories, among which are *Readings for a Month Preparatory to Communion* (1859); *Grammar Made Easy* (1872); *Catechism of Grecian History* (1874); *Popular History of France* (1876); *Private Devotions for Young Persons* (1881).

HELPS TO BEING GOOD.

"As for that," said Dora, "everyone is vain."

"But then," said Amy, "we promised at our baptism that we would not be so; and Mamma says that persons who are vain soon become envious, and that envy leads to very great crimes; and that if we indulge in vanity we can never tell how wicked we shall become by and by."

"I cannot understand why you are always talking about baptism, Amy," said Dora; "it seems as if it had something to do with everything, according to your notions."

"According to Mamma's notions, you mean; she reminds me of it so often that I cannot possibly forget it."

"But there is no one in the world who has kept the

promise," said Dora ; "and then they say we have such a wicked nature. What is the use of thinking of being good when we have no power to be so?"

"I do not think I understand it quite," replied Amy ; "and I am sure, Dora, I cannot teach you ; but I could tell what Mamma tells me."

"And what is that?" asked Dora.

"Mamma says," answered Amy, "that when we are born we all have very wicked natures ; but that when we are baptized God gives us a new nature which is good ; and that when we grow up we can do right if we really wish to do it, because we have the Holy Spirit always to help us. And once, when I made an excuse for something I had done wrong, by saying that it was natural, and I could not help it, she told me that it might have been an excuse if I had not been baptized ; but that now it was no excuse at all."

"Then what are we to do?" asked Dora. "No persons really keep their promises. How wicked we must all be."

"Mamma says we are," replied Amy, "and that we ought to be so very careful about our smallest actions, and our words and thoughts, because it is so dangerous to do wrong now."

"But," said Dora, "I cannot see why people should be baptized, if it only makes them worse off than they were before."

"Oh ! but indeed, Dora," exclaimed Amy, looking rather shocked, "it makes us better off ; for you know the Service about Baptism says that we are made God's children—really his children ; and that when we die we shall go to heaven, if we try and do right now, and beg him to forgive us, when we do wrong, for our Saviour's sake."

"I don't understand it," said Dora ; "and I never heard anyone talk about it till I came to Emmerton."

"I did not understand it half as well," replied Amy, "till Mamma told me a story about Uncle Harrington's birthday, and that when we were baptized we were made heirs of heaven, just as he was heir to this place and all the property. And even now it puzzles me very much ; and very often I cannot believe that it is

all true ; but I try to do so because Mamma says it is, and shows me where it is written in the Bible."

"But how can we tell that we have a good nature given us at our baptism?" said Dora. "I never feel it ; and I don't think I do anything that is right all day long. You may have a good nature, Amy—and I think you have ; but I know I have not."

"Mamma says," answered Amy, "that being sorry for our faults, and wishing to do better, is a sign of it. And you know, Dora, you often tell me how much you wish to do right ; and sometimes when I have had a great many wrong feelings—vain feelings, I mean—and angry and envious ones, the only thing that makes me at all happy again is because I feel sorry for it."

Dora sighed deeply. "I wish," she said, "that the bad nature would go all at once. I am so tired of wishing to do good, and always doing wrong ; and then I begin to think there is no use in trying. It would be easier if I could believe that was true about baptism, because then it would appear as if there was something to help me. But I have always heard people talk about having such a wicked nature till at last it seemed foolish to hope to be good—as if it were impossible. Not but what I do try sometimes, Amy," she continued, with a sudden impulse to be unreserved ; "I do try sometimes—though I dare say you would not believe it, because I am so cross. I meant to have tried this morning ; only Lucy Cunningham made me so angry by the way she twisted her head about, and the nonsense she talked at breakfast, that I could not help becoming out of humor with everyone ; and when I am annoyed in the morning I go on so all day. But you cannot understand that, it is so unlike you."

"I can, though," replied Amy, "for I am very often provoked when I watch Miss Cunningham, and hear her talk. But I try not to look at her, and to think of something else."

"But," said Dora, "I know very well that it is no use feeling properly only when everything goes as you like. What I wish is to have the power of being good always. There are some people who are never put out of humor—Aunt Herbert for one : I long to be like her."

"So do I!" exclaimed Amy, eagerly; "but then she is so very, *very* good; I don't think it is possible to be what she is. Mrs. Walton says she never met with any-one like her."

"That is what disheartens me. Good people are so set up in the clouds, where one can never get at them."

"I suppose, though," answered Amy, "they were not always so good. Mamma often says she did a great many naughty things when she was my age."

"I wish she would tell me what made her better, then," said Dora. "Did she ever tell you?"

"No," replied Amy; "all that she ever told me was what I ought to do myself to cure my faults; and she said that she would pray to God to help me."

"No one will ever promise that for me," observed Dora, sighing.

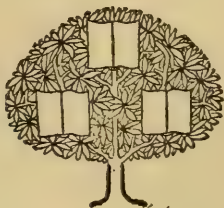
"But Mamma will, I am sure," exclaimed Amy, eagerly; "and I——"

"Why do you stop?" said Dora.

"Mamma tells me to mention all your names in my prayers," replied Amy; "but I don't mean that *that* would be the same as her doing so, because she is so much better."

"I cannot see what difference that can make. I should like very much to think you did it always for me. But it must be such a trouble to remember."

"Oh, no, Dora; it would seem so unkind not to do it; and if I thought you cared, I never could forget. But some day or other, when I am quite good, it will be of much more use."—*Amy Herbert.*





SHADWELL, THOMAS, an English dramatist and poet-laureate, born at Broomhill House, in the parish of Weeting, Norfolk, in 1640 or 1642; died November 19, 1692. Educated at Caius College, Cambridge, he entered the Middle Temple for the study of the law, which he neglected for poetry and other light literature. His address to the Prince of Orange on landing, and one to Queen Mary, are specimens of his heroic verse, which fully justify Dryden's severe satire. His plays, which are seventeen in number, are better than his poems. The characters are really dramatic, and the manners of the age are well drawn. His imitation of Ben Jonson and his coarseness have excited the remarks of later critics. As a Whig he supported the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Shaftesbury, and was rewarded after the Revolution with the offices of laureate and historiographer, to the great disgust of Dryden. His death is said to have been hastened by an overdose of opium, to the use of which he was addicted. His first play, *The Sullen Lovers*, based on Molière's *Les Fâcheux*, was brought out at Lincoln's Inn Fields May 5, 1668. In the preface he avows himself a disciple of Ben Jonson. His second play, *The Royal Shepherdess*, adapted from Fountain's *Rewards of Virtue*, was produced in February, 1669; *The Humorists* in 1670; *The Miser*, an

adaptation from Molière, containing eight characters not to be found in the French play, in 1671; *Epsom Wells*, one of his best, in 1672. In 1673 he constructed an opera from Shakespeare's *Tempest*, with the title, *The Enchanted Island*. *Psyche*, an opera in rhymed verse, was based on Molière, and was played at Dorset Garden in 1674. *The Libertine*, a tragedy with Don Juan as hero, and *The Virtuoso* were brought out in 1676, *Love and Revenge* in 1675, and *Timon of Athens* in 1678. *The True Widow* appeared in 1679; *The Woman Captain* in 1680; *The Lancashire Witches* in 1681. In 1674 he joined Crowne and Dryden in an attack on Settle's *Empress of Morocco*. In the preface to his first play (1668), Shadwell opposes views recently expressed by Dryden in his *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*. In *The Virtuoso* (1676) he criticises unfavorably *Aureng-Zebe*, by Dryden, and other works by contemporary dramatists. In 1682 appeared Dryden's second satire on Shaftesbury, entitled *The Medal*. Shadwell replied with *The Medal of John Bayes: a Satire against Folly and Knavery*, and with a prose *Epistle to the Tories*. He also wrote a satire, *The Tory Poets*, in which he attacked Dryden, Otway, and others. Dryden took his revenge in *Mac Flecknoe, or a Satire on the True Blue Protestant Poet, T. S.*, published in October, 1682. Shadwell and Thomas Hunt attacked Dryden in *Some Reflections upon the Pretended Parallel in the Play called the Duke of Guise* (1683), which attacks were promptly met in two bitter satires by the poet. In 1687 Shadwell, in a translation of the *Tenth Satire of Juvenal*,

written as a counterblast to a translation by one of Dryden's friends, replied to the attacks upon him as given in *Mac Flecknoe*. In 1688 he produced one of his best plays, *The Squire of Alsatia*, the title first proposed being *The Alsatia Bully*.

THE DAWN OF THE MORNING.

The fringed valance of your eyes advance,
Shake off your canopied and drowsy trance ;
Phœbus already quaffs the morning dew,
Each does his daily lease of life renew.

He darts his beams on the lark's mossy house,
And from his quiet tenement does rouse
The little, charming and harmonious fowl,
Which sings its lump of body to a soul :
Swiftly it clambers up in the steep air
With warbling throat, and makes each note a stair.

This the solicitous lover straight alarms,
Who too long slumbered in his Celia's arms :
And now the swelling sponges of the night
With aching heads stagger from their delight :
Slovenly tailors to their needles haste :
Already now the moving shops are placed
By those who crop the treasures of the fields,
And all those gems the ripening summer yields.
—*From Timon of Athens.*

LOVE IN YOUTH AND IN AGE.

The fire of love in youthful blood
Like what is kindled in brushwood,
But for a moment burns ;
Yet in that moment makes a mighty noise,
It crackles, and to vapor turns,
And soon itself destroys.

But when crept into aged veins
It slowly burns, and long remains ;

And with a sullen heat,
Like fire in logs, it glows, and warms 'em long,
And though the flame be not so great,
Yet is the heat as strong.

—*From The Amorous Bigot.*

THE ROARERS.

The king's most faithful subjects we
In's service are not dull,
We drink, to show our loyalty,
And make his coffers full.
Would all his subjects drink like us,
We'd make him richer far,
More powerful and more prosperous
Than all the Eastern monarchs are.

—*From The Woman Captain.*





SHAFTESBURY (ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER), EARL OF, an English statesman and moralist, born in London, February 26, 1671; died at Naples, February 15, 1713. He entered the House of Commons in 1693, and succeeded to the earldom six years later. He was prominent among the statesmen and literati of his time, until impaired health compelled him to take up his residence in Italy. A complete collection of his works was published in 1716, under the title, *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times*.

"The noble author of the *Characteristics*," says Bishop Warburton, "had many excellent qualities, both as a man and a writer. He was temperate, chaste, honest, and a lover of his country. In his writings he has shown how much he has imbibed the deep sense, and how generally he could copy the gracious manners, of Plato." "His writings are much more estimable for the virtues of his mind," says Horace Walpole, "than for their style and manner. He delivers his doctrines in ecstatic diction, like one of the Magi, inculcating philosophic visions to an Eastern auditory."

Of the following passage, Sir James Mackintosh says: "There is scarcely any composition in our language more lofty in its moral and religious sentiments, or more exquisitely elegant and musical in its diction."

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

BEAUTY AND GOOD THE ORDER OF NATURE.

I have now a better idea of that melancholy you discovered ; and notwithstanding the humorous turn you were pleased to give it, I am persuaded it has a different foundation from any of those fantastical causes I then assigned to it. Love is doubtless at the bottom of it, but a nobler love than such as common beauties inspire. Here, in my turn I begin to raise my voice, and imitate the solemn way you have been teaching me. Knowing as you are, well-knowing and experienced in all the degrees and order of beauty, in all the mysterious charms of the particular forms, you rise to what is more general ; and, with a larger heart, and mind more comprehensive, you generously seek that which is highest in the kind. Not captivated by the lineaments of a fair face, or the well-drawn proportions of a human body, you view the life itself, and embrace rather the mind which adds the lustre, and renders the character chiefly amiable.

Nor is the enjoyment of such a single beauty sufficient to satisfy such an aspiring soul. It seeks how to combine more beauties, and by what coalition of these to form a beautiful society. It views communities, friendships, relations, duties ; and considers by what harmony of particular minds the general beauty is composed, and common weal established. Not satisfied even with public good in one community of men, it frames itself a nobler object, and with enlarged affection seeks the good of mankind. It dwells with pleasure amidst that Reason and those orders on which this fair correspondence and goodly interest is established. Laws, constitutions, civil and religious rites ; whatever civilizes or polishes rude mankind ; the sciences and arts, philosophy, morals, virtue ; the flourishing state of human affairs, and the perfection of human nature—these are its delightful prospects, and this the charm of beauty which attracts it.

Still ardent in this pursuit (such is its love of order and perfection), it rests not here, nor satisfies itself with the beauty of a part ; but, extending further its communicative bounty, seeks the good of all, and af-

fects the interest and prosperity of the whole. True to its native world and higher country, 'tis here it seeks order and perfection, wishing the best, and hoping still to find a wise and just administration. And since all hope of this were vain and idle, if no Universal Mind presided — since without such a supreme intelligence and providential care the distracted universe must be condemned to suffer infinite calamities—'tis here the generous mind labors to discover the healing cause by which the interest of the whole is securely established, the beauty of things, and the universal order, happily sustained.

This, Palemon, is the labor of your soul ; and this its melancholy ; when unsuccessfully pursuing the Supreme Beauty it meets with darkening clouds which intercept the sight. Monsters arise—not those from the Libyan deserts but from the heart of man more fertile, and with their horrid aspect cast an unseemly reflection upon Nature. She, helpless, as she is thought, and working thus absurdly, is contemned, and the government of the world arraigned, and the Deity made void. Much is alleged in answer to show why Nature errs ; and when she seems most ignorant or perverse in her productions, I assert her even then as wise and provident as in her goodliest works. For 'tis not then that men complain of the world's order, or abhor the face of things, when they see the various interests mixed and interfering ; natures subordinate, of different kinds, opposed to one another, and in their different operations submitted the higher to the lower. 'Tis, on the contrary, from this order of inferior and superior things that we admire the world's beauty, founded thus on contrarieties ; whilst from such various and disagreeing principles a universal concord is established.

Thus in the several orders of terrestrial forms a resignation is required—a sacrifice and mutual yielding of natures one to another. The vegetables by their death sustain the animals, and animal bodies, dissolved, enrich the earth, and raise again the vegetable world. The numerous insects are reduced by the superior kinds of birds and beasts ; and these again are checked by man, who, in his turn, submits to other natures, and resigns his

form—a sacrifice in common to the rest of things. And if in natures so little exalted or pre-eminent above each other the sacrifice of interests can appear so just, how much more reasonably may all inferior natures be subjected to the superior nature of the world.

Here are those laws which ought not nor can submit to anything below. The central powers, which hold the lasting orbs in their just poise and movement, must not be controlled to save a fleeting form, and rescue from the precipice a puny animal whose brittle frame, however protected, must of itself so soon dissolve. The ambient air, the inward vapors, the impending meteors, or whatever else is nutrimental or preservative of this earth, must operate in a natural course ; and other good constitutions must submit to the good habit and constitution of the all-sustaining globe. Let us not wonder, therefore, if by earthquakes, storms, pestilential blasts, nether or upper fires, or floods, the animal kinds are oft afflicted, and whole species perhaps involved at once in common ruin. Nor need we wonder if the interior form, the soul and temper, partakes of this occasional deformity, and sympathizes often with its close partner. Who is there that can wonder either at the sicknesses of sense or the depravity of minds enclosed in such frail bodies and dependent on such pervertible organs?

Here, then, is that solution you require. . . . Nor is there aught in this besides what is natural and good. 'Tis good which is predominant, and every corruptible and mortal nature, by its mortality and corruption, yields only to some better, and all in common to that best and highest nature which is incorruptible and immortal.

THE DEITY UNFOLDED IN HIS WORKS.

How oblique and faintly looks the sun on yonder climates, far removed from him ! How tedious are the winters there ! How deep the horrors of the night, and how uncomfortable even the light of day ! The freezing winds employ their fiercest breath, yet are not spent with blowing. The sea, which elsewhere is scarce confined within its limits, lies here immured in walls of crystal. The snow covers the hills, and almost fills the

lowest valleys. How wide and deep it lies, incumbent o'er the plains, hiding the sluggish rivers, the shrubs and trees, the dens of beasts, and mansions of distressed and feeble men! See where they lie confined, hardly secure against the raging cold or the attacks of the wild beasts, now masters of the wasted field, and forced by hunger out of the naked wood. Yet not disheartened (such is the force of human breasts), but thus provided for by art and prudence, the kind, compensating gifts of Heaven, men and their herds may wait for a release. For, at length, the sun, approaching, melts the snow, sets longing men at liberty, and affords them means and time to make provision against the next return of cold. . . .

But leaving these dull climates, so little favored by the sun, for those happier regions, on which he looks more kindly, making perpetual summer, how great an alteration do we find! His purer light confounds weak-sighted mortals, pierced by his scorching beams. Scarce can they tread the glowing ground. The air they breathe cannot enough abate the fire which burns within their panting breasts. Their bodies melt. O'ercome and fainting, they seek the shade, and wait the cool refreshments of the night. Yet oft the bounteous Creator bestows other refreshments. He casts a veil of clouds before them, and raises gentle gales; favored by which, the men and beasts pursue their labors, and plants refreshed by dews and showers can gladly bear the warmest sunbeams.

And here the varying scene opens to new wonders. We see a country rich with gems, but richer with the fragrant spices it affords. How gravely move the largest of land-creatures on the banks of this fair river! How ponderous are their arms, and vast their strength, with courage, and a sense superior to the other beasts! . . . How tame and tractable, how patient of labor and of thirst, are those large creatures, who, lifting up their lofty heads, go, led and laden, through those dry and barren places! Their shape and temper show them framed by nature to submit to man, and fitted for his service, who from hence ought to be more sensible of his wants, and of the Divine bounty thus supplying them.—*From The Moralists.*



SHAIRP, JOHN CAMPBELL, a Scottish literary critic and poet, born at Houston, Linlithgowshire, Scotland, July 30, 1819; died in London, September 18, 1885. He was educated at the Glasgow University and at Oxford, was assistant master at Rugby, Professor of Humanity at the United College of St. Andrews in 1861, and became its principal in 1868. In 1877 he was made Professor of Poetry at Oxford, which post he held at the time of his death. He is the author of *Kilmahoe, a Highland Pastoral* (1864); *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy* (1868); *Lectures on Culture and Religion* (1870); *Life of James Forbes* (1873); *The Poetic Interpretation of Nature* (1877), and *Aspects of Poetry* (1881).

Of his *Aspects of Poetry*, the *Spectator* says: "It is impossible not to compare these lectures with those of Professor Shairp's predecessor—the greatest English critic of his age—Mr. Matthew Arnold. In many respects they suffer, but in a few they certainly gain, by the comparison. . . . They do more, we think, to enhance the charm of the poets with whom they deal than Mr. Arnold's essays did. They do less to signalize particular aspects of those poets, and to present them in unexpected lights. They are less artistic, less finished, more human, and, on the whole, we think, more eloquent."

Of his *Glen Dessaray and Other Poems, Lyrical*

and *Elegiac*, the *Academy* says: "They are saturated with a passion for wild and mountainous scenery; they smell of the heather."

THE LITERARY THEORY OF CULTURE.

Mr. Arnold sets before us a lofty aim—he has bid us seek our good in something unseen, in a spiritual energy. In doing this he has done well. But I must hold that he has erred in his estimate of what that spiritual energy is, and he has missed, I think, the true source from which it is to be mainly derived. For in his account of it he has placed that as primary which is secondary and subordinate, and made that secondary which by right ought to be supreme. You will remember that when describing his idea of perfection to be aimed at he makes religion one factor in it—an important and powerful factor no doubt, still but one element out of several, and that not necessarily the ruling element, but a means toward an end, higher, more supreme, more all-embracing than itself. The end was a many-sided, harmonious development of human nature, and to this end religion was an important means.

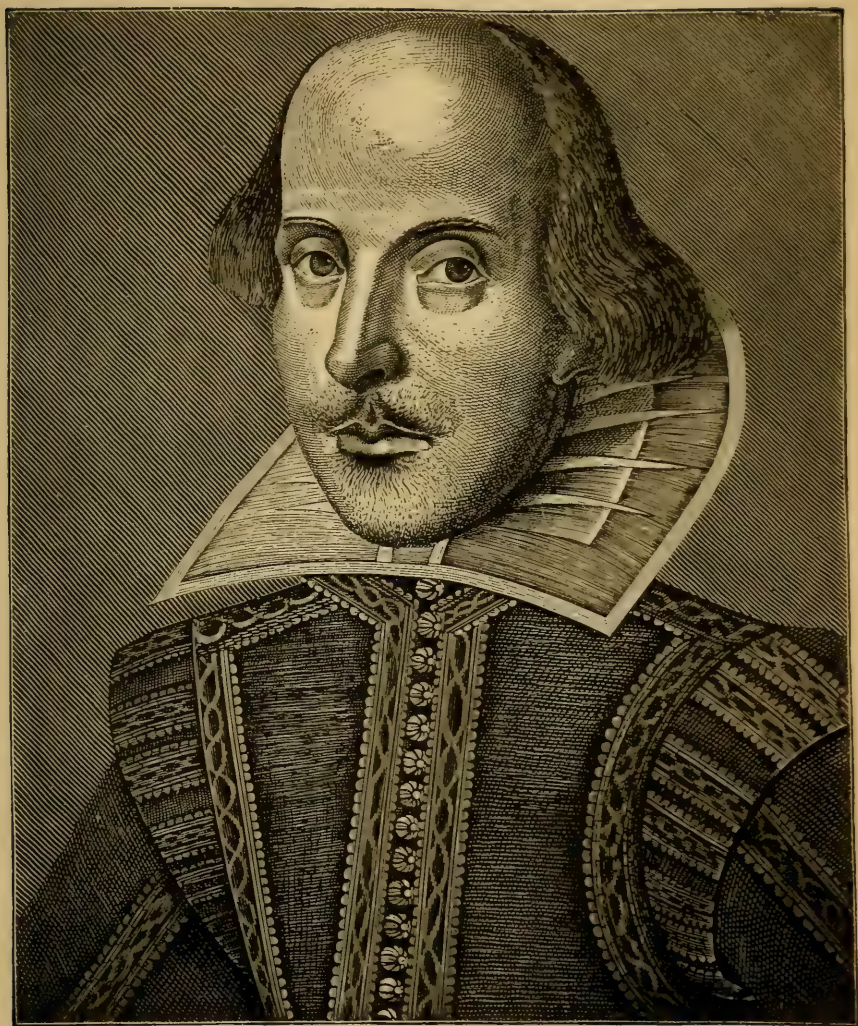
In thus assigning to religion a secondary, however important, place, this theory as I conceive, if consistently acted on, would annihilate religion. There are things which are either ends in themselves or they are nothing; and such, I conceive, religion is. It either is supreme, a good in itself and for its own sake, or not at all. The first and great commandment must either be so set before us as to be obeyed, entered into, in and for itself, without any ulterior view, or it cannot be obeyed at all. It cannot be made subservient to any ulterior purpose. And herein is instanced "a remarkable law of ethics, which is well known to all who have given their minds to the subject." I shall give it in the words of one who has expressed it so well in his own unequalled language that it has been proposed to name it, after him, Dr. Newman's law: "All virtue and goodness tend to make men powerful in the world; but they who aim at the power have not the virtue." Again, "Virtue is its own reward, and brings with it the truest

and highest pleasures ; but they who cultivate it for the pleasure-sake are selfish, not religious, and will never gain the pleasure, because they never can have the virtue."

Apply this to the present subject. They who seek religion for culture-sake are æsthetic, not religious, and will never gain that grace which religion adds to culture, because they never can have the religion. What do we see in actual life? There shall be two men, one of whom has started on the road of self-improvement from a mainly intellectual interest, from the love of art, literature, science, or from the delight these give, but has not been actuated by a sense of responsibility to a Higher than himself. The other has begun with some sense of God, and of his relation to Him, and, starting from this centre, has gone on to add to all the moral and mental improvement within his reach, feeling that, besides the pleasure these things give in themselves, he will thus best promote the good of his fellow-men, and attain the end of his own existence. Which of these two will be the highest man, in which will be gathered up the most excellent graces of character, the truest nobility of soul? You cannot doubt it. The sense that a man is serving a Higher than himself, with a service which will become ever more and more perfect freedom, evokes more profound, more humbling, more exalted emotions than anything else in the world can do. The spirit of man is an instrument which cannot give out its deepest, finest tones except under the immediate hand of the Divine Harmonist. That is, before it can educe the highest capacities of which human nature is susceptible culture must cease to be merely culture, and pass over to religion. And here we see another aspect of that great ethical law already noticed as compassing all human action, whereby "the abandoning of some lower object in obedience to a higher aim is made the very condition of securing the said lower object." According to this law it comes that he will approach nearer to perfection, or (since to speak of perfection in such as we are sounds like presumption) rather let us say, he will reach farther, will attain to a truer, deeper, more lovely humanity who makes not

culture, but oneness with the will of God, his ultimate aim. The ends of culture, truly conceived, are best attained by forgetting culture and aiming higher. And what is this but translating into modern and less forcible language the old words, whose meaning is often greatly misunderstood, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things will be added unto you?"

Another objection to the theory we have been considering remains to be noted. Its starting-point is the idea of perfecting self; and though, as it gradually evolves, it tries to forget self, and to include quite other elements, yet it never succeeds in getting clear of the taint of self-reference with which it set out. While making this objection, I do not forget that Mr. Arnold, in drawing out his view, proposes as the end of culture to make reason and the kingdom of God prevail; that he sees clearly, and insists strongly, that an isolated self-culture is impossible, that we cannot make progress toward perfection ourselves unless we strive earnestly to carry our fellow-men along with us. Still, may it not with justice be said that these unselfish elements—the desire for others' good, the desire to advance God's kingdom on earth—are in this theory awakened, not simply for their own sakes, not chiefly because they are good in themselves, but because they are clearly discerned to be necessary to our self-perfection—elements apart from which this cannot exist? And so it comes that culture, though made our end never so earnestly, cannot shelter a man from thoughts about himself, cannot free him from that which all must feel to be fatal to high character—continual self-consciousness. The only forces strong enough to do this are great truths which carry him out of and beyond himself, the things of the spiritual world sought, not mainly because of their reflex action on us, but for their own sakes, because of their own inherent worthiness. There is perhaps no truer sign that a man is really advancing than that he is learning to forget himself, that he is losing the natural thoughts about self in the thought of One higher than himself, to whose guidance he can commit himself and all men.—*Culture and Religion.*



Engraved by Droeshout after the first Folio Edition.

SHAKESPEARE.



SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, greatest of English dramatists, born at Stratford-on-Avon, probably on April 23, 1564; died there, April 23, 1616. The precise day of his birth is not fixed with certainty, but as he was baptized on April 26th, the date traditionally assigned is at least approximately correct. The authenticated facts in the life of Shakespeare may be very briefly told. His father was an apparently well-to-do tradesman—a woolcomber or glover—but there is evidence that he fell into reduced circumstances while his son was yet a boy. William Shakespeare, the eldest son who survived childhood, was sent to the grammar-school at Stratford, where, according to Ben Jonson, he acquired “small Latin and less Greek.” There is no evidence that he was ever able to read easily or speak any language except his own. Tradition says that he was for a time an assistant in his father’s shop. But of the youth and early manhood of Shakespeare nothing is known except that six months before he had entered upon his nineteenth year he was hastily married to Anne Hathaway, a woman some seven years his senior; that a child was soon born to them and christened less than six months after the marriage; and that within eighteen months a boy and girl, twins, were born to them.

When about twenty-three Shakespeare left

Stratford for London. Tradition says that this departure was somehow connected with his having been arrested for deer-stealing in the park of Sir Thomas Lucy. He soon became connected with the metropolitan theatre. One tradition has it that he got his living for a while by holding the horses of gentlemen at the door of the theatre; another has it that he was for a while stage-prompter. There is good reason to believe that these stories are entire fabrications; for within less than half-a-dozen years we find incidental mention made of him showing that he was already known as a man of parts, and of good social repute. His connection with the London theatre could hardly have been a merely accidental one. The London players were wont to visit Stratford: Thomas Green, one of the best of them, was a native of the town; and Richard Burbage, afterward the friend of Shakespeare—the original Richard III., Hamlet, and Othello—was from the same part of the country. We cannot doubt that Shakespeare had become favorably known to them, and that he went up to London upon no uncertain adventure. At all events it was not long before he was regularly installed as “playwright” to the company. A part of his duty was undoubtedly that of “touching up” the works of others; but it was not long before he began to produce original dramas. He also bore a part in the representation of his own plays; the part of “the Ghost” in *Hamlet* being especially mentioned as one of those which were enacted by him. That he throve in a pecuniary point of view is clear.

As early as 1597, when he was thirty-three, we find him with money which he could afford to invest in landed property in his native place. In that year he paid about \$1,500 (we reduce the sums approximately to their present equivalent in purchasing power) for the "New Place" at Stratford; in 1602 he paid \$8,000 for one hundred and seven acres of land adjoining his place; in 1605 he paid \$11,000 for the lease of the titles at Stratford. All these were permanent investments, from accumulations from his income; for he still retained his large proprietary interest in the London theatre. He was evidently a shrewd man of business, farming his own lands, disposing of their product, and looking to it that the purchasers paid what they owed; for in 1604 we find him bringing action against one Philip Rogers for about \$45 for "malt sold and delivered to him." Up to about 1612 he continued to reside mainly in London. Then having sold out his interest in the theatre, he retired, with an ample competence, to his native Stratford. Of the remaining four years of his life next to nothing is authentically recorded. It has been conjectured that he busied himself in the revisal of his plays, and preparing them for the press; but of this there is no positive proof. He died somewhat suddenly of a fever, and was buried in the parish church, where a contemporary bust of him still exists, which must be regarded as the best authenticated likeness of the poet. His wife survived him seven years. His only son, Hamnet, died at the age of twelve; his two daughters, Susanna and Judith, both married, and one of

them had three sons, but they all died without issue, so that a quarter of a century after his death there was living no descendant of Shakespeare.

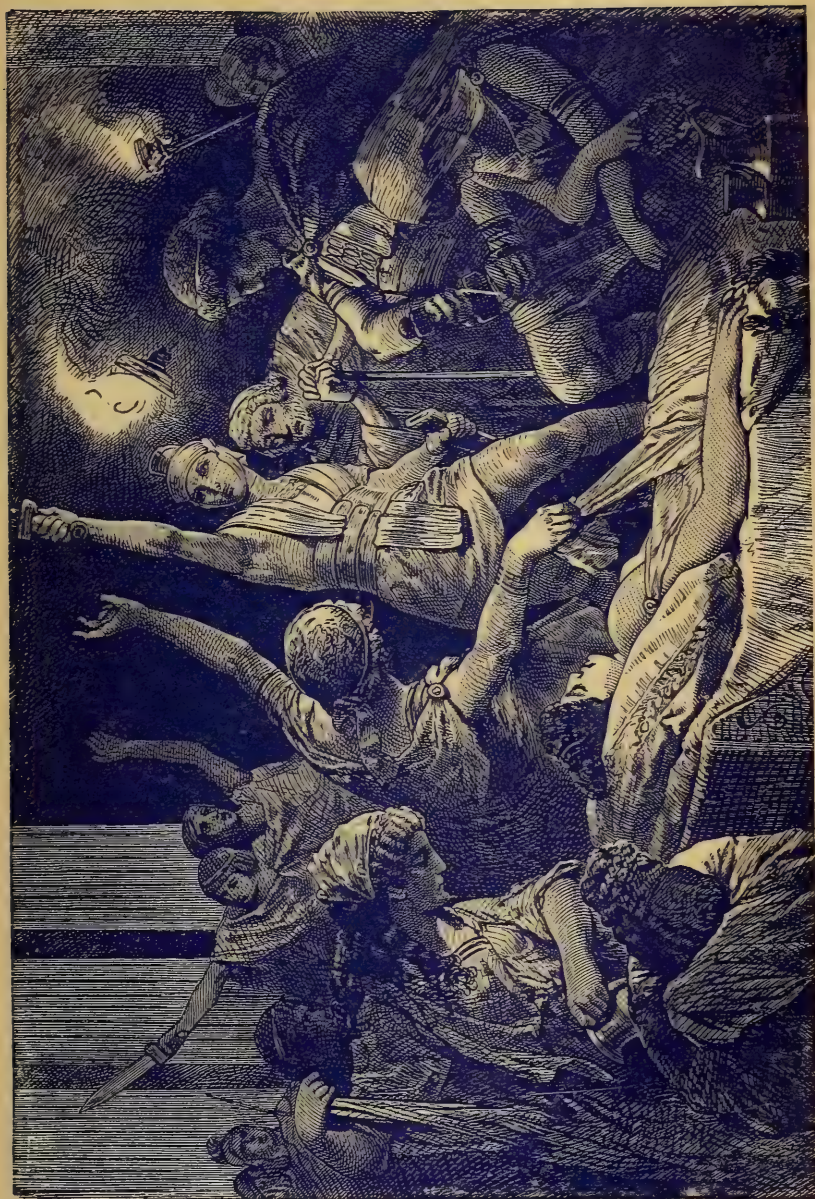
Apart from his dramas Shakespeare claims a high place—after Spenser perhaps the very highest—among the poets who were his contemporaries. His poems, besides their intrinsic merits, have much biographical interest. They are *Venus and Adonis*, first printed in 1593, *The Rape of Lucrece*, in 1594, and the *Sonnets*, in 1609.

The *Venus and Adonis* is dedicated to “the right Honorable Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, and Baron of Tichfield.” Shakespeare styles it “the first heir of my invention,” and promises—“if Your Honor seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honored you with some graver invention.” The poem was printed when Shakespeare was in his twenty-ninth year; and it is not probable that it was written much earlier. It displays a mastery of versification which one would not expect from a very young man. Here commendation must end; for the glowing pictures are inextricably interwoven with wanton lasciviousness.

The poem was immensely popular in the days of Elizabeth. The first edition of 1593 was followed by others in 1594, 1596, 1600, and 1602. A single extract must here suffice.

THE STEED OF ADONIS.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportioned steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;



BRUTUS, OVER THE BODY OF LUCRECE.

" . . . And by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, color, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide;
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whe'r he run or fly, they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

The *Rape of Lucrece*, printed in 1594, is also dedicated to the Earl of Southampton and may be regarded as a fulfilment of his promise of "some graver invention." Shakespeare says, in the dedication: "The warrant I have of your honorable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater." The poem is a grave and solemn one, and the theme, which might have been loosely handled, is treated without pruriency. It is worth noting that this poem did not achieve the immediate popularity of *Venus and Adonis*. It was four years before a second edition was called for. We give the concluding stanzas:

BRUTUS, OVER THE BODY OF LUCRECE.

Brutus, who plucked the knife from Lucrece's side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,

Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece's wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly, jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise,
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus's eyes.
"Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he, "arise!
Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,
Now set thy long experienced wit to school.

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous
deeds?

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humor from weak minds proceeds;
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentation;
But kneel with me and help to bear thy part
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations—
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced—
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

"Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country's rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaste Lucrece's soul that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;
And to his protestations urged the rest,

Who, wondering at him, did his words allow ;
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow,
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advisèd doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence ;
To show her bleeding body through Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence.
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

The special biographical interest of the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Rape of Lucrece* lies in the proof they give of the high place which the young Shakespeare had already attained in the esteem of the Earl of Southampton, one of the most accomplished noblemen of the Court of Elizabeth, and a munificent patron of men of genius. It is said, though not upon the best authority, that he once made Shakespeare a present of £1,000 (equivalent to \$25,000 in our day). It is certain that not long after the publication of *Venus and Adonis* he was the means of procuring for "William Kempe, William Shakespeare, and Richarde Burbage, servauntes to the Lord Chamberleyne," an invitation to present before the Court "twoe severall comedies or enterludes," for which they received £20 (\$500).

Of far higher import are the *Sonnets* of Shakespeare. These so-called "Sonnets" are really a love-poem, or rather an amatory correspondence, consisting of one hundred and fifty-four fourteen-line stanzas. Of these one hundred and twenty-six are clearly addressed to a man, twenty-six to

a woman, and the concluding two form a sort of epilogue to those which had gone before. Commentators have made sad work in dealing with this poem. With almost unanimous consent they look upon it as a personal confession by Shakespeare, as penitential as the confessions of Augustine or Bunyan. "He laments," says one, "his errors with deep and penitential sorrow, summoning up things past 'to the sessions of sweet, silent thought,' and exhibiting the depths of a spirit 'solitary in the very vastness of its sympathies.'" "His excessive and elaborate praise of youthful beauty in a man seems derogatory to his genius, and savors of adulation; and when we find him excuse this friend for robbing him of his mistress, and subjecting his noble spirit to all the pangs of jealousy, of guilty love, and blind, misplaced attachment, it is painful and difficult to believe that all this weakness and folly can be associated with the name of Shakespeare; and still more that he should record it in verse which he believed would descend to future ages."

To all which, and much more of like purport, there is this adequate reply: These one hundred and twenty-six amatory Sonnets which purport to be addressed to a man purport just as clearly to be addressed *by* a woman. They are such verses as Helen might have written to Paris, or Aspasia to Pericles. The briefer replies from Him to Her are of like tenor.

A word as to the bibliography of the *Sonnets* is in place. The volume was first published in 1609—after Shakespeare had acquired fame and fort-

une—by Thomas Thorpe, a London printer. To it is prefixed this dedication, not by the author but by the printer: “To the Onlie Begetter of these insuing Sonnets Mr W H all Happinesse and that Eternitie promised by our ever-living Poet wisheth the will-wishing Adventurer in setting forth T T.” There is not the slightest clew as to this “Onlie Begetter” of these Sonnets. It has been guessed that “Mr. W. H.” was William Herbert, afterward Earl of Pembroke, who was certainly a patron of Shakespeare. It has also been suggested that by reversing the order of these initials we shall have those of that Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, to whom Shakespeare, in his dedication of *Lucrece*, had wished “long life, still lengthened with all happiness.”

The whole series of Sonnets is evidently a correspondence carried on for a considerable time, and it would not be difficult to arrange the epistles in their approximate chronological order.

Nothing surely could be farther from the truth than to consider these Sonnets to be in any sense an autobiography of Shakespeare. True, they were written by him; so were *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*; and it would be no more absurd to say that when *Macbeth* sets forth his own dishonored name and hopeless future, it is Shakespeare himself bewailing his own irremediable past and inevitable doom; or when *Claudius* speaks of that rank offence of his that “smells to heaven,” it is really Shakespeare confessing to the world that he has been guilty of incest and fratricide. The

truth is—as is apparent on every page—the poem is a purely imaginative one, with which the personality of the poet had nothing more to do than that of Pope with the letters of Héloïse to Abelard. The poem was written during the very brightest years of Shakespeare's bright and joyous life, at the very summit of his powers ; and in it he gives utterance to not a little of his deepest thought and brightest poesy. Not a few of these Sonnets are even finer when detached from their context and considered as independent poems. Thus read the following Sonnets, not as parts of a series of love-letters from an imaginary erring man and woman, but as so many separate poems, to which we have ventured to affix titles.

POETICAL IMMORTALITY.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?
 Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
 Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
 The age to come would say, " This poet lies ;
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces."
 So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
 Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue,
 And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
 And stretchèd metre of an antique song.
 But were some child of yours alive that time,
 You should live twice : in it and in my rhyme.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate ;
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

And every fair from fair sometimes declines
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that face thou owest ;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

—*Sonnets XVII., XVIII.*

FORECAST AND RETROSPECT.

Let those who are in favor with their stars
Of public honor and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honor most.
Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honor razèd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.
Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes now wail my dear time's waste :
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight :
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I now pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

—*Sonnets XXV., XXX.*

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TIME, THE DESTROYER.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich, proud cost of outworn, buried age ;
When sometimes lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store ;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay ;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays ?
O fearful meditation ! where alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid ?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

—*Sonnets LXIV., LXV.*

THE ENDURING MONUMENT.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme ;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,

Nor Man's sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find
room
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

—*Sonnet LV.*

That Shakespeare had written more or less before he went up to London is altogether probable; that *Venus and Adonis* was "the first fruits of his invention" in any other sense than that of being the first to be printed is not probable. That he was certainly employed as playwright or adapter of dramas for the stage before this time is unquestionable, and it is most likely that as a poet he had attracted the notice of the author of the *Faerie Queene*, who was his senior by eleven years. In his pastoral of *Colin Clout*, published not long after Shakespeare's first poem, Spenser commemorates, under fictitious names, Raleigh, Sidney, and other contemporary poets, and adds:

And then—though last, not least—is Aëtion :
"A gentler shepherd may nowhere be found,
Whose muse, full of high thoughts' invention,
Doth, like his name, heroically sound."

We know of no other poet than Shakespeare who fits this description; his name does certainly heroically sound, and his muse was "full of high thoughts' invention." Astrophel is not more like Sidney than the "gentle shepherd." Aëtion is like Shakespeare. The productive literary life of

Shakespeare, as far as we can date it, covers the twenty years preceding 1612, when at the age of forty-eight he retired to his native Stratford-upon-Avon, after which we have no proof that he wrote anything.

Shakespeare's dramas, according to the all but universally accepted canon, number thirty-seven. There is no good reason to suppose that any of his plays have been lost; or that he had any considerable share in the composition of any others. He undoubtedly availed himself somewhat of the works of earlier playwrights; and in his historical plays made large use of the chroniclers, from whom he took not merely the historical outlines, but page after page of their very words, only throwing into dramatic form the continuous narrative of his authorities. Scene after scene in *Macbeth* is to be found in the *Chronicles* of Holinshed, themselves a translation from the Latin of Hector Boece, which had been published only a few years; and some of the most dramatic scenes in *Richard III.* are reproductions from *The Union of the Two Noble and Illustrious Families of Lancastre and Yorke*, by Edward Hall. In all of Shakespeare's dramas there are few passages so thoroughly Shakespearian as the delineation of Wolsey, in *Henry VIII.*, put into the mouths of Queen Katharine and her attendant, Griffith; this passage is taken bodily from Holinshed, with only an occasional verbal change.

The dates of the production of the dramas are mainly conjectural; although it is pretty well settled that *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, was one of the

earliest, and *The Tempest* one of the latest ; that *Romeo and Juliet* was an early play, and *Cymbeline* a late one. In 1598 Francis Meres speaks of the great excellence of Shakespeare both in tragedy and comedy, making special mention of the following plays as already well known : *All's Well That Ends Well*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Henry IV.*, *King John*, *Love's Labor's Lost*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. These twelve plays at least, and doubtless several others, had been produced before Shakespeare reached his thirty-fourth year. His greatest works are of later date. *Hamlet* was certainly produced as early as 1604, and *Macbeth* previous to 1610.

About a dozen of the plays of Shakespeare seem to have been printed during his lifetime, probably not by his procurement. The entire plays were first put forth in a folio volume in 1623, seven years after his death. It has a preface and dedication by his fellow-players Heminge and Condell, and was undoubtedly printed from the stage-copies, which could hardly have failed to have been sanctioned by Shakespeare. This "first folio" is the *textus receptus*, for the "second folio" of 1632 contains many palpable errors. Critical editions are numerous ; but we hold that all the work of commentators, besides a glossary of words and phrases which time has rendered obsolete, is worse than useless. The best edition is that which is encumbered by the fewest "critical aids." We know of no more sound and sober estimate of Shakespeare than this of Mr. George Saintsbury :

“I do not know an unnatural character or an unnatural scene in Shakespeare, even among those which have most evidently been written to the gallery. Everything in him passes, in some mysterious way, under and into that ‘species of eternity’ which transforms all the great works of Art, which at once prevents them from being mere copies of Nature, and excuses whatever there is of Nature in them that is not beautiful or noble. If this touch is wanting anywhere (and it is wanting very seldom), that I take it, is the best, indeed the only, sign that that passage is not Shakespeare’s—that he had either made use of some other man’s work, or that some other man had made use of his. If such passages were of more frequent occurrence, this argument might be called a circular one. But the proportion of such passages as I at least should exclude is so small, and the difference between them and the rest is so marked, that no improper begging of the question can properly be charged. The plays, in “The Globe Edition,” contain just a thousand closely printed pages. I do not think that there are fifty in all, perhaps not twenty—putting scraps and patches together—in which the Shakespearian touch is wanting; and I do not think that the touch appears, outside of the covers of the volume, once in a thousand pages of all the rest of English literature. The finest things of other men—of Marlowe, of Fletcher, of Webster (who no doubt comes nearest to the Shakespearian touch, infinitely as he falls short of the Shakespearian range)—might conceivably be the work of others. But the famous passages of

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Shakespeare, too numerous and too well known to quote, could be no one else's. It is to this point that æsthetic criticism of Shakespeare is constantly coming round with an almost monotonous repetition. As great as all others in their own points of greatness; holding points of greatness which no others even approach: such is Shakespeare."

While the noblest and finest passages in the dramas of Shakespeare are far finer and nobler when taken in their connection with the characters a part of whose utterances they are; still there is no other author in any language who presents anything like so many passages of every length which may well stand by themselves as quotations. There are phrases which have come to be proverbial; there are snatches of exquisite song; there are minute pictures of character; there are grave and extended musings on man, on nature, and on human life. Yet few men could ever have seen less of the world than Shakespeare saw. He never passed the boundaries of England. From Stratford to London is barely a hundred miles; and there is no evidence that he was ever fifty miles from the highway between these two points. A single moderate book-shelf would hold all the books which he ever read.

AT JULIET'S BALCONY.

Romeo. But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Be not her maid, since she is envious ;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love !
O that she knew she were !
She speaks, yet she says nothing : what of that ?
Her eye discourses ; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks.
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars
As daylight doth a lamp ; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand !
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek !

Juliet (above).

Ah me !

Rom.

She speaks :

O, speak again, bright angel ! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou Romeo ?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name :
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. (aside). Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at
this ?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy ;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague ? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name !
What's in a name ? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet ;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd.

Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word :
Call me but love, and I'll be new-baptized ;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou that thus bescreened in
night
So stumblest on my counsel ?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am :
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee ;
Had I it written I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that dear tongue's utterance, yet I know the
sound ;

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague ?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How camest thou hither, tell me, and where-
fore ?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt ;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords : look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
sight ;

And but thou love me, let them find me here :
My life were better ended by their hate
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

—*Romeo and Juliet*, II., 2.

SHYLOCK AND ANTONIO.

Bassanio. This is Signior Antonio.

Shylock (aside). How like a fawning publican he looks !
 I hate him for he is a Christian ;
 But more for that in low simplicity
 He lends out money gratis and brings down
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
 Even there where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift,
 Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
 If I forgive him ! . . .

Antonio. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
 By taking nor by giving of excess,
 Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
 I'll break a custom. . . .

Shy. Methought you said you neither lend nor bor-
 row
 Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep. . . .

Ant. And what of him ? did he take interest ?

Shy. No, not take interest, not, as you would say,
 Directly interest : mark what Jacob did. . . .
 This was the way to thrive, and he was blest :
 And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not. . . .

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
 The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
 An evil soul producing holy witness
 Is like a villain with a smiling cheek—
 A goodly apple rotten at the heart. . . .

Shy. Signior Antonio, many time and oft
 In the Rialto you have rated me
 About my money and my usances :
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
 You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help :
Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say,
“ Shylock, we would have moneys : ” you say so ;
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold : moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
“ Hath a dog money ? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? ” or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman’s key,
With ’bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this : “ Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurn’d me such a day ; another time
You called me—dog ; and for these courtesies
I’ll lend you thus much moneys ? ”

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee, too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends ; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend ?
But lend it rather to thine enemy.
Who, if he break, thou may’st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm !
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain’d me with,
Supply your present wants and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you’ll not hear me :
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond ; and in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express’d in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content in faith : I’ll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me.
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it :
Within these two months—that's a month before
This bond expires—I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this :
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?

A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship :
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu :
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;
Give him directions for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight ;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew,
This Hebrew will turn Christian : he grows kind.

—*Merchant of Venice*, I., 3.

In view of Shakespeare's pre-eminent position in literature it is thought wise to embody herein one complete tragedy. *Julius Cæsar* is selected because, first, of its representative character of the author, and second, because of its political importance in literature. The exact date of its production has been a matter of much discussion among Shakespearian scholars. William J. Rolfe, the eminent Shakespearian critic, after discussing in detail all possible sources of authority, con-

cludes that it was written some time between 1603 and 1608.

From Hazlitt's *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*: "Shakespeare has in this play and elsewhere shown the same penetration into political character and the springs of public events as into those of everyday life. For instance, the whole design of the conspirators to liberate their country fails from the generous temper and overweening confidence of Brutus in the goodness of their cause and the assistance of others. Thus it has always been. Those who mean well themselves think well of others, and fall a prey to their security. That humanity and honesty which dispose men to resist injustice and tyranny render them unfit to cope with the cunning and power of those who are opposed to them. The friends of liberty trust to the professions of others because they are themselves sincere, and endeavor to reconcile the public good with the least possible hurt to its enemies, who have no regard to anything but their own unprincipled ends, and stick at nothing to accomplish them. Cassius was better cut out for a conspirator. His heart prompted his head. His watchful jealousy made him fear the worst that might happen, and his irritability of temper added to his inveteracy of purpose, and sharpened his patriotism. The mixed nature of his motives made him fitter to contend with bad men. The vices are never so well employed as in combating one another. Tyranny and servility are to be dealt with after their own fashion; otherwise they will triumph over those who spare them, and finally pro-

nounce their funeral panegyric, as Antony did that of Brutus.

"The truth of history in *Julius Cæsar* is very ably worked up with dramatic effect. The councils of generals, the doubtful turns of battles, are represented to the life. The death of Brutus is worthy of him: it has the dignity of the Roman senator with the firmness of the Stoic philosopher."

From Knight's *Pictorial Shakespeare*: "Nothing can be more interesting, we think, than to follow Shakespeare with Plutarch in hand. The poet adheres to the facts of history with a remarkable fidelity. A few hard figures are painted upon a canvas; the outlines are distinct, the colors are strong; but there is no art in the composition, no grouping, no light and shadow. This is the historian's picture. We turn to the poet. We recognize the same figures, but they appear to live; they are in harmony with the entire scene in which they move; we have at once the reality of nature and the ideal of art, which is a higher nature. Compare the dialogue in the first act between Cassius and Brutus, and the same dialogue as reported by Plutarch, for an example of the power by which the poet elevates all he touches without destroying its identity. When we arrive at the stirring scenes of the third act, this power is still more manifest. The assassination scene is as literal as may be; but it offers an example apt enough of Shakespeare's mode of dramatizing a fact."

From Gervinus's *Shakespeare Commentaries*: "In the descriptions of Cassius we look back upon the

time when the great man was natural, simple, undissembling, popular, and on an equal footing with others. Now he is spoiled by victory, success, power, and by the republican courtiers who surround him. He stands close on the borders between usurpation and discretion; he is master in reality, and is on the point of assuming the name and the right; he desires heirs to the throne; he hesitates to accept the crown which he would gladly possess; he is ambitious, and fears he may have betrayed this in his paroxysms of epilepsy; he exclaims against flatterers and cringers, and yet both please him. All around him treat him as a master, his wife as a prince; the Senate allow themselves to be called *his* Senate; he assumes the appearance of a king even in his house; even with his wife he uses the language of a man who knows himself secure of power; and he maintains everywhere the proud, strict bearing of a soldier, which is represented even in his statues."

From Craik's *English of Shakespeare*: "It is evident that the character and history of Julius Cæsar had taken a strong hold of Shakespeare's imagination. There is perhaps no other historical character who is so repeatedly alluded to throughout his plays."

The play of *Julius Cæsar*, as well as the other excerpts printed in this article, follows the excellent edition of George Steevens.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

| | | |
|---------------------|---|---|
| OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, | } | Triumvirs, after the death of Julius Cæsar. |
| MARCUS ANTONIUS, | | |
| M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, | | |

| | | |
|----------------|---|-----------|
| CICERO, | } | Senators. |
| PUBLIUS, | | |
| POPILIUS LENA, | | |

| | | |
|------------------|---|------------------------------------|
| MARCUS BRUTUS, | } | Conspirators against Julius Cæsar. |
| CASSIUS, | | |
| CASCA, | | |
| TREBONIUS, | | |
| LIGARIUS, | | |
| DECIUS BRUTUS, | | |
| METELLUS CIMBER, | | |

| | | |
|----------|---|-----------|
| CINNA, | } | Tribunes. |
| FLAVIUS, | | |

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a Poet.

Another Poet.

| | | |
|-------------|---|--------------------------------|
| LUCILIUS, | } | Friends to Brutus and Cassius. |
| TITINIUS, | | |
| MESSALA, | | |
| Young CATO, | | |
| VOLUMNIUS, | | |

| | | |
|-----------|---|---------------------|
| VARRO, | } | Servants to Brutus. |
| CLITUS, | | |
| CLAUDIUS, | | |
| STRATO, | | |
| LUCIUS, | | |

DARDANIUS,

PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE, during a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterward at Sardis, and near Philippi.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.

Flavius. Hence ! home, you idle creatures, get you home.

Is this a holiday ? What ! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a laboring day without the sign
Of your profession ?—Speak, what trade art thou ?

1 *Citizen.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule ?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on ?—
You, sir ; what trade are you ?

2 *Citizen.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I
am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Marullus. But what trade art thou ? Answer me
directly.

2 *Citizen.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a
safe conscience ; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad
soles.

Marullus. What trade, thou knave ? thou naughty
knave, what trade ?

2 *Citizen.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with
me : yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Marullus. What mean'st thou by that ? Mend me,
thou saucy fellow ?

2 *Citizen.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art thou ?

2 *Citizen.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl.
I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's
matters ; but withal I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old
shoes ; when they are in great danger, I recover them.
As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have
gone upon my handiwork.

Flavius. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day ?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets ?

2 *Citizen.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get
myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make
holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Marullus. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings
he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flavius. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.—

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

See whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd!
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way toward the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Marullus. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flavius. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
So do you, too, where you perceive them thick.

These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Public Place.*

Enter, in procession with Music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæsar. Calphurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*

Cæsar. Calphurnia!

Calphurnia. Here, my lord.

Cæsar. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius!

Antony. Cæsar, my lord!

Cæsar. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Antony. I shall remember;
When Cæsar says "Do this," it is perform'd.

Cæsar. Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*

Soothsayer. Cæsar!

Cæsar. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again!

[*Music ceases.*

Cæsar. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar. Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.

Cæsar. What man is that?

Brutus. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæsar. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cassius. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

Cæsar. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.

Cæsar. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him :—pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*]

Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Brutus. Not I.

Cassius. I pray you, do.

Brutus. I am not gamesome ; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
I'll leave you.

Cassius. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have ;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Brutus. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd ; if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviors ;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cassius. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion ;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Brutus. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection by some other things.

Cassius. 'Tis just ;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cassius. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus :
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cassius. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently ;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cassius. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar, so were you ;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
 Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
 His coward lips did from their color fly,
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
 Did lose its lustre. I did hear him groan;
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

Brutus. Another genèral shout!
 I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cassius. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
 world
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates;
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Cæsar." [Shout.
Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king!

Brutus. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cassius. I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his train.

Brutus. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cassius. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Brutus. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train ;
Calphurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some Senators.

Cassius. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæsar. Antonius !

Antony. Cæsar ?

Cæsar. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Antony. Fear him not, Cæsar ; he's not dangerous.
He is a noble Roman and well given.

Cæsar. Would he were fatter !—But I fear him not.
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt CÆSAR and his train.*

CASCA remains.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak ; would you speak
with me ?

Brutus. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not ?

Brutus. I should not then ask Casca what had
chanc'd.



CÆSAR REFUSES THE CROWN.

Drawing by E. F. Brewtall.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him ; and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus ; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Brutus. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that, too.

Cassius. They shouted thrice ; what was the last cry for ?

Casca. Why, for that, too.

Brutus. Was the crown offered him thrice ?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other ; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbors shouted.

Cassius. Who offer'd him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Brutus. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it ; it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown ;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of those coronets ;—and, as I told you, he put it by once ; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again ; then he put it by again ; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time ; he put it the third time by ; and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar ; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cassius. But, soft, I pray you. What ! did Cæsar swoon ?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Brutus. 'Tis very like ; he hath the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that ; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Brutus. What said he when he came unto himself ?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues, and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!"—and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers they would have done no less.

Brutus. And after that he came thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Cassius. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cassius. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, and I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again. But those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for my own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cassius. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cassius. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cassius. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [Exit CASCA.]

Brutus. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cassius. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Brutus. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you ; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cassius. I will do so ;—till then, think of the world.

[*Exit* BRUTUS.]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble ; yet, I see,
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd : therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes ;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd ?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus ;
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at ;
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure,
For we will shake him or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE-III. *A Street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cicero. Good-even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home ?
Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of
earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds :
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cicero. Why, saw you anything more wonderful ?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by
sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
 Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
 Besides—I have not since put up my sword—
 Against the Capitol I met a lion,
 Who glar'd upon me and went surly by
 Without annoying me ; and there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women
 Transformèd with their fear, who swore they saw
 Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
 And yesterday the bird of night did sit
 Even at noonday upon the market-place,
 Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
 These are their reasons—they are natural ;
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cicero. Indeed, it is a strange-disposèd time ;
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
 Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cicero. Good-night, then, Casca ; this disturbed sky
 Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero.

[*Exit CICERO.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cassius. Who's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cassius. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this !

Cassius. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

Cassius. Those that have known the earth so full of
 faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
 Submitting me unto the perilous night,
 And thus embraced, Casca, as you see,
 Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone ;
 And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open

The breasts of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
 ens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cassius. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of
 life

That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and case yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cassius. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors.
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance shows us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the Senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cassius. I know where I will wear this dagger,
 then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.

Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
 Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
 Nor stony towers, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
 But, life being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 If I know this, know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny that I do bear
 I can shake off at pleasure. [Thunder still.

Casca. So can I ;
 So every bondman in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.
Cassius. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then ?
 Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf
 But that he sees the Romans are but sheep ;
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
 Begin it with weak straws : what trash is Rome,
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as Cæsar ! But, O, grief !
 Where hast thou led me ? I perhaps speak this
 Before a willing bondman ; then I know
 My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
 That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand ;
 Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
 And I will set this foot of mine as far
 As who goes farthest.

Cassius. There's a bargain made.
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
 To undergo with me an enterprise
 Of honorable-dangerous consequence ;
 And I do know by this they stay for me
 In Pompey's porch : for now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir or walking in the streets,
 And the complexion of the elements
 Is favor'd, like the work we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cassius. 'Tis Cinna ; I do know him by his gait :
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so ?

Cinna. To find out you. Who's that ? Metellus Cimber ?

Cassius. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate
To our attempt. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna ?

Cinna. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this !
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cassius. Am I not stay'd for ? Tell me.

Cinna. Yes, you are.—

O Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party !

Cassius. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this
paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw this
In at his window ; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there ?

Cinna. All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cassius. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[Exit CINNA.]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house ; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts ;
And that which would appear offence in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cassius. Him and his worth and our great need of
him

You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. BRUTUS'S Orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Brutus. What, Lucius ! ho !—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say !—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when ? Awake, I say ! What, Lucius !

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Call'd you, my lord ?

Brutus. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius ;
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Lucius. I will, my lord. *[Exit.*

Brutus. It must be by his death ; and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd ;—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?—that ;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power ; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus : that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities ;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which hatch'd would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper thus seal'd up, and, I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[*Gives him the letter.*]

Brutus. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Lucius. I know not, sir.

Brutus. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Lucius. I will, sir. [Exit.]

Brutus. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*]

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!" —

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!"

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:

"Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What!
Rome?"

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated

To speak and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sir, March has wasted fourteen days.

[*Knock within.*]

Brutus. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma or a hideous dream;

The genius and the mortal instruments

Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Brutus. Is he alone?

Lucius. No, sir; there are more with him.

Brutus. Do you know them?

Lucius. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their
ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.

Brutus. Let them enter. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
They are the faction. O Conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Con-
spiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability;
For, if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIM-
BER, and TREBONIUS.

Cassius. I think we are too bold upon your rest;
Good-morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Brutus. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cassius. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Brutus. He is welcome hither.

Cassius. This Decius Brutus.

Brutus.

He is welcome, too.

Cassius. This, Casca ; this, Cinna ; and this, Metellus
Cimber.

Brutus. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

Cassius. Shall I entreat a word ? *[They whisper.]*

Decius. Here lies the east ; doth not the day break
here ?

Casca. No.

Cinna. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Brutus. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cassius. And let us swear our resolution.

Brutus. No, not an oath ! If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
If these be motives weak, break off betimes
And every man hence to his idle bed ;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress ? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter ? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old, feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt ; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,

To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath, when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from him.

Cassius. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cinna.

No, by no means.

Metellus. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Brutus. O, name him not; let us not break with
him,
For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

Cassius. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be touched but only Cæsar?

Cassius. Decius, well urged.—I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver, and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Brutus. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterward;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood;
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds :
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious ;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be called purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cassius. Yet I do fear him,
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar——

Brutus. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him ;
If he loves Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself—take thought and die for Cæsar ;
And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Trebonius. There is no fear in him ; let him not
die ;
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Brutus. Peace ! count the clock.

Cassius. The clock hath stricken three.

Trebonius. 'Tis time to part.

Cassius. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no ;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
It may be these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Decius. Never fear that. If he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
But, when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work ;

For I can give his humor the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cassius. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Brutus. By the eighth hour ; is that the uttermost ?

Cinna. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Metellus. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Brutus. Now, good Metellus, go along by him :
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cassius. The morning comes upon us ; we'll leave
you, Brutus.—

And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Brutus. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy :
And so, good-morrow to you every one.—

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Portia. Brutus, my lord !

Brutus. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you
now ?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw, cold morning.

Portia. Nor for yours, neither. You have ungently,
Brutus,
Stole from my bed ; and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across ;
And, when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.
I urged you further ; then you scratched your head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
 But with an angry wafture of your hand
 Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did ;
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience
 Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal
 Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
 And, could it work so much upon your shape
 As it hath much prevailed on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Brutus. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Portia. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Brutus. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

Portia. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical
 To walk unbraced and suck up the humors
 Of the dank morning ? What ! is Brutus sick,
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night,
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
 To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which by the right and virtue of my place
 I ought to know of : and, upon my knees,
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
 Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
 Have had resort to you ; for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Portia. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
 Is it expected I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you ? Am I yourself
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Brutus. You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Portia. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh; can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Brutus. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!—

[*Knocking within.*]

Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.

Leave me with haste.—

[*Exit PORTIA.*]

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that knocks?

Lucius. Here is a sick man that would speak with
you.

Brutus. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Ligarius. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble
tongue.

Brutus. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Ligarius. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

Brutus. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Ligarius. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honorable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Brutus. A piece of work that will make sick men
whole.

Ligarius. But are not some whole that we must make
sick?

Brutus. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Ligarius. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Brutus. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in CÆSAR'S Palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR in his night-gown.

Cæsar. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-
night;
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!"—Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. My lord?

Cæsar. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Servant. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Calphurnia. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to
walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæsar. Cæsar shall forth. The things that threatened
me

Ne'er looked but on my back ; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanishèd.

Calphurnia. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;
And graves have yawned and yielded up their dead ;
Fierce, fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol ;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæsar. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods ?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth ; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Calphurnia. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen ;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæsar. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.—

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers ?

Servant. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæsar. The gods do this in shame of cowardice ;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not. Danger knows full well

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible :
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Calphurnia. Alas ! my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day ;
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæsar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Decius. Cæsar, all hail ! Good-morrow, worthy Cæsar ;
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæsar. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Cannot is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

Calphurnia. Say, he is sick.

Cæsar. Shall Cæsar send a lie ?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,
To be afeared to tell graybeards the truth ?—
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Decius. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
cause,
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.

Cæsar. The cause is in my will ; I will not come :
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it ;
And these does she apply for warnings, portents

And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begged that I will stay at home to-day.

Decius. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision fair and fortunate.

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæsar. And this way have you well expounded it.

Decius. I have, when you have heard what I can say ;
And know it now. The Senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for someone to say,
"Break up the Senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid ?"

Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæsar. How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal-
phurnia !

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go.—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,
TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Publius. Good-morrow, Cæsar.

Cæsar. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirred so early, too ?—
Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock ?

Brutus. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæsar. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good-morrow, Antony.

Antony. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæsar. Bid them prepare within.—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna.—Now, Metellus.—What, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you.

Remember that you call on me to-day;

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Trebonius. Cæsar, I will.—[*Aside.*] And so near will I
be

That your best friends shall wish I had been farther.

Cæsar. Good friends, go in and taste some wine with
me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Brutus. [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same, O

Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a Paper.*

Artemidorus. *Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,*

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;

If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the same Street before the House of BRUTUS.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Portia. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay ?

Lucius. To know my errand, madam.

Portia. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side !
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !
Art thou here yet ?

Lucius. Madam, what should I do ?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?
And so return to you, and nothing else ?

Portia. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth ; and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Lucius. I hear none, madam.

Portia. Prithee, listen well ;
I heard a bustling rumor like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Lucius. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Portia. Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou
been ?

Soothsayer. At mine own house, good lady.

Portia. What is't o'clock ?

Soothsayer. About the ninth hour, lady.

Portia. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

Soothsayer. Madam, not yet ; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Portia. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou
not ?

Soothsayer. That I have, lady; if it will please
Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Portia. Why, knowest thou any harm's intended toward him?

Soothsayer. None that I know will be, much that I
fear may chance.

Good-morrow to you.—Here the street is narrow;
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

Portia. I must go in.—Ah me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thy enterprise!—
Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint!—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

A crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæsar. The ides of March are come.

Soothsayer. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Artemidorus. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Decius. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Artemidorus. O, Cæsar, read mine first ; for mine's a
suit

That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæsar. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Artemidorus. Delay not, Cæsar ; read it instantly.

Cæsar. What ! is the fellow mad ?

Publius. Sirrah, give place.

Cassius. What ! urge you your petitions in the street ?
Come to the Capitol.

[*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following.*

All the Senators rise.

Popilius. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cassius. What enterprise, Popilius ?

Popilius. Fare you well. [*Advances to CÆSAR.*

Brutus. What said Popilius Lena ?

Cassius. He wished to-day our enterprise might
thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Brutus. Look, how he makes to Cæsar ; mark him.

Cassius. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

Brutus. Cassius, be constant :

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cassius. Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you,

Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exit ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and
the Senators take their seats.*

Decius. Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Brutus. He is addressed ; press near and second him.

Cinna. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæsar. Are we all ready ?

What is now amiss

That Cæsar and his Senate must redress ?

Metellus. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart.—

[*Kneeling.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Cæsar. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn preordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thawed from the true quality
With that which melteth fools—I mean sweet words,
Low-crook'd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished ;
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Metellus. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banished brother ?

Brutus. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæsar. What, Brutus !

Cassius. Pardon, Cæsar ; Cæsar, pardon :
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæsar. I could be well moved, if I were as you ;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks ;
They are all fire, and every one doth shine ;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world ; 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;
Yet, in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion : and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this—
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna. O Cæsar !——

Cæsar. Hence ! wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

Decius. Great Cæsar——

Cæsar. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.*]

Cæsar. Et tu, Brute !—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*]

Cinna. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cassius. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
“ Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement ! ”

Brutus. People, and senators ! be not affrighted ;
Fly not ; stand still :—ambition’s debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Decius. And Cassius, too.

Brutus. Where’s Publius ?

Cinna. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Metellus. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar’s

Should chance——

Brutus. Talk not of standing—Publius, good cheer ;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else : so tell them, Publius.

Cassius. And leave us, Publius ; lest that the people
Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.

Brutus. Do so ;—and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cassius. Where is Antony ?

Trebonius. Fled to his house amazed.

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Brutus. Fates ! we will know your pleasures :
That we shall die, we know ; ’tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cassius. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Brutus. Grant that, and then is death a benefit ;
So are we Cæsar’s friends that have abridged

His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords ;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace ! Freedom ! and Liberty !

Cassius. Stoop, then, and wash.—How many ages
hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown !

Brutus. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust !

Cassius. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
The men that gave our country liberty.

Decius. What ! shall we forth ?

Cassius. Ay, every man away ;
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Brutus. Soft, who comes here ? A friend of Antony's.

Servant. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say I love Brutus and I honor him ;
Say I feared Cæsar, honored him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Through the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Brutus. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied and, by my honor,
Depart untouched.

Servant. I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Brutus. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cassius. I wish we may ; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Brutus. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark
Antony.

Antony. O mighty Cæsar ! Dost thou lie so low ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank ;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die ;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Brutus. O Antony ! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not : they are pitiful ;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
(As fire drives out fire, so pity pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark An-
tony ;
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cassius. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Brutus. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Antony. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand :
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;—
Now Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus ;—
Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all, alas ! what shall I say ?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me—
Either a coward or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true !

If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou bayed, brave hart ;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil and crimsoned in thy lethe.

O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer stricken by many princes
Dost thou here lie !

Cassius. Mark Antony—

Antony. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cassius. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;

But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be pricked in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Antony. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Swayed from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Brutus. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Antony. That's all I seek ;
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Brutus. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cassius. Brutus, a word with you—
[*Aside.*] You know not what you do. Do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

Brutus. By your pardon ;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death ;
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cassius. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Brutus. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Antony. Be it so ;
I do desire no more.

Brutus. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*

Antony. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue :
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war,
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds ;
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry " Havoc ! " and let slip the dogs of war ;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.—

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

Servant. I do, Mark Antony.

Antony. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Servant. He did receive his letters and is coming,
And bid me say to you, by word of mouth—

O Cæsar !——

[*Seeing the body.*

Antony. Thy heart is big ; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

Servant. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
Rome.

Antony. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
chanced.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile ;
 Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
 Into the market-place : there shall I try,
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
 According to the which thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with CÆSAR's body.*]

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Brutus. Then follow me and give me audience,
 friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here.

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Citizen.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Citizen.* I will hear Cassius, and compare their rea-
 sons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.*]

BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.

3 *Citizen.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence !

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my
 cause, and be silent, that you may hear ; believe me
 for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that
 you may believe ; censure me in your wisdom, and
 awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If
 there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæ-
 sar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no
 less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus
 rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I
 loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had
 you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than

that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. (Several speaking at once.) None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizens. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Citizen.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Citizen.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Citizen.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Citizen.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crowned in Brutus.

1 *Citizen.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Brutus. My countrymen——

2 *Citizen.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Citizen.* Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony;
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

1 *Citizen.* Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Citizen.* Let him go up into the public chair ;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Citizen.* What does he say of Brutus ?

3 *Citizen.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Citizen.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus
here !

1 *Citizen.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Citizen.* Nay, that's certain ;
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Citizen.* Peace, let us hear what Antony can say.

Antony. You gentle Romans——

Citizens. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interrèd with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious ;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest——

For Brutus is an honorable man,

So are they all, all honorable men——

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome

Whose ransom did the general coffers fill ;

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

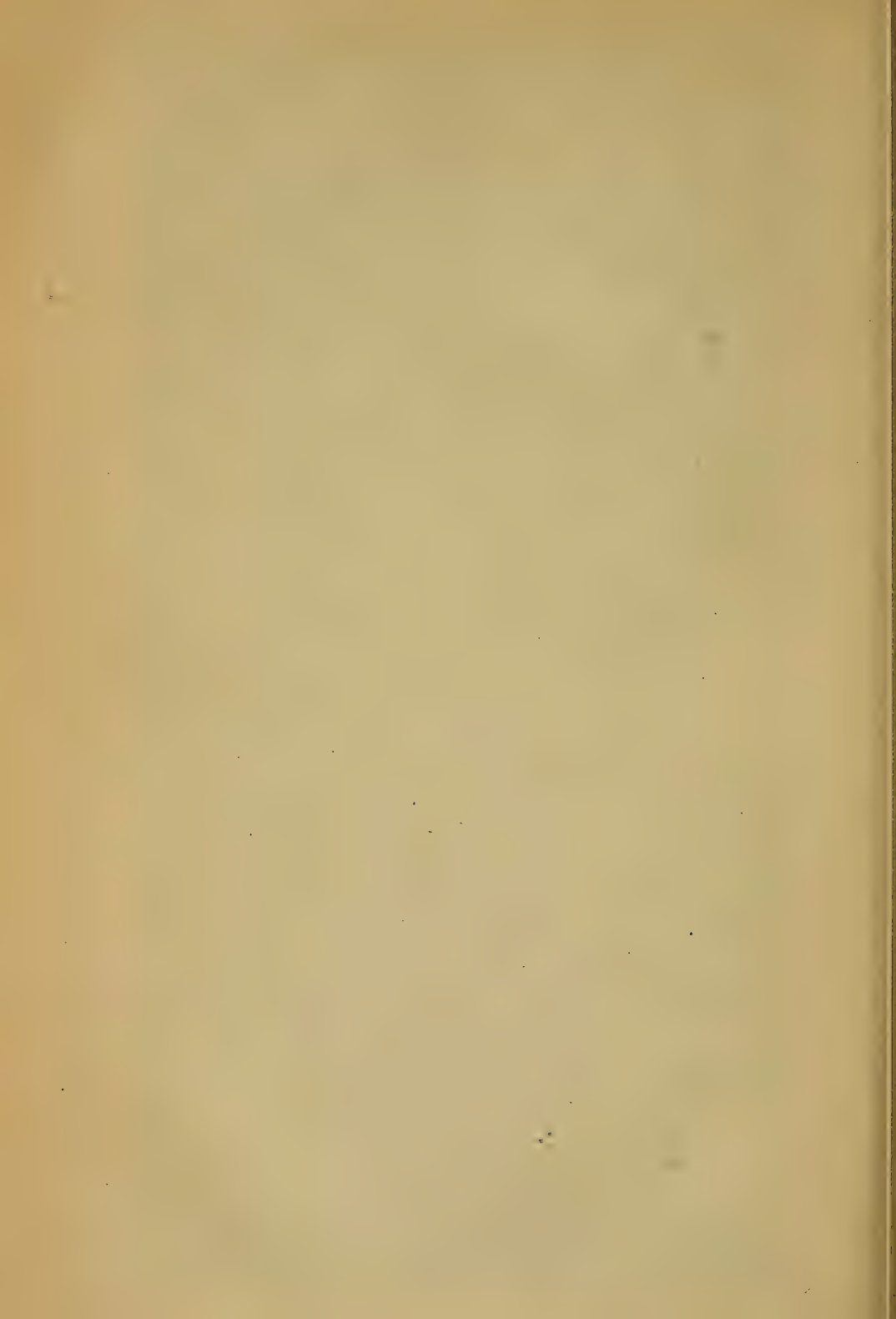
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honorable man.



"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him."

Drawing by H. E. v. Berlepsh.



You all did see that on the Lupercal
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And, sure, he is an honorable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause;
 What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason! Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Citizen.* Methinks there is much reason in his say-
 ings.

2 *Citizen.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cæsar has had great wrongs.

3 *Citizen.* Has he, masters?
 I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Citizen.* Marked ye his words? He would not take
 the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Citizen.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Citizen.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
 weeping.

3 *Citizen.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than
 Antony.

4 *Citizen.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were disposed to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honorable men.

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honorable men.
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
 I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.

Let but the commons hear this testament—
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4 *Citizen.* We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will ! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;
For if you should, O, what would come of it ?

4 *Citizen.* Read the will ! we'll hear it, Antony !
You shall read us the will ! Cæsar's will !

Antony. Will you be patient ? will you stay awhile ?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men

Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar ! I do fear it.

4 *Citizen.* They were traitors ! Honorable men !

Citizens. The will ! the testament !

2 *Citizen.* They were villains, murderers ! The will !
Read the will !

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will ?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ?

Citizens. Come down.

2 *Citizen.* Descend.

[He comes down from the pulpit.]

3 *Citizen.* You shall have leave.

4 *Citizen.* A ring ; stand round.

1 *Citizen.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the
body.

2 *Citizen.* Room for Antony !—most noble Antony !

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

Citizens. Stand back ! room ! bear back !

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle : I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii.
 Look ; in this place ran Cassius' dagger through ;
 See what a rent the envious Casca made ;
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed ;
 And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no ;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
 This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
 For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquished him : then burst his mighty heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
 O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity ; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what ! weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Citizen.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Citizen.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Citizen.* O woful day !

4 *Citizen.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Citizen.* O most bloody sight !

2 *Citizen.* We will be revenged !

Citizens.

Revenge ! About !

Seek ! Burn ! Fire ! Kill ! Slay ! Let not a traitor live !

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Citizen.* Peace there ! Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Citizen.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
 with him.

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
 you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable.
 What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,
 That made them do it ; they are wise and honorable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :
 I am no orator, as Brutus is,
 But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
 That loves my friends ; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
 mouths,
 And bid them speak for me : but, were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

1 *Citizen.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

2 *Citizen.* Away, then ! come, seek the conspirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me
 speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble An-
 tony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not
 what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?

Alas, you know not !—I must tell you, then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true ;—the will !—let's stay, and hear
 the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
 To every Roman citizen he gives,
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Citizen.* Most noble Cæsar !—we'll revenge his
 death.

3 *Citizen.* O royal Cæsar !

Antony. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho !

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Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ?

1 *Citizen.* Never, never !—Come, away, away !
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Citizen.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Citizen.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Citizen.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt !—How now, fellow ?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Antony. Where is he ?

Servant. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Antony. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

Servant. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Antony. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter CINNA the Poet.

Cinna. I dreamed to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Citizen.* What is your name ?

2 *Citizen.* Whither are you going ?

3 *Citizen.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Citizen.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Citizen.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Citizen.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Citizen.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Citizen.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cinna. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly. Wisely, I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Citizen.* That's as much as to say they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cinna. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Citizen.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

2 *Citizen.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Citizen.* For your dwelling—briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Citizen.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Citizen.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cinna. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Citizen.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cinna. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Citizen.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Citizen.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands! To Brutus's, to Cassius's; burn all. Some to Decius's house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius's: away! go!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Room in ANTONY'S House.* ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS seated at a table.

Antony. These many, then, shall die; their names are pricked.

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Octavius. Your brother, too, must die. Consent you,
Lepidus?

Lepidus. I do consent.

Octavius. Prick him down, Antony.

Lepidus. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Antony. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn
him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lepidus. What, shall I find you here?

Octavius. Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Exit* LEPIDUS.]

Antony. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Octavius. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be pricked to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

Antony. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.

Octavius. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Antony. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion governed by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so:
He must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations

Which, out of use and staled by other men,
 Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him
 But as a property.—And now, Octavius,
 Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
 Are levying powers ; we must straight make head :
 Therefore let our alliance be combined,
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretched
 out :

And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclosed,
 And open perils surest answered.

Octavius. Let us do so : for we are at the stake,
 And bayed about with many enemies ;
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
 Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before the Tent of BRUTUS, in the Camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS and Soldiers ;
 PINDARUS meeting them ; LUCIUS at a distance.

Brutus. Stand, ho !

Lucilius. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Brutus. What now, Lucilius ? is Cassius near ?

Lucilius. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
 To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]

Brutus. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
 In his own charge, or by ill officers,
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
 Things done undone ; but if he be at hand,
 I shall be satisfied.

Pindarus. I do not doubt
 But that my noble master will appear
 Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

Brutus. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius ;
 How he received you let me be resolved.

Lucilius. With courtesy, and with respect enough,
 But not with such familiar instances,
 Nor with such free and friendly conference,
 As he had used of old.

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Brutus. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay
It useth an enforcèd ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith ;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle.
But when they should endure the bloody spur
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucilius. They mean this night in Sardis to be quar-
tered ;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. *[March within.]*

Brutus. Hark, he is arrived.
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cassius. Stand, ho !

Brutus. Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

1 *Soldier.* *[Within.]* Stand.

2 *Soldier.* *[Within.]* Stand.

3 *Soldier.* *[Within.]* Stand.

Cassius. Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong.

Brutus. Judge me, you gods ! Wrong I mine ene-
mies ?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

Cassius. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs,

And when you do them——

Brutus. Cassius, be content ;
Speak your griefs softly—I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away ;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cassius. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Brutus. Lucilius, do the like ; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Within the Tent of BRUTUS. LUCIUS and
TITINIUS at some distance from it.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cassius. That you have wronged me doth appear in
this :

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Brutus. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cassius. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Brutus. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassius. Chastisement !

Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March remem-
ber !

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touched his body that did stab,
And not for justice ? What ! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus ?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cassius.

Brutus, bay not me ;

I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Brutus. Go to ; you're not Cassius.

Cassius. I am.

Brutus. I say you are not.

Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;
Have mind upon your health ; tempt me no further.

Brutus. Away, slight man !

Cassius. Is't possible ?

Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

Cassius. O ye gods, ye gods ! Must I endure all this ?

Brutus. All this ? Ay, more. Fret till your proud
heart break ;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor ? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth—yea, for my laughter—
When you are waspish.

Cassius. Is it come to this ?

Brutus. You say you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so. Make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cassius. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
Brutus ;
I said an elder soldier, not a better ;
Did I say better ?

Brutus. If you did, I care not.

Cassius. When Cæsar lived he durst not thus have
moved me.

Brutus. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted
him.

Cassius. I durst not ?

Brutus. No.

Cassius. What ! durst not tempt him ?

Brutus. For your life you durst not.

Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;—
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection.—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunder-bolts,
Dash him to pieces !

Cassius. I denied you not.

Brutus. You did.

Cassius. I did not ; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my
heart ;

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brutus. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cassius. You love me not.

Brutus. I do not like your faults.

Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do ap-
pear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius !

For Cassius is aweary of the world ;
Hated by one he loves, braved by his brother,
Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart,
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Brutus. Sheathe your dagger :
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

Cassius. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him ?

Brutus. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered, too.

Cassius. Do you confess so much ? Give me your
hand.

Brutus. And my heart, too.

Cassius. O Brutus !—

Brutus. What's the matter ?

Cassius. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful ?

Brutus. Yes, Cassius ; and henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals ;
There is some grudge between them ; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucilius. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter POET.

Cassius. How now ? What's the matter ?

Poet. For shame, you generals ! What do you mean ?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cassius. Ha, ha ! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme !

Brutus. Get you hence, sirrah ! saucy fellow, hence !

Cassius. Bear with him, Brutus ; 'tis his fashion.

Brutus. I'll know his humor when he knows his time.

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools !—

Companion, hence !

Cassius. Away, away ! be gone ! [Exit Poet.

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Brutus. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cassius. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you,

Immediately to us. [Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Brutus. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cassius. I did not think you could have been so an-
gry.

Brutus. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs !

Cassius. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Brutus. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead.

Cassius. Ha ! Portia ?

Brutus. She is dead.

Cassius. How 'scaped I killing, when I crossed you so ?
O insupportable and touching loss !—

Upon what sickness ?

Brutus. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong ;—for with her death
That tidings came.—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cassius. And died so ?

Brutus. Even so.

Cassius. O ye immortal gods !

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.

Brutus. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of
wine—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.

Cassius. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Brutus. Come in, Titinius. — Welcome, good Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cassius. Portia, art thou gone ?

Brutus. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Messala. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

Brutus. With what addition ?

Messala. That by proscription and bills of outlawry
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death a hundred senators.

Brutus. Therein our letters do not well agree ;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cassius. Cicero one ?

Messala. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

Brutus. No, Messala.

Messala. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

Brutus. Nothing, Messala.

Messala. That, methinks, is strange.

Brutus. Why ask you ? Hear you aught of her in
yours ?

Messala. No, my lord.

Brutus. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Messala. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell ;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Brutus. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala.
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Messala. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cassius. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Brutus. Well, to our work alive. What do you
think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cassius. I do not think it good.

Brutus. Your reason?

Cassius. This it is :

'Tis better that the enemy seek us ;

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence, whilst we, lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Brutus. Good reasons must, of force, give place to
better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground

Do stand but in a forced affection,

For they have grudged us contribution.

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged ;

From which advantage shall we cut him off

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

Cassius. Hear me, good brother.

Brutus. Under your pardon, you must note besides
That we have tried the utmost of our friends.

Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :

The enemy increaseth every day ;

We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat,

And we must take the current when it serves,

Or lose our ventures.

Cassius. Then, with your will, go on ;
We'll on ourselves and meet them at Philippi.

Brutus. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,

Which we will niggard with a little rest.

There is no more to say ?

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Cassius. No more. Good-night!
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

Brutus. Lucius, my gown.— [Exit LUCIUS.
Farewell, good Messala.—

Good-night, Titinius!—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good-night, and good repose!

Cassius. O my dear brother,
This was an ill beginning of the night;
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Brutus. Everything is well.

Cassius. Good-night, my lord!

Brutus. Good-night, good brother!

Titinius, Messala. Good-night, lord Brutus!

Brutus. Farewell, everyone!

[Exeunt CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.

Re-enter LUCIUS with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Lucius. Here, in the tent.

Brutus. What! thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Lucius. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Varro. Calls my lord?

Brutus. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Varro. So please you, we will stand and watch your
pleasure.

Brutus. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[Servants lie down.

Lucius. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Brutus. Bear with me, good boy; I am much forget-
ful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Lucius. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

Brutus. It does, my boy ;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Lucius. It is my duty, sir.

Brutus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.

Brutus. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again ;
I will not hold thee long : if I do live,
I will be good to thee.—

[*Music and a song.*

This is a sleepy tune.—O murd'rous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music !—Gentle knave, good-night ;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument :
I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good-night.—
Let me see, let me see—is not the leaf turned down
Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns !—Ha ! who comes here ?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou anything ?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare ?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus. Why com'st thou ?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Brutus. Well ; then I shall see thee again ?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*

Brutus. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy ! Lucius !—Varro ! Claudius !—Sirs, awake !—
Claudius !

Lucius. The strings, my lord, are false.

Brutus. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake !
Lucius. My lord !
Brutus. Didst thou dream, *Lucius,* that thou so criedst
 out ?
Lucius. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Brutus. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any-
 thing ?
Lucius. Nothing, my lord.
Brutus. Sleep again, *Lucius.*—Sirrah, *Claudius* !
 Fellow thou ! awake !
Varro. My lord !
Claudius. My lord !
Brutus. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep ?
Varro, Claudius. Did we, my lord ?
Brutus. Ay ; saw you anything ?
Varro. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Claudius. Nor I, my lord.
Brutus. Go, and commend me to my brother *Cassius* ;
 Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
 And we will follow.
Varro, Claudius. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Octavius. Now, Antony, our hopes are answerèd.
 You said the enemy would not come down,
 But keep the hills and upper regions.
 It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;
 They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
 Answering before we do demand of them.

Antony. Tut ! I am in their bosoms, and I know
 Wherefore they do it : they could be content
 To visit other places, and come down

With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Prepare you, generals ;
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something's to be done immediately.

Antony. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octavius. Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the left.

Antony. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Octavius. I do not cross you ; but I will do so.

[*March.*

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army ; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

Brutus. They stand and would have parley.

Cassius. Stand fast, Titinius ; we must out and talk.

Octavius. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

Antony. No, Cæsar, we will answer on the charge.
Make forth ; the generals would have some words.

Octavius. Stir not until the signal.

Brutus. Words before blows ; is it so, countrymen ?

Octavius. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Brutus. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Antony. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words ;

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying "Long live ! Hail, Cæsar !"

Cassius. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Antony. Not stingless, too.

Brutus. O, yes, and soundless, too ;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Antony. Villains, you did not so when your vile dag-
gers

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Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar ;
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like
hounds,

And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet,
Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers !

Cassius. Flatterers !—Now, Brutus, thank yourself ;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Octavius. Come, come, the cause ; if arguing make
us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look,

I draw a sword against conspirators ;
When think you that the sword goes up again ?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Brutus. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octavius. So I hope ;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Brutus. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.

Cassius. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such
honor,
Joined with a masker and a reveller.

Antony. Old Cassius still !

Octavius. Come, Antony ; away !—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

Cassius. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim
bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brutus. Ho, Lucilius ! hark, a word with you.

Lucilius. My lord !

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

Cassius. Messala !

Messala. What says my general ?

Cassius. Messala,

This is my birthday ; as this very day
 Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala ;
 Be thou my witness that against my will,
 As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
 Upon one battle all our liberties.
 You know that I held Epicurus strong,
 And his opinion ; now I change my mind,
 And partly credit things that do presage.
 Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
 Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perched,
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
 Who to Philippi here consorted us ;
 This morning are they fled away and gone,
 And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
 Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
 As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Messala. Believe not so.

Cassius. I but believe it partly,
 For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
 To meet all perils very constantly.

Brutus. Even so, Lucilius.

Cassius. Now, most noble Brutus,
 The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !
 But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together ;
 What are you then determinèd to do ?

Brutus. Even by the rule of that philosophy
 By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself. I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life—arming myself with patience
 To stay the providence of some high powers
 That govern us below.

Cassius. Then, if we lose this battle,
 You are contented to be led in triumph
 Through the streets of Rome ?

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Brutus. No, Cassius, no! think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun ;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take ;
Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.
Cassius. Forever, and forever, farewell, Brutus !
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Brutus. Why, then, lead on.—O that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come !
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho ! away !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Brutus. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [Loud alarum.
Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala ; let them all come down.

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cassius. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !
Myself have to mine own turned enemy.
This ensign here of mine was turning back ;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Titinius. O, Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early,
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pindarus. Fly farther off, my lord, fly farther off !
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord !
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off !

Cassius. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius.

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?

Titinius. They are, my lord.

Cassius. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him
Till he hath brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Titinius. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*

Cassius. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill ;
My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit PINDARUS.*

This day I breathèd first ; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there I shall end ;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?

Pindarus. [*Above.*] O my lord !

Cassius. What news ?

Pindarus. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur ;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius !—
Now some light.—O, he lights, too.—He's ta'en ;—and,
hark !

[*Shout.*

They shout for joy.

Cassius. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

[*Enter PINDARUS.*

Come hither, sirrah !
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath !

Now be a freeman ; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer : here, take thou the hilt ;
And when my face is covered, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee. [*Dies.*

Pindarus. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will.—O Cassius !
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Messala. It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Titinius. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Messala. Where did you leave him ?

Titinius. All disconsolate
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Messala. Is not that he that lies upon the ground ?

Titinius. He lies not like the living. O my heart !

Messala. Is not that he ?

Titinius. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun !
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set ;
The sun of Rome is set ! Our day is gone ;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are done !
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Messala. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's child !
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not ? O Error, soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee.

Titinius. What, Pindarus ! Where art thou, Pin-
darus ?

Messala. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears ;—I may say, thrusting it,
For piercing steel and darts envenomed

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Titinius. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.—

[*Exit* MESSALA.]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas! thou hast misconstrued everything.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part;
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*]

Alarum. *Re-enter* MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO,
STRATO, VOLUMNIVS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Brutus. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Messala. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Brutus. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Brutus. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Brutus. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;

His funeral shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.—

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter fighting Soldiers of both Armies ; then
BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others.*

Brutus. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads !

Cato. What bastard doth not ? Who will go with me ?
I will proclaim my name about the field.—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend :
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

[Charges the enemy.

Brutus. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;
Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus !
[Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered
and falls.

Lucilius. O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And may'st be honored, being Cato's son.

1 Soldier. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucilius. Only I yield to die :
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight ;
[Offering money.
Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.

1 Soldier. We must not. A noble prisoner !

2 Soldier. Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 Soldier. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Antony. Where is he ?

Lucilius. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough.
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus ;
The gods defend him from so great a shame !
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Antony. This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness ; I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How everything is chanced.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Brutus. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Clitus. Statilius showed the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back ; he is or ta'en or slain.

Brutus. Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word ;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering.*]

Clitus. What ! I, my lord ? No, not for all the world.

Brutus. Peace then ! no words.

Clitus.

I'll rather kill myself.

Brutus. Hark thee, Dardanius ! [*Whispers him.*]

Dardanius.

I do such a deed ?

Clitus. O Dardanius !

Dardanius. O Clitus !

Clitus. What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

Dardanius. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Clitus. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Brutus. Come hither, good Volumnius ; list a word.

Volumnius. What says my lord ?

Brutus.

Why, this, Volumnius :

The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night ; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

Volumnius.

Not so, my lord.

Brutus. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit : [*Low alarums.*]
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together ;

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilt whilst I run on it.

Volumnius. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*]

Clitus. Fly, fly, my lord! there's no tarrying here.

Brutus. Farewell to you; and you;—and you, *Volumnius.*—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewell to thee, too, Strato.—Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet in all my life

I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history.

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labored to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"*]

Clitus. Fly, my lord, fly!

Brutus. Hence, I will follow thee.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Strato. Give me your hand first; fare you well, my lord.

Brutus. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still;
I killed not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*]

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.

Octavius. What man is that?

Messala. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.

Lucilius. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Octavius. All that served Brutus, I will entertain
them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Strato. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Octavius. Do so, Messala.

Messala. How died my master, Strato?

Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Messala. Octavius, then, take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Antony. This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
He only, in a general, honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Octavius. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.—
So, call the field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

IN PRAISE OF ROSALIND.

Why should this desert silent be ?
For it is unpeopled ? No ;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree
That shall civil saying show :
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age ;
Some of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend.
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be filled
With all graces wide enlarged :
Nature presently distilled
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.
—*As You Like It, III. 2.*

DIRGE FOR IMOGEN.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Thou hast finished joy and moan :
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
 Nothing ill come near thee !
 Quiet consummation have ;
 And renownèd be thy grave !

—*Cymbeline, IV. 2.*

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Griffith. About the hour of eight, which he himself
 Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
 He gave his honors to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him.
 Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity. He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 Himself with princes ; one that, by suggestion,
 Tied all the kingdom ; simony was fair play ;
 His own opinion was his law ; i' the presence
 He would say untruths ; and be ever double
 Both in his words and meaning ; he was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave
 The clergy ill-example.

Grif. Noble madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your highness,
 To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith ;
 I were malicious else.

Grif. The Cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashioned to much honor from his cradle.
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
 Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading ;
 Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;
 But to those that sought him sweet as summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely : ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
The other, though unfinished yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him ;
For then—and not till then—he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little.
And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honor from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honor. Peace be with him !
Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower ;
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

—*Henry VIII., IV., 2.*

KING LEAR AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

Lear. Give me the map there. Know that we have
divided
In three our kingdom : and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburdened crawl toward death.—Our son of Corn-
wall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Bur-
gundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love
 Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
 And here are to be answered. Tell me, my daughters—
 Since now we will divest us both of rule,
 Interest of territory, cares of state—
 Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
 That we our largest bounty may extend
 Where merit doth most challenge it. Goneril,
 Our eldest-born, speak first.

Goneril. Sir, I do love you more than words can
 wield the matter;
 Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
 Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
 No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;
 As much as child e'er loved or father found;
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
 Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cordelia (aside). What shall Cordelia do? Love and
 be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
 With shadowy forests and with champains 'rich'd,
 With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
 We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
 Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
 Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Regan. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
 And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
 I find she names my very deed of love;
 Only she comes too short: that I profess
 Myself an enemy to all other joys
 Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
 And find I am alone felicitate
 In your dear highness' love.

Cor. (aside). Then poor Cordelia—
 And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
 More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
 No less in space, validity, and pleasure
 Than that confirmed on Goneril. Now, our joy,
 Although the last, not least; to whose young love
 The vines of France and milk of Burgundy

Strive to be interest'd ; what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing!

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing : Speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth : I love your majesty
According to my bond ; nor more nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia ; mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, loved me : I
Return those duties back, as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so ; thy truth, then, be thy dower.

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, forever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbored, pitied, and relieved,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath ;
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest

On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight!

[To CORDELIA.]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! Call France: who stirs?
Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustained, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions to a king;
The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you.

[Giving the crown.
—King Lear, I., 1.]

MACBETH AT BAY.

Macbeth. Hang out our banners on the outward walls,
The cry is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.—What is that noise?

Seyton. It is the cry of woman, my good lord. [A cry
within of women.] [Exit.]

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in it. I have supped full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

[Re-enter SEYTON.]

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to-day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. [Enter a Messenger.
Thou com'st to use thy tongue : thy story, quickly !

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave ! [Striking him.

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so :
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee. If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth : " Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane : " and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out !
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate of the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum bell ! Blow wind ! come wrack !
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

—*Macbeth*, V., 5.

POLONIUS'S COUNSEL TO HIS SON.

Pol. There ; my blessing with you ;
[Laying his hand on LAERTES' head.
And these few precepts in thy memory

Look thou character : Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
 Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
 Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
 And they in France of the best rank and station
 Are most select and generous, chief in that.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all : To thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell : my blessing season this in thee !

—*Hamlet, I., 3.*

PROSPERO'S VALEDICTION.

Prospero. Go release them, Ariel :
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
 And they shall be themselves.

Ariel. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*]

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and
 groves,
 And ye that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
 When he comes back ; you demi-puppets that
 By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid,
 Weak masters though you be, I have bedimm'd
 The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault,
Set roaring war ; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt ; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar ; graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, opèd and let them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. . . .

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
Yea, all which it inherit—shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

—*Tempest*, IV., 1.





SHANKARA, SANKARA, or SANKARA ACHÁRYA, a Hindu reformer and commentator on the Sanscrit Scriptures, who lived about the middle of the ninth century A.D. He was probably a native of Malabar. Many works celebrating his character, learning, and skill in disputation have been written, but the story of his life is involved in the same mixture of legend, myth, and discord of opinion as every other remarkable incident among the Hindus. The persecution of an heretical sect, the Bauddhas, has been attributed to him, but, says Henry Hayman Wilson, "opposed to it we have the mild character of the reformer, who is described as uniformly gentle and tolerant." He was, however, a great controversialist, determined on refuting all doctrines but his own, and the establishment of a religious order vowed to worldly privation and abstract devotion. The Dashnamidandins is thought to be this order. He wrote many comments on the Upanishads, Vedanta-Sutras and Bhagavadgita. To him are ascribed divine powers and the commission of many miracles. He revived, according to Monier-Williams, to a great extent the worship of Siva, which had fallen into disuse.

Monier-Williams considers him the greatest philosopher and greatest commentator of the Hindus.

The *Atma-Bodha*, "Knowledge of Soul," attributed to Sankara, is highly esteemed as an exposition of Vedantic doctrines. The following is an extract from it :

KNOWLEDGE OF SOUL.

Knowledge alone effects emancipation.
 As fire is indispensable to cooking,
 So knowledge is essential to deliverance.
 Knowledge alone disperses ignorance,
 As sunlight scatters darkness—not so acts ;
 For ignorance originates in works.
 The world and all the course of mundane things
 Are like the vain creation of a dream,
 In which Ambition, Hatred, Pride and Passion
 Appear like phantoms mixing in confusion.
 While the dream lasts the universe seems real,
 But when 'tis past the world exists no longer.
 Like the deceptive silver of a shell,
 So at first sight the world deludes the man
 Who takes mere semblance for reality.
 As golden bracelets are in substance one
 With gold, so are all visible appearances
 And each distinct existence one with *Brahma*
 By action of the fivefold elements
 Through acts performed in former states of being,
 Are formed corporeal bodies, which become
 The dwelling-place of pleasure and of pain.
 The soul inwrapped in five investing sheaths
 Seems formed of these, and all its purity
 Darkened, like crystal laid on colored cloth.
 As winnowed rice is purified from husk
 So is the soul disburdened of its sheaths
 By force of meditation, as by threshing.
 The soul is like a king whose ministers
 Are body, senses, mind and understanding.
 The soul is wholly separate from these,
 Yet witnesses and overlooks their actions.
 The foolish think the spirit acts, whereas
 The senses are the actors ; so the moon
 Is thought to move when clouds are passing o'er it.

When intellect and mind are present, then
 Afflictions, inclinations, pleasures, pains
 Are active ; in profound and dreamless sleep
 When intellect is non-existent, these
 Exist not ; therefore they belong to mind.
 As brightness is inherent in the sun,
 Coolness in water, warmth in the fire,
 E'en so existence, knowledge, perfect bliss,
 And perfect purity inhere in soul.
 The understanding cannot recognize
 The soul, nor does the soul need other knowledge
 To know itself, e'en as a shining light
 Requires no light to make itself perceived.
 The soul declares its own condition thus :
 "I am distinct from body, I am free
 From birth, old age, infirmity and death.
 I have no senses ; I have no connection
 With sound or sight or objects of sensation.
 I am distinct from mind, and so exempt
 From passion, pride, aversion, fear and pain.
 I have no qualities, I am without
 Activity and destitute of option,
 Changeless, eternal, formless, without taint,
 Forever free, forever without stain.
 I, like the boundless ether, permeate
 The universe within, without, abiding
 Always, forever similar in all,
 Perfect, immovable, without affection,
 Existence, knowledge, undivided bliss,
 Without a second, One, Supreme am I."

.
 That which is through, above, below, complete,
 Existence, wisdom, bliss, without a second,
 Endless, eternal, one—know that as Brahma.
 That which is neither coarse nor yet minute,
 That which is neither short nor long, unborn,
 Imperishable, without form, unbound
 By qualities, without distinctive marks,
 Without a name—know that indeed as Brahma.
 Nothing exists but Brahma, when aught else
 Appears to be, 'tis, like the mirage, false.



SHAW, HENRY WHEELER (*pseudonym*, Josh Billings), an American humorist, born at Lanesborough, Mass., April 21, 1818; died at Monterey, Cal., October 14, 1885. About 1832 he entered Hamilton College, but soon left it and went West. For a time he worked on steamboats on the Ohio River, then became a farmer and afterward an auctioneer. In 1858 he settled at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and began his humorous sketches for the newspapers. These did not, however, become popular until he adopted his method of spelling. His lectures, which he began in 1863, became as popular as his sketches. For many years before his death he was a regular contributor to the *New York Weekly*. His published works include *Josh Billings, His Sayings* (1866); *Josh Billings on Ice* (1875); *Every Body's Friend* (1876); *Josh Billings's Spice Box* (1881). In 1870 he began the publication of *Josh Billings's Farmer's Allminax*, which appeared annually.

"He was undoubtedly," says a writer in the *New York Herald* (October 15, 1885), "one of the quaintest writers of his time, and although his works are not likely to be immortal, they have been and still are widely read, and have afforded innocent mirth for thousands."

JOSH BILLINGS'S ADVERTISEMENT.

I kan sell for eighteen hundred and thirty-nine dollars, a pallas, a sweet and pensive retirement, lokated on the virgin banks ov the Hudson, kontaining 85 acres. The land is luxuriously divided by the hand of natur and art, into pastor and tillage, into plain and deklivity, into stern abruptness, and the dallianse ov moss-tufted medders; streams ov sparkling gladness (thick with trout) danse through this wilderness ov buty, tew the low musik of the cricket and grasshopper. The ever-green sighs as the evening zephir flits through its shadowy buzzum, and the aspen trembles like the luv-smitten harte ov a damsell. Fruits ov the tropicks, in goldey buty, melt on the bows, and the bees go heavy and sweet from the fields to their garnering hives. The manshun iz ov Parian marble, the porch iz a single diamond, set with rubiz and the mother ov pearl; the floors are ov rosewood, and the ceilings are more butiful than the starry vault of heavin. Hot and cold water bubbles and squirts in evry apartment and nothing is wanted that a poet could pra for, or art could portray. The stables are worthy ov the steeds ov Nimrod, or the stud ov Akilles, and its henery was bilt expressly for the birds of paradise; while somber in the distance, like the cave ov a hermit, glimpses are caught of the dorg-house. Here poets hav cum and warbled their laze—here skulptors hav cut, here painters have robbed the scene of dreamy landskapes, and here the philosopher diskovered the stun, which made him the alkimist ov natur. Nex northward ov this thing ov buty, sleeps the residence and domain ov the Duke John Smith; while southward, and nearer the spice-breathing tropicks, may be seen the barronial villy ov Earl Brown, and the Duches, Widder Betsy Stevens. Walls ov primitiff rock, laid in Roman cement, bound the estate, while upward and downward, the eye catches far away the magesta and slow grander ov the Hudson. As the young moon hangs like a cutting ov silver from the blubrest ov the ski, an angel may be seen each night dancing with golden tiptoes on the green. (N. B. This angel goes with the place).—*Josh Billings, His Works.*

RATS.

Rats originally cum from Norway, and i wish they had originally staid thare.

They are about az uncalled for az a pain in the small ov the back.

They can be domestikated dredful eazy ; that iz, as far as gitting in cupboards, and eating cheese, and knawing pie, iz concerned.

The best way to domestikate them that ever i saw is tew surround them gently with a steel trap ; yu can reason with them then tu great advantage.

Rats are migratorious, they migrate wharever they hav a mind to.

Pizen iz also good for rats ; it softens their whole moral naturs.

Cats hate rats, and rats hate cats, and—who don't ?

I serpoze thare iz between 50 and 60 millions of rats in Amerika (i quote now entirely from memory), and i don't serpoze thare iz a single necessary rat in the whole lot. This shows at a glance how menny waste rats thare iz. Rats enhance in numbers faster than shoe-pegs do by machinery. One pair ov helthy rats iz awl that enny man wants to start the rat bizziness with, and in ninety daze, without enny outlay, he will begin tew have rats tew turn oph.

Rats, viewed from enny platform yu kan bild, are unspeakibly cussed, and i would be willing tew make enny man who could destroy awl the rats in the United States, a valuable keepsake, say, for instance, either the life and sufferings of Andy Johnson, in one vollum calf bound, or a receipt tew kure the blind staggers.

REMARKS.

Fust appearances are ced tu be everything. I don't put all my fathe into this saying ; i think oysters and klams, for instanse, will bear looking into.

If you want tew git a sure krop, and a big yield for the seed, sow wild oats.

Humin natur is the same all over the world, 'cept in New England, and thar it's akordin tu sarcumstances.

If i had a boy who didn't lie well enuff to sute me, i wud set him tu tendin a retale dri good store.

Man was created a little lower than the angells, and has bin gittin a little lower ever sinse.

When a feller gits a goin down hil, it dus seem as tho evry thing had been greased for the okashun.

It is dredful easy tew be a phool—a man kan be one and not know it.

Ignorance is ced to be bliss. This ma be so, I never tried it.

The man who kan wear a shirt a hole weak and keap it klean, ain't fit for enny thing else.

When a man's dog deserts him on akount ov his poverty, he kant git enny lower down in this world, not bi land.

Luv is like the measels, we kant alwas tell when we ketched it, and ain't apt tew hav it severe but onst, and then it ain't kounted mutch unless it strikes inly.





SHEA, JOHN GILMARY, an American philologist and historical writer, born in New York City, July 22, 1824; died at Elizabeth, N. J., February 22, 1892. He was educated for the law, and was admitted to the bar, but preferred to devote himself to literature. From 1859 to 1865 he edited the *Historical Magazine*, and was for many years editor-in-chief for the Frank Leslie publishing house. He gave much time to the study of the history and languages of the North American Indians, and published a series of *Grammars* and *Dictionaries* of the Indian languages in fifteen volumes (1860-74). He was a member of many historical societies in the United States, and of the Royal Academy of History of Madrid, Spain. Besides contributing largely to periodicals and to publications of historical societies, he translated Charlevoix's *History and General Description of New France* (1866-72); Le Clercq's *Establishment of the Faith*; Perralosa's *Expedition to Quivira*, and other works; edited the Cramoisy series of *Relations and Documents in French Bearing on the Early History of the French-American Colonies* (20 vols., 1857-68); *Washington's Private Diary* (1861); Colden's *History of Five Indian Nations*, edition of 1727 (1866); Alsop's *Maryland* (1869). Among his works are *The Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley* (1853); *History of French and*

Spanish Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States (1854); *The Fallen Brave* (1861); *Early Voyages Up and Down the Mississippi* and *Novum-Belgium: an Account of New Netherlands in 1643-44* (1862); *The Story of a Great Nation* (1886); *History of the Catholic Church in the United States* (1886-88), and a *Life of Archbishop Hughes* in the *American Religious Leaders* series (1889). *Little Pictorial Lives of the Saints* was published posthumously (1894).

THE EXPEDITION OF FATHER MARQUETTE.

The French Government in Canada at last resolved to send out an expedition of discovery. In November, 1672, Frontenac wrote to Colbert, the great prime minister of France: "I have deemed it expedient for the service to send the Sieur Jolliet to the country of the Maskoutens, to discover the South Sea (Pacific Ocean), and the great river called Mississippi, which is believed to empty into the gulf of California." One single man with a bark canoe was all the Provincial Government could afford; but Jolliet had evidently planned his course. Like the Sulpitians he proceeded to a Jesuit mission, to that of Father James Marquette, who had so long been planning a visit to the country of the Illinois, and who, speaking no fewer than six Indian languages, was admirably fitted for such an exploration. That missionary received permission or direction from his superiors to join Jolliet on his proposed expedition, and there are indications that the venerable Bishop Laval, to accredit him to the Spanish authorities whom he might encounter, made him his Vicar-General for the lands into which they were to penetrate.

Jolliet reached Michilimackinac on the 8th of December, 1672, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and the pious missionary with whom he was to make the exploration, thenceforward made the Immaculate Conception the title of his discovery and mission. They spent the winter studying their projected route by way of

Green Bay, acquiring from intelligent Indians all possible knowledge of the rivers they should meet, and the tribes they would encounter. All this information they embodied on a sketch-map, both possessing no little topographical skill. On the 17th of May, 1673, Father Marquette and Jolliet, with five men in two canoes, set out, taking no provision but some Indian corn and some dried meat. Following the western shore of Lake Michigan, they entered Green Bay, and ascended Fox River undeterred by the stories of the Indians, who warned them of the peril of their undertaking. Guided by two Miamis whom they obtained at the Maskoutens' town, they made the portage to the Wisconsin, and then reciting a new devotion to the Blessed Virgin, they paddled down, amid awful solitudes, shores untenanted by any human dwellers. Just one month from their setting out their canoes glided into the Mississippi, and the hearts of all swelled with exultant joy. The dream of Father Marquette's life was accomplished; he was on the great river of the West, to which he gave the name of the Immaculate Conception. On and on their canoes kept while they admired the game and birds, the fish in the river, the changing character of the shores. More than a week passed before they met with the least indication of the presence of man. On the 25th they saw footprints on the western shore, and an Indian trail leading inland. The missionary and his fellow-explorer, leaving the canoes, followed it in silence. Three villages at last came in sight. Their hail brought out a motley group, and two old men advanced with calumets. When near enough to be heard, Father Marquette asked who they were. The answer was: "We are Illinois." The missionary was at the towns of the nation he had for years yearned to visit. The friendly natives escorted them to a cabin, where another aged Indian welcomed them: "How beautiful is the sun, O Frenchman, when thou comest to visit us! All our town awaits thee and thou shalt enter all our cabins in peace." These Illinois urged the missionary to stay and instruct them, warning him against the danger of descending the river, but they gave him a calumet and an Indian boy. He promised these Illinois of the Peoria and Moingona bands to re-

turn the next year and abide with them. Having announced the first Gospel tidings to the tribe, the missionary and his associate were escorted to their canoes by the warriors. Past the Piesa, the painted rock which Indian superstition invested with terror and awe; past the turbid Missouri, pouring its vast tide into Mississippi; past the unrecognized mouth of the Ohio coming down from the land of the Senecas, the explorers glided along, impelled by the current and their paddles. At last the character of the country changed, canebrakes replaced the forest and prairie, and swarms of mosquitoes hovered over land and water. After leaving the Illinois, they had encountered only one single Indian band, apparently stragglers from the East, who recognized the dress of the Catholic priest. To them he spoke of God and eternity. But as the canoes neared the Arkansas River, the Metchigameas on the western bank came out in battle array, a band of the Quappa confederation of Dakotas. Hemming in the French above and below, they filled the air with yells. This missionary held out his calumet of peace, and addressed them in every Indian language he knew. At last an old man answered him in Illinois. Then Father Marquette told of their desire to reach the sea and of his mission to teach the red men the ways of God. All hostile demonstrations ceased. The French were regaled and referred to the Arkansas, the next tribe below. This more friendly nation, then on the eastern shore, was soon reached. The explorers had solved the great question and made it certain that the Mississippi emptied into the Gulf of Mexico. The Jesuit Father had published the Gospel as well as he could to the nations he had met, and opened the way to future missions.

—*History of the Catholic Church in the United States.*



SHEDD, WILLIAM GREENOUGH THAYER, an American theologian, born at Acton, Mass., June 21, 1820; died November 17, 1894. He was graduated at the University of Vermont in 1839; at Andover Theological Seminary in 1843, and became pastor of a Congregational church at Brandon, Vt. In 1845 he was chosen Professor of English Literature in the University of Vermont, and prepared an excellent edition, with Introductory Essays, of the *Works of Samuel T. Coleridge*. In 1852 he became Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in Auburn Theological Seminary; in 1854 Professor of Church History in Auburn Theological Seminary; in 1863 Professor of Biblical Literature, and in 1874 Professor of Systematic Theology in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. He prepared several works in Scriptural exegeses and commentary. Among his other works are *Lectures on the Philosophy of History* (1856); *Manual of Church History* (1857); *History of Christian Doctrine* (1863); *Homiletics and Pastoral Theology* (1867); *Sermons to the Practical Man* (1871); *Theological Essays* (1877); *Literary Essays* (1878); *Sermons to the Spiritual Man* (1884); *The Doctrine of Endless Punishment* (1885); *Dogmatic Theology* (1888-94).

Of his *Discourses and Essays*, the *New Englander* said: "The striking sincerity, vigor, and learning

of this volume will be admired even by those readers who cannot go with the author in all his opinions. Whatever debate the philosophical tendencies of the book may challenge, its literary ability and moral spirit will be commended everywhere. It is hard to criticise the style of these productions apart from the matter. This we hold to be the evidence of a rare merit. For we seldom find the form so related to the contents of an essay—so identical with the contents—that the two must be contemplated together, or not at all. The strength with which the author enunciates his views discovers the depth of his conviction that they are true and valuable. He marches, from beginning to end, with a straightforward, manly sense of power.”

THE FOUNDATION OF LITERARY STYLE.

Having a distinctively clear apprehension of truth, the mind utters its convictions with all that simplicity and pertinence of language which characterizes the narrative of an honest eye-witness. Nothing intervenes between thought and expression. The clear, direct view instantly becomes the clear, direct statement. And when the clear conception is thus united with the profound intention, thought assumes its most perfect form. The form in which it appears is full and round with solid truth, and yet distinct and transparent. The immaterial principle is embodied in just the right amount of matter; the former does not overflow, nor does the latter overlay. The discourse exhibits the same opposite and counterbalancing excellences which we see in the forms of nature—the simplicity and richness, the negligence and the niceness, the solid opacity and the aërial transparency.

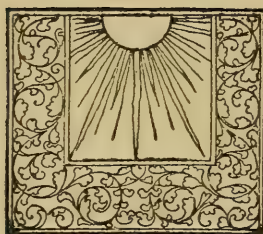
It is rare to find such a union of the two main elements of culture, and consequently rare to find them in

style. A profoundly contemplative mind is often mystic and vague in its discourse, because it has not come to a clear as well as profound consciousness ; because distinctness has not gone along with depth of apprehension. The discourse of such a man is thoughtful and suggestive, it may be, but is lacking in that scientific, logical power which penetrates and illumines. It has warmth and glow, it may be, but it is the warmth of the stove (to use the comparison of another)—warmth without light.

On the other hand, it often happens that the culture of the mind is clear but shallow. In this case, nothing but the merest commonplace is uttered ; in a manner intelligible and plain enough, but without depth or weight, or even genuine force of style. Shallow waters show a very clear bottom, and but little intensity of light is needed in order to display the pebbles and clear sand. That must be a "purest ray serene"—a pencil of strongest light—which discloses the black, rich, wreck-strewn depths. For the clearness of depth is very different from the clearness of shallowness. The former is a positive quality. It is the positive irradiation of that which is solid and dark by that which is ethereal and light. The latter is a negative quality. It is the mere absence of darkness, because there is no substance to be dark—no *body* in which (if the expression be allowed) the darkness can inhere. Nothing is more luminous than solid fire ; nothing is more flashing than an ignited void.

These two fundamental characteristics of mental culture lie at the foundation of style. Even if the secondary qualities of style could exist without the weightiness and clearness of manner that spring from the union of profound with distinct apprehension, they would exist in vain. The ornament is worthless if there is nothing to sustain it. The bas-relief is valueless without the slab to support it. But these secondary qualities of style—the beauty and the elegance, and the harmony—derive all their charm from springing out of the primary qualities, and in this way, ultimately, out of the deep and clear culture of the mind itself—from being the white flower of the black root.

Style, when having this mental and natural origin, is to be put into the first class of fine forms. It is the form of thought, and, as a piece of art, is as worthy of study and admiration as those glorious material forms which embody the ideas of Phidias, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. It is the form in which the human mind manifests its freest, purest, and most mysterious activity—its thinking. There is nothing mechanical in its origin, or stale in its nature. It is plastic and fresh as the immortal energy of which it is the air and bearing.
—*Literary Essays.*





SHELLEY, MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT (GODWIN), an English novelist, born in London, August 30, 1797; died there, February 21, 1851. She inherited much of the genius of her mother, Mary Wollstonecraft, and of her father, William Godwin, and imbibed many of their theories upon social subjects. The circumstances of her connection with Percy Bysshe Shelley will be found in the succeeding sketch of the poet. Her most distinctive work is the wild romance *Frankenstein*, written in her eighteenth year. After the death of Shelley she edited his works, and wrote several novels, among which are *Valperga*, *The Last Man*, *Lodore*, *The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck*, and a volume of *Rambles in Italy and Germany*. The plot of *Frankenstein* runs thus: Frankenstein, who tells the story, is a German student of the occult sciences. He succeeds in creating a living being in the human form, but having the most diabolical instincts. This monster becomes a torment to his own creator, whom he haunts like a spell for years; and finally extorts from him a promise to create a mate like unto himself.

THE MONSTER CREATED BY FRANKENSTEIN.

It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony I collected the instruments of life around me that I might infuse a spark of being

into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open. It breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavored to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed of almost the same color as the dun white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion, and straight black lips.

I had worked hard for nearly two years for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardor that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room; and continued a long time traversing my bed-chamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured, and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavoring to seek a few moments of repose. But it was in vain; I slept indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams.

I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead; my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed, when by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window shutters, I beheld the wretch—the miserable Monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed, and his eyes—if eyes they may be called—were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear. One hand was

stretched out as if to detain me ; but I escaped, and rushed downstairs. I took refuge in the court-yard belonging to the house which I inhabited, where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life. Oh ! no mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again endued with animation could not be so hideous as that wretch. I had gazed on him while unfinished. He was ugly then ; but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived.

I passed the night wretchedly. Sometimes my pulse beat so quickly and hardly that I felt the palpitation of every artery ; at others I nearly sank to the ground through languor and extreme weakness. Mingled with this horror I felt the bitterness of disappointment ; dreams that had been my food and pleasant rest for so long a space were now become a hell to me : and the change was so rapid, the overthrow so complete.

Morning, dismal and wet, at length dawned, and discovered to my sleepless eyes the church of Ingolstadt, its white steeple and clock, which indicated the sixth hour. The porter opened the gates of the court which had that night been my asylum, and I issued into the streets, pacing them with quick steps, as if I sought to avoid the wretch whom I feared every turning of the street would present to my view. I did not dare to return to the apartment which I inhabited, but felt impelled to hurry on, although wetted by the rain, which poured from a black and comfortless sky. I continued walking in this manner for some time, endeavoring by bodily exercise to ease the load that weighed upon my mind. I traversed the streets without any clear conception of where I was or what I was doing. My heart palpitated with fear, and I hurried on with irregular steps, not daring to look about me.



SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE, an English poet, born at Field Place, near Horsham, Sussex, August 4, 1792. His great-grandfather, Timothy, lived for a number of years in America; and his grandfather, Bysshe, was born in Newark, N. J., of an American mother. The family was wealthy and of local distinction in Sussex. Timothy, the poet's father, succeeded in 1815 to the baronetcy given Bysshe in 1806. Shelley's schooling began at six. At ten he was sent to Sion House, near Brentford, and at twelve to Eton. In the fall of 1810, having finished in good standing at Eton, he entered Oxford. He was an incessant reader, speculator, and writer from his early days at Eton, and, though he slighted the prescribed studies, he became greatly interested in chemistry and read deeply in the works of Locke, Hume, D'Holbach, Volney, Rousseau, and Voltaire. By March, 1811, he had produced two novels, a rhymed narrative, a play (now lost), a great quantity of verse of indifferent or wholly bad quality, and was joint author with his cousin Medwin of a romance. He had also already begun *Queen Mab*. On March 25, 1811, he, with his friend Thomas Jefferson Hogg, was expelled from Oxford for having written, printed, and circulated a pamphlet, *The Necessity of Atheism*. Shelley's father cut off the boy's allowance, and for a time

he was reduced to want, living upon small sums sent him by his relatives, the Medwins and Groves, and the pocket-money of his sisters, at school at Clapham, near London. A girl of sixteen, Harriet Westbrook, the daughter of a retired tavern-keeper and a school-mate of his sisters, acted as message-bearer between the Shelleys. Early in June, a family truce having been patched up, Shelley returned home. From there he made a visit to Wales, but on receiving a despairing letter from Harriet, went to London. In August the pair eloped, and on the 28th were married in Edinburgh. Shelley's father again cut off his allowance. In December Harriet's father allowed his daughter \$1,000 a year, and in January, 1812, Shelley's father made an equal allowance. From this time until March, 1814, the youthful pair wandered about England, Wales, and Ireland, Shelley finishing *Queen Mab*, and producing some miscellaneous verse, and a number of pamphlets urging political reforms. The union had now become uncongenial, Harriet evincing a growing indifference to the subjects which were the life and soul of the reformer and poet, and concerning herself more and more regarding the possessions and attributes necessary for a "fine lady." Shelley, however, doubtful of the validity of the Scotch marriage, remarried Harriet on March 26th. In April the break came, and Harriet (whether intending a separation or only a long visit is not known) left him and joined her sister. It is not believed that the couple ever again lived together. The stanzas "To Harriet, May, 1814,"

appeal to her to return to him, and beg her to "pity if thou canst not love." Shelley had in the meantime met Mary, the sixteen-year-old daughter of William Godwin, a political writer for whom he entertained the most extravagant admiration, and of Mary Wollstonecraft, the gifted author of *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*. By June the new friends had become very much attached to each other. Mary had grown up in an atmosphere wherein hostility to the marriage institution was a philosophic creed, and Shelley had given voice to this sentiment years before. Early in July the pair determined to unite. Shelley summoned Harriet to London, told her of his determination, made certain settlements with her regarding property, and on July 28th left England for the Continent with Mary, accompanied by Jane Clermont, the daughter of Mrs. Godwin by a former marriage. September 13th they returned, settling in London. His grandfather dying in January, 1815, a settlement of Shelley's succession to the estate was made, the poet having been made to relinquish the greater part in favor of a younger brother. He now paid Harriet's debts and allowed her \$1,000 a year. In August he took a house near Windsor Park, and in May, 1816, Shelley, Mary, Jane Clermont, and the child, William (born January, 1816) made another trip to the Continent. At Lake Geneva they met Lord Byron, and Jane Clermont renewed the intrigue begun in London, the fruit of which was the child, Allegra, born after the return of the party to England, where they arrived September 7th. It

seems certain that this intrigue was unknown to the Shelleys until shortly before the birth of the child. On December 16th Shelley learned that Harriet, who in the meantime had made another alliance and had been deserted, had drowned herself, and on December 30th he formally married Mary. He tried to recover from the Westbrooks the two children born to Harriet (Ianthé and Charles Bysshe), but a Chancery action was determined against him on account of his "atheistical and immoral principles" and practices. Early in 1817 Shelley settled in Marlow, and on March 12, 1818, the household left England for Italy, reaching the Baths of Lucca in May. *Alastor* had appeared in the Autumn of 1816, and *The Revolt of Islam* in January, 1818. The great volume of his poetical production came from him during the four remaining years of his life—a product which for amount, excellence, and range of power, is held by many to be unparalleled in the history of the world's literature. In August the household removed to Byron's villa of Este, near Venice, and Allegra was put under the care of her father. Clara (Shelley's youngest child) died in Venice, September 24, 1818; and William at Rome, June 7, 1819. At Florence his last child (Percy Florence) was born, November 12, 1819 (died, 1889). January 27, 1820, the household removed to Pisa, and henceforth until Shelley's death lived in that neighborhood. Between April 26 and May 1, 1822, the Shelleys and two friends, Edward and Jane Williams, moved into the house Casa Magni, on the Gulf of Spezzia, near Lerici. Shelley's friend,

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Leigh Hunt, was to arrive at Leghorn in July, and on July 1st, Shelley, Williams, and a sailor-boy, Charles Vivian, sailed for that city in Shelley's boat, the Ariel, to meet him. They arrived next day, Shelley met Hunt, and saw him settled, and on July 8th the three started to return. A terrific squall struck the water shortly after they set sail, and the boat was never seen again. Shelley's and Williams's bodies were cast ashore July 18th, and a few days later the body of the sailor-boy. The bodies of the two friends were cremated on the shore August 17th and 18th, Byron, Hunt, and Edward John Trelawny, and some natives alone being present. Trelawny snatched Shelley's unconsumed heart from the flames. The ashes of the poet were deposited in the English burying-ground at Rome, where Trelawny placed a slab in the ground, inscribed :

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

COR CORDIUM.

Natus iv. Aug. MDCCXCII.

Obiit vii. Jul. MDCCCXXII.

“ Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.”

The dates of the writing of Shelley's principal poems are as follows: *Queen Mab*, 1809-13; *Alastor*, 1815; *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, 1816; *The Revolt of Islam*, 1817; *Rosalind and Helen*, 1817-18; *Julian and Maddalo*, 1818; *Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills*, 1818; *Stanzas Written in De-*

jection, Near Naples, 1818; Prometheus Unbound, 1818-19; Masque of Anarchy, 1819; The Cenci, 1819; Ode to the West Wind, 1819; The Sensitive Plant, 1820; Letter to Maria Gisborne, 1820; The Skylark, 1820; The Cloud, 1818(?) - 20; The Witch of Atlas, 1820; Epipsychidion, 1821; Adonais, 1821; Hellas, 1821; Charles the First, 1821-22; The Triumph of Life, 1822.

A great change in the attitude of the literary world toward Shelley's genius and character has taken place since his death. The fierce assaults have, in a large measure, turned to extravagant eulogies, though of modern writers of distinction Principal Shairp has dismissed him with scant praise and much blame, and Matthew Arnold, in an essay rightly termed by Saintsbury "the most crotchety of all his essays," has called Shelley "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." In the early part of the century Southey considered himself a benefactor of society in denouncing him. Hazlitt said that he had "a fire in his eye, a fever in his blood, a maggot in his brain, a hectic flutter in his speech, which mark out the philosophic fanatic;" Charles Lamb could see nothing of value in him; Coleridge was indifferent, and so for a long time was Wordsworth; the reviews, particularly the *Quarterly*, gave him no mercy. Later, a better view began to be taken. De Quincey, while regretting Shelley's tone, spoke in the highest terms of the qualities of his mind; Macaulay said that the words bard and inspiration, which appeared so cold and false when applied to most poets, were

justly applied to Shelley, and that had he lived he would doubtless have given to the world a work of the very highest design and execution; Bagehot wrote of him with guarded, but yet high, praise; Browning was an enthusiastic Shelleyan; so was Tennyson for a part of his life, though in his later period he fell away somewhat in his liking; and Swinburne has paid to the "Eternal Child" the highest tributes. The real Shelley comes to us through the work of William Michael Rossetti, Professor Edward Dowden, Richard Garnett, H. Buxton Forman, H. S. Salt, and Professor George Edward Woodberry. The latter has given, perhaps, the best understanding of the poet's beliefs, the relation of those beliefs to his life, and his influence in the world's thought.

Of Shelley the man, a few words will suffice. Everyone who knew him bears witness to the matchless loveliness and high integrity of his character. Leigh Hunt applied to him the phrase engraved on the slab that marks the resting-place of his ashes: *Cor cordium*—"heart of hearts"; Byron speaks of him as the gentlest and best man he had ever known. Medwin, Hogg, Peacock, Trelawny, Williams tell us the same story. "His mistakes," said Edmund Clarence Stedman, "were those of poetic youth and temperament, and he grew in love, justice, pity, according to his light." Doubtless the best picture of him is to be found in Edward John Trelawny's *Adventures of a Younger Son*.

As a poet he is to be studied from two viewpoints—as a champion of democracy and social

justice, and as a lyrical of personal emotion. "No cause that he had greatly at heart," says Professor Woodberry, "has retreated since his day. There are thousands now, where there were hundreds then, who hold his beliefs. . . . His earliest and unripe poem, *Queen Mab*, was the first to be caught up by the spirit of the times, and was scattered broadcast; and wherever it fell it served, beyond doubt, to unsettle the minds that felt it. . . . Democracy, of which philanthropy is the shadow, has made enormous gains. . . . The stream flows in the direct course of Shelley's thought with an undreamt vehemence and volume. That he still implants in others that passion of his for reforming the world is not questioned; his works have been a perennial fountain of the democratic spirit, with its philanthropic ardor." Regarding his views on the institution of marriage, which, taken with his union with Mary Godwin, while legally married to Harriet, brought on him so much obloquy, Professor Woodberry says: "The state of woman under English law was then one of practical servitude, and in the case of unfit marriages might become, and sometimes was, deplorable. . . . If there is less tendency among reformers to attack the institution of marriage, . . . it is because of the removal of its more oppressive and tyrannic features. In both unions he went through the form of marriage. He would never have compromised with the world in a matter which was so much a point of conscience with him."

A hater of religious creeds, he has had a marked

influence on religious thought. "He indirectly made," says the Rev. Stopford Brooke, . . . "an ever-increasing number of men feel that the will of God could not be in antagonism to the universal ideas concerning man; that His character could not be in contradiction to the moralities of the heart, and that the destiny He willed for mankind must be as universal and as just and loving as Himself. There are more clergymen and more religious laymen than we imagine who trace to the emotion Shelley awakened in them when young their wider and better views of God."

Of Shelley the lyrist let us quote John Addington Symonds: "In none of Shelley's greatest contemporaries was the lyrical faculty so paramount, and whether we consider his minor songs, his odes, or his more complicated choral dramas, we acknowledge that he was the loftiest and most spontaneous singer of our language." In the singing quality of English verse the highest development is reached in him. A modern [Swinburne] has approached—some think surpassed—him in word-music; but lyric poetry is song "and thought and feeling interwound," and the greater intensity of passion, richness of imagery, compactness of thought, and simplicity and directness of diction in Shelley place him far beyond the modern, giving him the hardly disputed rank of transcendent lyrist of the English tongue.

TRIBUTE TO AMERICA.

XXII.

There is a people mighty in its youth,
A land beyond the oceans of the west,

Where, though with rudest rites, Freedom and Truth
Are worshipped. From a glorious mother's breast
Who, since high Athens fell, among the rest,
Sate like the Queen of Nations, but in woe,
By inbred monsters outraged and oppressed,
Turns to her chainless child for succor now,
It draws the milk of power in Wisdom's fullest flow.

XXIII.

That land is like an eagle, whose young gaze
Feeds on the noontide beam, whose golden plume
Floats moveless on the storm, and in the blaze
Of sunrise gleams when earth is wrapped in gloom ;
An epitaph of glory for the tomb
Of murdered Europe may thy fame be made,
Great people ! As the sands shalt thou become ;
Thy growth is swift as morn when night must fade ;
The multitudinous earth shall sleep beneath thy shade.

XXIV.

Yes, in the desert there is built a home
For Freedom. Genius is made strong to rear
The monuments of man beneath the dome
Of a new heaven ; myriads assemble there
Whom the proud lords of man, in rage or fear,
Drive from their wasted homes. . . .
Nay, start not at the name, America ! . . .
—*The Revolt of Islam, Canto XI.*

ON THE PETERLOO MASSACRE.

XXXVII.

Men of England, heirs of glory,
Heroes of unwritten story,
Nurslings of one mighty mother,
Hopes of her and one another !

XXXVIII.

Rise like lions after slumber,
In unvanquishable number !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you !
Ye are many, they are few.

XXXIX.

What is Freedom ? Ye can tell
That which Slavery is too well,
For its very name has grown
To an echo of your own.

XL.

'Tis to work and have such pay
As just keeps life from day to day
In your limbs, as in a cell,
For the tyrants' use to dwell,

XLI.

So that ye for them are made
Loom and plough and sword and spade—
With or without your own will bent
To their defence and nourishment.

XLII.

'Tis to see your children weak
With their mothers pine and peak,
When the winter winds are bleak—
They are dying whilst I speak.

XLIII.

'Tis to hunger for such diet
As the rich man in his riot
Casts to the fat dogs that lie
Surfeiting beneath his eye.

XLVI.

'Tis to be a slave in soul,
And to hold no strong control
Over your own will, but be
All that others make of ye.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

XLVII.

And at length when ye complain
With a murmur weak and vain,
'Tis to see the tyrant's crew
Ride over your wives and you :—
Blood is on the grass like dew.

XLVIII.

Then it is to feel revenge,
Fiercely thirsting to exchange
Blood for blood, and wrong for wrong ;
Do not thus when ye are strong !
—*The Masque of Anarchy.*

LINES TO A CRITIC.

Honey from silkworms who can gather,
Or silk from the yellow bee ?
The grass may grow in winter weather
As soon as hate in me.

Hate men who cant, and men who pray,
And men who rail like thee ;
An equal passion to repay
They are not coy like me.

Or seek some slave of power and gold
To be thy dear heart's mate ;
Thy love will move that bigot cold
Sooner than me thy hate.

A passion like the one I prove
Cannot divided be ;
I hate thy want of truth and love—
How should I then hate thee ?

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,

Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might ;
The breath of the moist earth is light
Around its unexpanded buds ;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods',
The city's voice itself, is soft like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown,
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown.
I sit upon the sands alone—
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion ;—
How sweet did any heart now share in my emotion !

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around ;
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned ;
Nor fame nor power nor love nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live and call life pleasure ;—
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are ;
I could lie down like a tired child
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,—
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan ;

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not—and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy, in memory yet.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark, wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill :

Wild Spirit which art moving everywhere,
Destroyer and preserver : hear, oh, hear !

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst : oh, hear !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy weeds which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves : oh, hear !

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable ! if even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision—I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
What if my leaves are falling like its own !
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth ;
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! Oh, Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under.
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits ;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And, when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone !
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow ;

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the Sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,—
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise, and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
flowed.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow-clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not ;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its ærial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from
the view :

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-winged
thieves :

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass ;
Rain-awakened flowers—
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh—thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine ;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? What ignorance of
pain ?

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught,
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Yet, if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then as I am listening now.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS.

I.

I weep for Adonais—he is dead.
Oh, weep for Adonais, though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head ;
And thou, sad hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow ! Say, “With me
Died Adonais ! Till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity.”

IV.

Most musical of mourners, weep again !
Lament anew, Urania ! He died,
Who was the sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,
Trampled and mocked with many a loathed rite
Of lust and blood ; he went unterrified
Into the gulf of death ; but his clear Sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth, the third among the sons of
light.

VI.

But now thy youngest, dearest one, has perished—
 The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew
 Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
 And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew ;
 Most musical of mourners, weep anew !
 Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
 The bloom whose petals, nipt before they blew,
 Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste ;
 The broken lilv lies—the storm is overpast.

XXXIX.

Peace, peace ! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
 He hath awakened from the dream of life—
 'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
 And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
 Invulnerable nothings. *We* decay
 Like corpses in a charnel ; fear and grief
 Convulse us and consume us day by day,
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

XLII.

He is made one with Nature : there is heard
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird ;
 He is a presence to be felt and known
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;
 Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

XLIII.

He is a portion of the loveliness
 Which once he made more lovely ; he doth bear
 His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
 Sweeps through the dull, dense world, compelling
 there

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

All new successions to the forms they wear ;
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear,
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

XLV.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale—his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him ; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,
Arose ; and Lucan, by his death approved ;
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reprovèd.

XLVI.

And many more, whose names on earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
"Thou art become as one of us," they cry ;
"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an Heaven of Song :
Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of our throng !"

LV.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me ; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given :
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven !
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar ;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

—*Adonais.*



PROMETHEUS BOUND.

"Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain."

PROMETHEUS TO ZEUS.

Monarch of Gods and Demons, and all spirits
 But one, who throng those bright and rolling worlds
 Which Thou and I alone of living things
 Behold with sleepless eyes ; regard this Earth
 Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom thou
 Requitest for knee-worship, prayer and praise,
 And toil, and hecatombs of broken hearts,
 With fear and self-contempt and barren hope ;
 Whilst me, who am thy foe, eyeless in hate,
 Hast thou made reign and triumph, to thy scorn,
 O'er mine own misery and thy vain revenge.
 Three thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours,
 And moments aye divided by keen pangs
 Till they seemed years, torture and solitude,
 Scorn and despair—these are mine empire,
 More glorious far than that which thou surveyest
 From thine unenvied throne, O Mighty God !
 Almighty, had I deigned to share the shame
 Of thine ill tyranny, and hung not here
 Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain,
 Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured ; without herb,
 Insect, or beast, or shape or sound of life.
 Ah me ! alas, pain, pain ever, forever ! . . .
 The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
 Of their moon-freezing crystals, the bright chains
 Eat with their burning cold into my bones,
 Heaven's wingèd hound, polluting from thy lips
 His beak in poison not his own, tears up
 My heart ; and shapeless sights come wandering by,
 The ghastly people of the realm of dream,
 Mocking me ; and the earthquake fiends are charged
 To wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds
 When the rocks split and close again behind ;
 While from their loud abysses, howling, throng
 The genii of the storm, urging the rage
 Of whirlwind, and afflict me with keen hail.
 And yet to me welcome is Day and Night,
 Whether one breaks the hoar-frost of the morn,
 Or, starry, dim, and slow, the other climbs
 The leaden-colored east ; for then they lead

The wingless, crawling Hours, one among whom
As some dark Priest hales the reluctant victim—
Shall drag thee, cruel king, to kiss the blood
From these pale feet, which then might trample thee
If they disdained not such a prostrate slave.
Disdain ! Ah no ! I pity thee. What ruin
Will hunt thee undefended through the wide Heaven !
How will thy soul, cloven to its depths with terror,
Gape like a hell within ! I speak in grief,
Not exultation, for I hate no more,
As then, ere misery made me wise.

—*Prometheus Unbound.*

THE LAW OF LIFE.

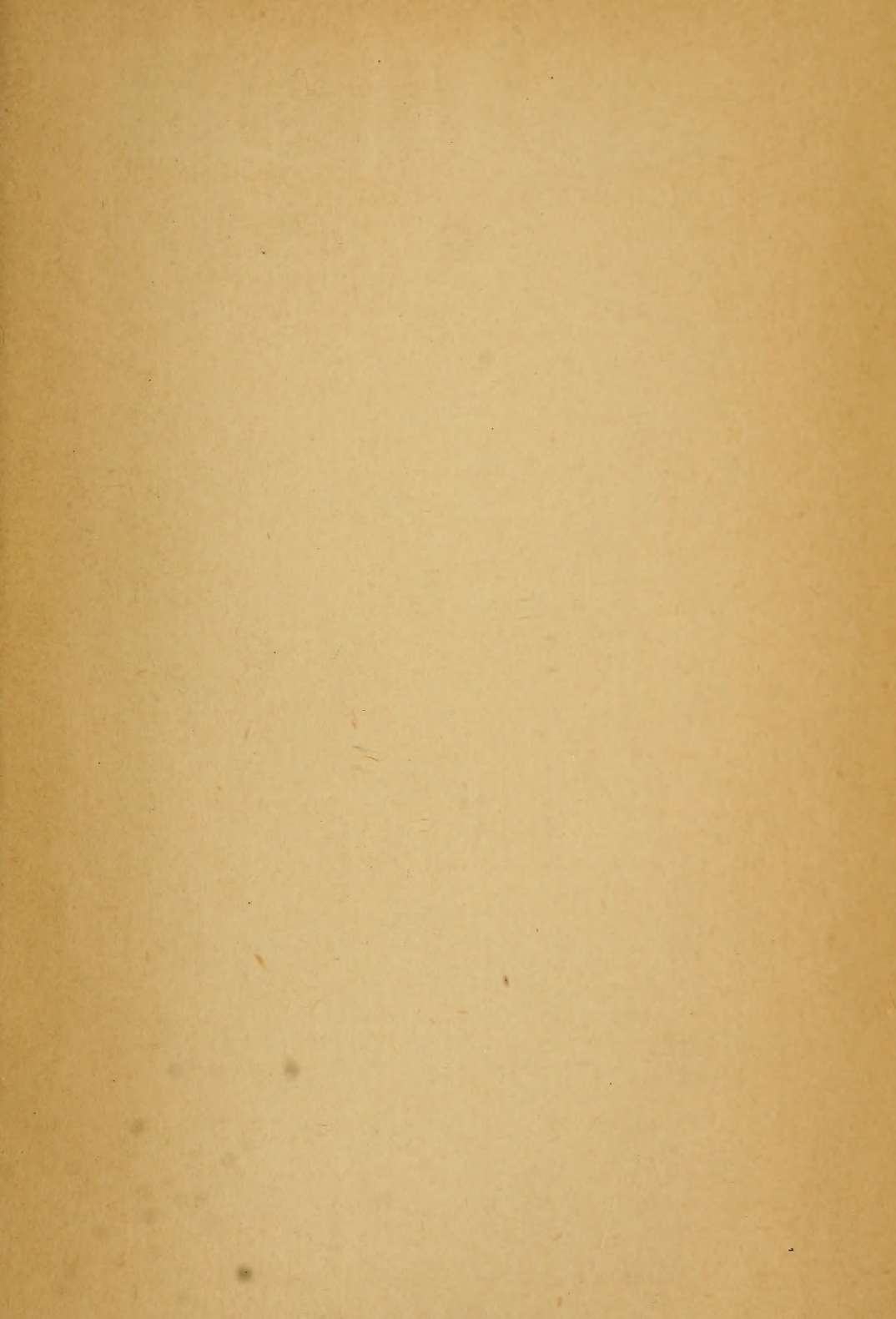
Demogorgon Speaks.

This is the day which down the void abysm
At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's despotism,
And Conquest is dragged captive through the deep ;
Love from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
Of dead endurance, from the slippery, steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs,
And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance—
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength ;
And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free
The serpent that would clasp her with his length,
These are the spells by which to reassume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite ;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night ;
To defy Power which seems omnipotent ;
To love and bear ; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates ;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent :—
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free :
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

—*Prometheus Unbound, Act IV.*





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